

JUNE CALLWOOD

looks back on

The royal tour

COVER: FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE

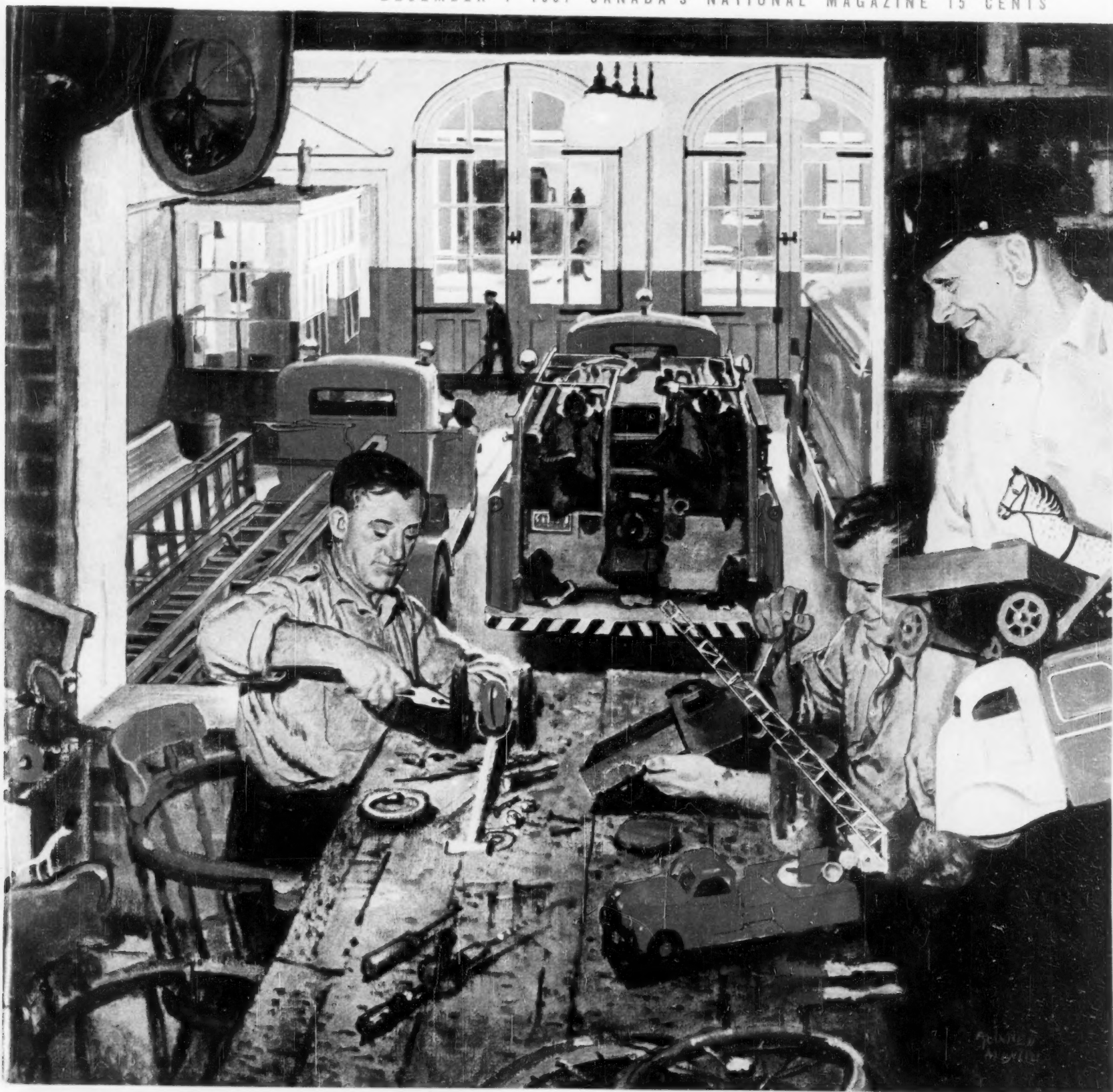
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Hans Lundberg: world's hottest treasure hunter

THE NEARSIGHTED MR. MAGOO DISCOVERS CANADA

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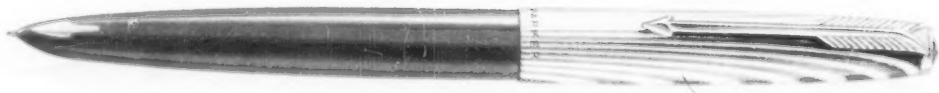




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PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ Will the Russians woo our trade with Sputnik?
- ✓ A new Christmas gift for businessmen
- ✓ Maritimes plan speed-up in "brains factory"

IF RUSSIA DECIDES TO JOIN the British-U. S. scramble for trade with Canada, one of her sales gimmicks may be *sputnik*. The Russians for the first time have asked for display space at Montreal's International Trade Fair next June—they want all they can get. A popular guess is that they'll show a model or replica of Sputnik I (184 pounds) or Sputnik II (1,120 pounds). Other Iron Curtain nations, Poland, Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia, will also come to the fair. Both U. S. and Britain have petitioned for more room to show their stuff.

EXECUTIVE-TO-EXECUTIVE CHRISTMAS GIFTS ("You send me Scotch; I'll send you cigars") will be abandoned this year in at least one sector of Canadian business. Many Alberta oil firms are sending out cards instead, saying the money previously spent on business gifts will go to charity or other causes; one group is sinking Christmas cash into a scholarship fund.

NEXT GIMMICK FOR SHOPPING CENTRES, with their acres of parking area, will probably be open-air movies. J. Arthur Rank, the British film organization, is working on a tie-in between theatre chains and shopping centres. The idea: with night shopping on the increase families will shop, dine at the centre's restaurants, return to the car and watch a movie. No wired loud-speakers either; transistor radios will take care of the sound.



"CANADA'S BRAINS FACTORY"—the Maritimes—is working on a new project to accelerate the output of bank presidents, university presidents and business leaders that has become a tradition. It's an Institute of Education at Dalhousie University where outstanding teachers, helped by scholarships, would go for special training. They in turn would help develop a new teaching cadre of uniformly high quality for the Maritimes. Native son **Lord Beaverbrook** may be asked to help bankroll the plan.

IF YOU THINK CAR DRIVERS are getting worse figures soon to be released on airplane pilots will shock you. Since 1954 a steady 2,000 new pilots' licenses have been issued each year in Canada. But while 52 percent of aircraft accidents in 1954 and 1955 were charged to pilot error, the Department of Transport figures for 1956 are expected to hit an alarming 75 percent. Investigators can't explain it, except to say that a lot of pilots are still flying by the seat of their pants.

WILL SCIENTISTS FIND A WAY to make the St. Lawrence Seaway an all-weather route? It's now closed four months a year, but experiments in both Canada and Sweden are aimed at keeping it open. On Sweden's Lake Malaren this winter a 60-mile stretch of water will be piped with compressed air in an attempt to duplicate ice-clearing needs on the Great Lakes. McGill's Ice Research project is working on other plans for the St. Lawrence, including chaneling warmer Lake Ontario water into the St. Lawrence past the Thousand Islands.

THE FAMILY SINGSONG is coming back, with modern embellishments—after you sing *Girl of My Dreams* you can save it, complete with orchestral accompaniment. A **two-channel stereophonic tape** for your recorder has the accompaniment on one channel. The family fills in the other channel with its overtone. If you don't like the singing you can erase it, while the accompaniment remains.

CAN MOVIES BEAT TV on its own grounds? Canadians will have a chance to judge sometime in January when J. Arthur Rank begins showing a 100-minute performance of *Giselle* by the famous Bolshoi Ballet. There's no plot except the ballet's own and no departure from that. The brand-new gimmick is that producer Paul Czinner shot the ballet exactly as TV would do it—all at once and uncut.

WATCH FOR NEW STARS FROM FAMOUS SPORTS FAMILIES A HITCH-HIKE TO ALASKA / WOMAN BOSS IN TV



Bentley

Conacher

ATHLETES TO WATCH: People who rate sports stars think that **Lynn Bentley** (15) and **Lionel Conacher** (19) may become even greater than their illustrious forebears of hockey and football. Lynn, son of ex-NHL star Max and nephew of five other hockey-playing Bentleys, already warrants this accolade from his usually cautious father. "He's a natural," Lynn scores better than a goal a game in minor hockey. **Lionel Conacher**, son of the late Lionel who was Canada's top athlete of the half century, was a sophomore full-

back this season at University of Western Ontario, and "could probably do anything his father ever did," according to his coach, Johnny Metras.

BOOK TO WATCH: After working as a North Sea herring fisherman, an Irish potato picker, a nurse in Gibraltar, waitress in Spain, governess in Morocco and riveter in London, British debutante **Lorna Whishaw** became a housewife in Queen's Bay, B.C. There wanderlust overcame her again and she took off up the Alaska Highway—hitch-hiking. The result is a book, **As Far as You'll Take Me**, to be published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

WOMAN TO WATCH: A new top name in U. S. television is **Mildred Freed Alberg**, raised in Montreal, graduated from McGill and now the only woman executive producer in TV. Recent achievements: Maurice Evans in *Hamlet* and in *Green Pastures*. Next: Evans in *Twelfth Night* on NBC's Dec. 15 Christmas program.

CRAZY NEW SHOES They'll be standard by spring

EVER SINCE WOMEN first encased their feet in the skin of some prehistoric beast men have laughed over the "silly" shoes women wear. Now male humor is reveling in a new side-splitter—the Italian model, with stiletto heel and needle toe. The laugh is this: women wobble on their ankles while walking, tight toes pinch and heels are so skinny they splinter, catch in grates and break right off; you replace them every couple of weeks at \$3 a pair.

But it looks as if women may have the last laugh. The Shoe Information Bureau of Canada says frankly the Italian shoe is the biggest thing since Dior's new look and predicts that by spring most Canadian women will succumb. Further, replacing old shoes they'll buy an extra 2 million pairs of new, at a cost—mostly to male pocket-books—of about \$20 million.

Canada's \$410-million-a-year shoe industry is now retooling to meet the boom. "The old round-toed lasts are obsolete and will probably have to be scrapped," says Stewart Mossy, a Montreal manufacturer. "I'm embarrassed

when I wear round-toed shoes," says Toronto model Louise Olson.

Sales of corn remedies have soared. "Women don't count comfort and convenience when you tell them their feet look glamorous," says Montreal fashion commentator Mrs. Eve Trill. "It's ruining women's feet," says Toronto chiropodist D. Waslow. Shoe-repair bills have skyrocketed. One shop replaces 2,000 pairs of heels a week where it once fixed 50.

The new style is also a traffic hazard. Department stores admit reluctantly—their shoe business has climbed about 10 percent—that escalators get clogged with broken stiletto heels. But, in the



U. S., engineers in Miami and Cleveland have simply succumbed to the inevitable and made the holes in manhole covers smaller—by half an inch.—JANICE TYRWHITT

1967 BIRTHDAY PARTY A preview of our plans

IT'S ONLY TEN YEARS until we celebrate our 100th birthday. What kind of party will we have? Here are some guesses by F. A. Hamilton, minister of Northern Affairs and National Resources who is planning at long range Confederation Year—1967.

✓ It will last a whole year, not just the week end we now devote to Dominion Day. "The emphasis on Dominion Day in the past has been too much on baseball and not enough on national background," says Hamilton. "We want mass participation in the centennial. We want a rededication of the Canadian people—a resurgence of the national conscience."

✓ With the Trans-Canada Highway completed, Canada will open a new one—or series of highways—to the Arctic.

✓ The royal family will tour the country, this time—everything being well—with every member joining the journey.

✓ Municipalities and provinces will be urged to plan and complete major works so that they come to fruition and

can be dedicated in Confederation Year.

✓ A re-examination of Canadian history at every level—down to the smallest backwoods community—will be encouraged with the idea of bringing every Canadian closer to his origin.

✓ The federal government will foster a back-to-Canada movement by expatriates, so that as many as possible will come from the U. S. and overseas to join the celebration.

✓ Fireworks aren't planned but they'll probably come anyway. Mr. Hamilton admits, when parliament begins discussing things.—PETER C. NEWMAN



Anne and Charles will be here too.

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

WITH BLAIR FRASER

Questions the Liberals wish they'd never asked



OTTAWA BUREAUCRATS, who are second only to Scotsmen in their enjoyment of jokes on themselves, are asking each other this riddle:
Q. Why is the American missile like a civil servant?
A. Because it won't work, and you can't fire it.

When parliament opened the Liberals were looking forward with relish, and the Conservatives with some anxiety, to the daily question period. Nine ex-ministers with up to twenty-two years of experience lay in wait for the Conservative neophytes, ready to expose their ignorance with penetrating enquiries. Nearly a hundred back-benchers, muzzled for years by the rigid discipline of a party long in office, exulted at the prospect of getting up whenever they liked. Right from the start the question period, which used to take about twenty minutes a day, expanded to an hour and a half.

Some of the longer heads in Liberal ranks wish now that they had never started this habit. Instead of breaking down the new Conservative ministers, the question period is building them up.

George Hees, minister of transport, is the outstanding example. Hees is being hailed on all sides as the big surprise of the new government, the man above all others who has done better than anyone expected. He has indeed done well, as nobody can deny, but in addition to his own ability he has had one great and fortuitous advantage over his colleagues.

Among the Liberal opposition are not one but two ex-ministers of transport, Lionel Chevrier and George Marler. Both are very active parliamentarians, both have been mentioned as possible contenders for the Liberal leadership either now or in the future,

both know a great deal about the Transport Department and all its complicated works. This, plus the fact that he gets all the back-bench questions about CNR layoffs, ferries, wharves and similar local matters, gave George Hees about five times the normal share of questions each day.

No minister has to answer questions without notice. All ministers have the help of the competent, hard-working advisers who last year made the Liberals look smarter than they do now. George Hees, unlike one or two of his colleagues, has had the good sense to trust his officials and work with them wholeheartedly. They have done wonders at getting him quick answers to difficult questions, and the results in the House have been spectacular.

Other ministers have done the same on a more limited scale. Davie Fulton, though he runs both Justice and Immigration, has had fewer questions than several colleagues but has handled them conspicuously well — most onlookers think he has shown up the ablest man in the cabinet. Howard Green in Public Works has to answer for the housing program, and he makes a tremendous impression of candor and good will. Labor Minister Mike Starr fielding the hot ones about unemployment and Doug Harkness giving the facts about agriculture both come out as bigger and better public figures just because the Liberals keep nagging them.

Even when the odd question is muffed it doesn't do much harm. George Pearkes got tangled in some of his early replies about the joint command of North American air defense, and the authority of American generals over Canadian armed forces. He was able to straighten it out all right in the end. Some Liberals still hope to make an issue of it, but that is beside the point—the point is that Pearkes himself suf-

fered no damage. He continued all the time to look like a transparently honest gentleman who had no wish to mislead anyone about anything.

Over-all, the Liberals have set up a contrast that does them little good. They argue indignantly, and cite Hansard to prove, that the Conservatives really withhold more (and more important) information than the Liberals ever did. But what the onlooker remembers is the pained patience, the air of condescension with which some Liberal ministers gave out their late and little scraps of information. Compared to them, the typical Conservative minister seems a model of frankness, his life an open book.

Against these unexpected gains from Liberal tactics, the Conservatives have to chalk up a few setbacks. Not all cabinet members emerge intact from the daily skirmishes. Oddly, among the ones to lose skin from time to time are the key men of the Conservative team—Donald Fleming, finance minister, and Prime Minister Diefenbaker himself.

In Fleming's case it is partly an effect of his debating style. He annoys opposition members by his habit, when asked a question, of making a political speech that does not contain the answer. They express their annoyance by baiting him as often as they can, which is quite often—one parliamentary reporter has described Fleming as "the Conservative Party's self-made goat."

But Diefenbaker gives as many over-stuffed answers as Fleming does, and Diefenbaker is noted for his skill in debate. The reason for the woolly replies is that he and Fleming get the hard ones, the policy questions that no civil servant can answer for them.

One case in point was Solon Low's question to the prime minister about the export of natural gas. Would the

new government honor the promise made by C. D. Howe to permit Trans-Canada Pipeline Company to sell Alberta gas to the United States?

If the prime minister had answered yes, both the Liberals and the CCF could have had a devastating time quoting his own words back at him. This was a deal he had denounced in words about as strong as the rules of parliament allow. He had made it perfectly clear that no Conservative government would feel bound by such a promise.

So he didn't say yes. He didn't say no, either—he said the whole matter would be referred to the Borden commission, set up as parliament opened to study all problems relating to sources of energy. But for the time being, his answer had the same effect as a flat no. It meant Trans-Canada's American customers no longer had an assured supply of gas.

Alberta MPs of all parties were equally dismayed. They didn't make much fuss about it in parliament because they wanted to make it easy, not difficult, for the prime minister to change his mind—but we haven't heard the last of this by any means.

Donald Fleming's tough questions up to now have mostly been about trade—what, if anything, he proposed to do to achieve the much-publicized goal of shifting fifteen percent of Canada's imports from the U.S. to the U.K. But these are only the beginning. The real troubles of the minister of finance will come as he unfolds his plans for raising the revenue to pay for the Conservative program, while at the same time cutting taxes.

When the Conservatives came in they had real hopes of saving hundreds of millions by reduction of wasteful spending, notably in the Defense Department. They are finding less waste than they expected, and fewer ways of saving money without cutting muscle.

A bigger chunk was saved by the decision to drop the CF-100's Mark VI. That development program would have cost sixty million dollars in the next two and a half years. The net saving will be less than that, because more money will have to be spent producing the older Mark V, but it may mean a cut of thirty to thirty-five million in the defense budget for next year. Another ten million or so will be saved by curtailments in the militia training program, but, with minor exceptions, that's about all.

So far, that's about all. The other apparent savings aren't real—e.g., the Mid-Canada Line of early warning stations is now almost finished, thus "saving" about ten million a month, but other bills will be coming due instead. Altogether it's unlikely that the cuts will equal the increases in pay, granted last summer.

Meanwhile, the revenue outlook is bleak.

A few months ago, the estimate was that the growth of Canada's economy would ensure about two hundred million dollars more revenue next year, at existing tax rates. That would have given a minister of finance considerable leeway, to cut taxes or raise expenditures or both.

Now, that estimate is sharply lower. No increase in revenue is expected; instead, there may even be a drop of a hundred million or so.

This is one reason why the talk of a winter election persists. It will be difficult, to put it mildly, to produce an election budget for 1958. ★



BACKSTAGE IN TELEVISION

Here's how French and English stars compare on the payrolls

For half a dozen years since the Massey report on culture many Canadians have felt vaguely sorry for Canadian actors and entertainers, barely resisting an impulse to invite them in for a square meal. For about the same time they've shed an extra tear for Quebec's entertainers, on the theory that if things were bad in other provinces they were probably worse in Quebec.

Well, it's time to set the record straight. Thanks to TV few performers ever had it so good; many in Quebec have it even better. About 2,000 Canadians are earning a living from TV and radio performances or work closely connected with it. Two hundred make more than \$10,000 a year and 50 or 60 others can be described rightly as

rich (they earn up to \$50,000 a year).

An informal survey by Maclean's reveals that top French performers, with no competition from the U.S., are easily Canada's leading TV money earners. But the average full-time performer in Toronto, where the union scale is higher, gets more than his Montreal counterpart.

Here are best guesses on Canada's top-paid performers (figures represent principally TV and radio earnings; they do not include revenue from outside the entertainment field):

FRENCH

Jean Duceppe (he's Les Plouffes' Stan Labrie, has his own radio program, appears in TV plays as well as with Théâtre du Nouveau Monde)—\$50,000.

Emile Genest (he's Les Plouffes' Napoleon, has TV and radio sports programs and announces sports events)—\$50,000.

Marjolaine Hébert (two weekly TV shows in addition to radio and guest appearances)—\$35,000.

Denise Pelletier (Les Plouffes' Cecile, guest performances, active in Théâtre du Nouveau Monde)—\$30,000.

Huguette Oligny (popular actress on



Duceppe (\$50,000) Hébert (\$35,000)

Teletheatre, has own radio show, plays with Théâtre du Nouveau Monde and Les Plouffes)—\$28,000.

Others—Denise St. Pierre, Jean Coutu, Guy Hoffman and Guy Provost —\$25,000.

ENGLISH

Foster Hewitt (TV hockey announcing)—\$35,000 plus.

Howard Cable (Showtime plus orchestral arrangements)—\$35,000.

Gordon Sinclair (10 newscasts a week, 5 weather reports, 10 radio scripts, panelist, Front Page Challenge)—\$28,000.

Wes McKnight (commercials, football broadcasts)—\$25,000.

Cliff McKay (Holiday Ranch, orchestral arrangements)—\$22,000.

Juliette (Juliette show, night-club bookings)—\$22,000.

Joel Aldred (commercials) \$25,000 in Canada, plus \$35,000 in U.S.

—BARBARA MOON, KEN JOHNSTONE



McKay (\$22,000) Hewitt (\$35,000)

Background

✓ "Split Ontario and Quebec"

✓ High cost of teen-agers

When CBC's international service recently increased its daily news and commentary to the U.S. from 30 to 40 minutes—to make Americans more aware of Canada—it also boosted service to New Zealand and Australia. To make them more aware of Canada? Not at all. The answer was that CBC sent broadcasts to Canadian troops in Korea via New Zealand and Australia. Ever since the Korean War ended they've been after CBC for more Canadian news.

How to solve interprovincial strife and jealousy in Canada? Break up Ontario and Quebec, says Dr. Leopold Kohr, formerly a writer and economist in Toronto, now at University of Puerto Rico. In a new book, *The Breakdown of Nations*, Kohr says Ontario and Quebec have developed "great-power complexes." He'd create two Ontarios and two Quebecs, with French- and English-speaking elements in all divisions, thereby eliminating Canada's "particular danger—a single large state with a single nationality."

A statistic that could create on the usually amicable prairies a feud as violent as that between Montreal and Toronto is contained in last year's tourist figures. They show that 63% of Americans visiting Saskatchewan had friends or relatives there; only 11 percent going to Alberta had friends or relatives there. Saskatchewan people read this as meaning they're Canada's friendliest province while Alberta's the least friendly. Albertans reply testily that nobody would go to Saskatchewan except to visit relatives. The figures go down the middle on one other point: only one in a thousand Americans comes to Canada to shop.

Here's a bargaining point for teen-agers in their budget talks with parents: Clothing bill for the average Canadian family is \$494 a year, according to Du Pont Co. of Canada. But if the family has children between 10 and 19 it's an extra \$158. And if the family's earnings are \$10,000 or more a year the total bill for the family is \$1,400.

Backstage WITH TEEN DRIVERS / Should high schools teach them? It's a hot debate

Next to the problem of how to match Russia's technical and scientific progress one of the most hotly debated questions in Canadian education is whether—in a motor age—students should be taught the best and safest way to drive a car. A Maclean's survey reveals that almost everyone supports on-campus driving instruction—in principle. But while police and traffic-safety officials produce statistics to show how it cuts accidents school boards and teachers insist they haven't time for such "frills."

In spite of opposition some parts of some provinces sponsor school driving classes; others sternly resist them. Here's the situation across Canada: B.C. is the only province with regular lectures—six a year for two years in high school—but the province's education minister, Leslie Peterson, sees little chance of behind-the-wheel lessons as well. "The cost would be staggering." Even so, Vancouver traffic superintendent R. Booth says: "These kids are

learning to stay out of trouble. Anyone can learn to step on the gas."

Alberta has after-school courses in a few areas, inspired by a Motor Association campaign that seeks to put driving on the curriculum. But neither police nor educationists are completely sold. "It's dangerous without qualified instructors," says Edmonton chief M. F. E. Anthony. "If I teach a child I teach my own bad habits."

Saskatchewan has regular courses only in Saskatoon. Full-time instructors teach students after hours in cars provided by auto dealers. But in Regina the schools "aren't interested," says chairman R. Usher.

Manitoba tried driving courses in three high schools five years ago. Records reveal that graduates of this course have an accident conviction rate one eighth of the Manitoba average. Unimpressed, school boards say they have no time or money to teach driving.

Ontario has driving courses in 21

schools, patterned after Canada's first in Kitchener-Waterloo. "Graduates are rarely in court," says Toronto magistrate C. W. Guest. But in Ottawa, high-school superintendent Frank Patten retorts: "We're loaded with subjects now. Why teach driving?"

Quebec has no regular school driving instruction. "Not our responsibility," says one board chairman.

Maritimes instruction is also spotty. Saint John has on-campus instruction at one school. No province—or community—in the Maritimes has taken driving into the curriculum. "Schools can't do everything," says Halifax supervisor R. Marshall.

Meanwhile, commercial driving schools are thriving. Toronto has 100, compared with 60 in New York. Are they doing a good job? Some are. A few aren't. Ontario Safety League president George Jackson charged recently many commercial instructors couldn't pass a driving test themselves.

Backstage WITH BC'S FOREST SCANDAL / David Sturdy thought he smelled a bribe—and risked his career to say so

The surest way to become known, according to a newspaper axiom, is to do something wrong. A once-obscure Vancouver lawyer named David Arnold Sturdy, however, can vouch for the fact that it's not the only way, or even the most effective. Two years ago Sturdy, with little to gain except the satisfaction of doing what he considered right—and almost everything to lose—accused B.C. Forests Minister Robert E. Somers of taking bribes. It touched off the biggest political scandal in the province's history.

In the following 21 months Sturdy fought to put his evidence against Somers—given him by a client—before the Social Credit government or the courts. When he finally got it to the Sloan Forestry Commission he was

sued by Somers for libel and spent thousands of dollars defending himself. In the end he was vindicated. The libel suit was thrown out of court and the government appointed a royal commission to investigate Sturdy's charges. Today Sturdy's name and his one-man crusade are known throughout B.C.

But for most of the 21 months he had many more detractors than admir-



Sturdy: "If you see a crime, report it."

ers. He was pestered on the telephone, "mostly by Social Credit supporters lecturing me on their moral superiority." During the 1956 snap election campaign, fought on the Somers case, one of Sturdy's friends told him, "I'll vote Social Credit until you prove your charges." The Social Credit victory disappointed Sturdy, but he says, "After all, nobody ever heard of me, so why should they overthrow a government for me?"

Did he ever fear his charges might backfire and destroy him? "No," he says. "I've never worried. I was confident I could see it through."

Sturdy resisted anti-Social Credit politicians as well as Social Crediters to carry his case to the courts. "They wanted my documents in the form of

a political scandal. I wanted them investigated on the judicial level. It's been worth waiting two years to get that."

Now Sturdy, who has never run for public office, would like to run against the Social Credit, preferably in the riding of Attorney-General Robert Bonner, who originally refused to take action on the charges. He's already in civic politics as president of the Civic Voters Association, opposing what he calls the city's present "know-nothing, do-nothing" regime.

While most people in B.C. applaud him Sturdy sees nothing unusual in his two-year crusade to be heard. "It's not a matter of choice," he says. "When you believe a crime has been committed you must report it."—RAY GARDNER

Editorial

Why not a governor-general from India or Ghana?

IT IS A tribute to the qualities of the Rt. Hon. Vincent Massey that the government is considering a second extension of his term as governor-general. It is also a commentary on the paucity of other candidates. Almost any appointment at the moment might be called a political one and it's obvious the government has no wish to invite any such charge with an election in the offing.

This, of course, is the penalty we pay for insisting on a Canadian as a governor-general. A good precedent—but why can't it be broken? By all means proclaim our independence and choose a Canadian when a man of Mr. Massey's calibre presents himself. But now we've made our point, why limit the choice to Canada? Personally we'd like to see a governor-general appointed from one of the Commonwealth countries, especially from India or Pakistan or Ghana. The only other alternative seems to be to keep Mr. Massey and his heirs in the post for perpetuity, but we doubt if anyone, especially Mr. Massey, would stand for that.

If United Appeal's a tax let the government collect it

THE UNFORTUNATE remarks of Mr. George Black, the president of the United Community Fund of Greater Toronto, warning businessmen who did not give liberally to the United Appeal that they would become "moral outcasts," suggest that something dismaying is happening to the concept of charity in Canada. In attempting to make our voluntary giving as easy and simple and painless as possible, we have turned it into a tax. For that is what the United Appeal now is—a privately run tax, but a tax nonetheless. As Mr. Black has truly, if tactlessly said, the organization is formidable, the members influential, and any businessman should think long and hard before going against their declared wishes.

Charity, in the Biblical sense (if we properly understand the parable of the widow's mite), was supposed to be voluntary; equally important, it was supposed to hurt. If it was simple, painless and compulsory it wasn't charity. We've always had the feeling that the old-fashioned tag days, special weeks, and periodical appeals—annoying as they might be—had the virtue of reminding us constantly that we had a duty to our neighbor. Mr. Black's kind of charity, we suspect, could be handled with more efficiency and less blackmail by the government.

We'd have sacrificed a dog too—if we had Sputnik

WE WISH the dog-lovers were a little less shrill in their castigation of the Russians as inhuman beasts because they put a dog in Sputnik II. Such exhibits as Hungary and the slave camps certainly provide evidence of Soviet inhumanity, but if we use only the treatment of animals as a criterion of brutality then we are all savages. Who put goats on Bikini and mice in missiles? The Americans, that's who. And where was the SPCA when these creatures went to their deaths?

There's no doubt that if we had a Sputnik to put a dog into, we'd sacrifice the dog, just as we once sacrificed dogs for the sake of fifteen million diabetics. We have the word of Dr. Charles Best that dogs have played their experimental part in at least five hundred medical discoveries, ranging from blue-baby operations to research into rickets. So let's stop being righteous about the Russians.

Mailbag

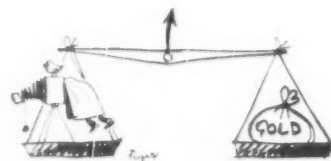
- ✓ Is segregation happening here?
- ✓ Maybe all of the bullies aren't Christians
- ✓ A knock for monopolistic business

So you have broken out again in a new place — I refer to your observations about Little Rock in your Nov. 9 editorial. I suggest you would be more in order commenting upon the school segregation at home (Roman Catholic and Protestant) rather than intruding upon the domestic affairs of a foreign country.—W. J. W. BULLOCK, LANGFORD, B.C.

✓ As one born and educated in the U.S. and fully aware of the complications of this vexing question, I was gratified to know that a Canadian has got to the heart of the question in such a masterly manner.—M. R. YOUNG, VANCOUVER.

How much is a photographer worth?

Hell's bells—as a photographer, John deVisser is worth his weight in gold any day.—LLOYD M. BOWMAN, THOROLD SOUTH, ONT.



✓ Thank you for your support of our belief that Toronto is not only a good place to live in but also an interesting one.—G. BILTON, TORONTO.

Clamps for businessmen?

Canada's Biggest Big Businessmen (Oct. 12) by Peter C. Newman is interesting, but the only conclusion I can make is that Canada's "free enterprise" system is anything but free. When the expansion programs of some companies mean taking over their competitors then there is something lacking in Canada's anti-monopoly laws. When directors are allowed to sit on boards by only buying a dollar's worth of stock then certainly the spirit of the law is being violated if not the letter. Either Canada must be lacking or not enforcing its monopoly laws to allow such conditions to exist.—J. VERNON REED, MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Simple faith or organized Christianity?

I was interested in your article, We're Being Bullied by the Christians (Sept. 14), by Robert Brockway. There are thousands like me who have bit into the apple of organized religion and found a worm and after tasting the first sweetness have had to throw it away. Like thousands of other poor mixed-up Canadians I flee from chaos and indecision to a simple faith in God and the acceptance of the word of Jesus Christ.

And let me state that most preachers and churches have the gimme's—gimme this, gimme the other, mostly to build a bigger and more imposing church.—CATHERINE RICKLEY, HIGH RIVER, ALTA.

✓ Dr. Brockway may be mistaken in who is doing the bullying. Jesus Christ spake to multitudes of people, yet there is no record of Jesus or the apostles demanding that anyone else stay and lis-

ten. So anyone using coercion or restraint in this manner would not be following the example of Christ.—FRED J. BLACKIE, SOUTH GILLIES, ONT.

✓ The Christian churches and heterogeneous sects don't seem to be aware that, thanks to the good sense and foresight of the men who built Canada, this is not a Christian country though the churches are doing their best to make it appear so. Think of the effrontery and gall of the Lord's Day Alliance in crowding their pagan and narrow-minded views down our throats regardless of the British North America Act and the laws of Canada. In Canada all religions are the same before the law.—W. R. JAMES, PARRSBORO, N.S.

Down with the Dance

✓ The Dance of the Bells (Sept. 28) is rather revolting!—MRS. CATHELINE D. MACAULAY, CYRVILLE, ONT.

Somebody must have changed

I used to have a subscription to Maclean's but it gradually became repellent, not to say repulsive. Did I change or was there a change of editors? But you always have good old Bax. If you drop him, I won't even borrow your magazine and then you really will feel the pinch.—A. F. POLLEX, KILWOOD, MAN.

Does Thompson outmatch Crockett?

Frank Croft's story of David Thompson (Nov. 9) is probably the finest historical article you have published.—F. H. A. COLLINS, RAWDON, QUE.

✓ Frank Croft's story made me ponder just why the youth of Canada have to be fed on synthetic heroes when there are in our own archives authentic stories that pale into insignificance the so-called frontier tales. Let's start to bring out



own pioneers out of the misty past and give them a belated honor they so well deserve.—J. B. WIGNELL, HAMILTON.

✓ One fact not brought out is that David Thompson was not an Englishman. His Welsh ancestry probably explains his religious zeal and also the gift of being a good story-teller.—MRS. G. M. SHIRLEY, COCHRANE, ONT.

The Miramichi was a mirage

Give Baxter correct marks for his remarks (Nov. 9) on the most beautiful 100 miles of river on this continent, the St. John River between Fredericton and Saint John, but give him 500 lines for calling it the Miramichi, also beautiful.—FLOYD FARLEY, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 96

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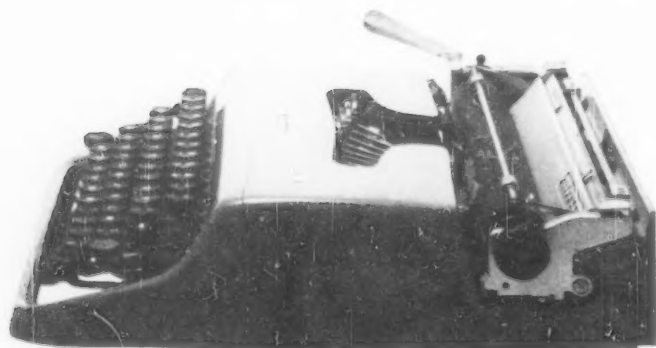
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with the greatest of ease,
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and for so many tomorrows to come.*

Olivetti Lettera 22

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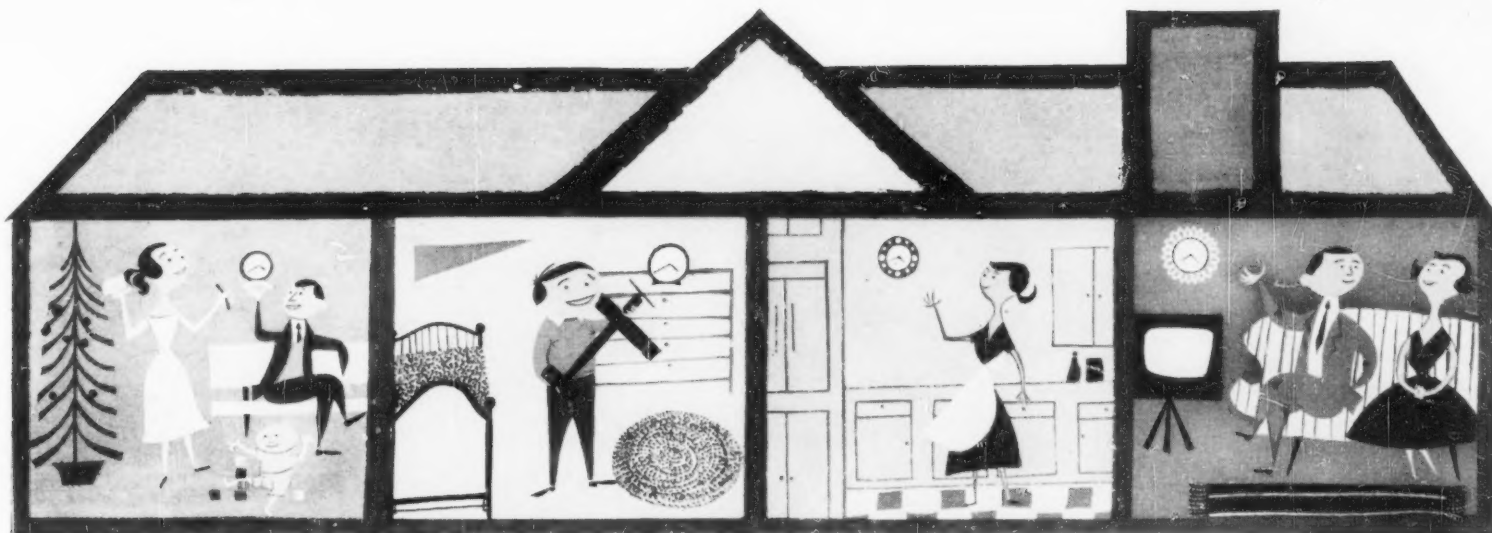


The cover

The loft in Montreal's Fire Hall 14, which once held hay, held firemen Denommée, Aubin and Merette—and a big box of old toys becoming new—the day Franklin Arbuckle called. By Christmas Montreal firemen will have refurbished 6,000 toys for 50 St. Nick parties.

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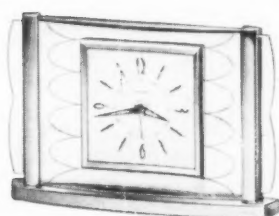
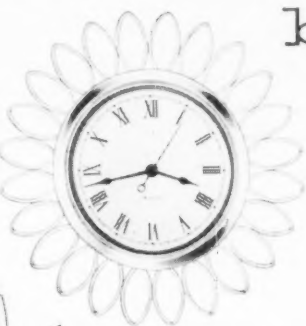
MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, DECEMBER 7, 1957



a clock for every room in the house

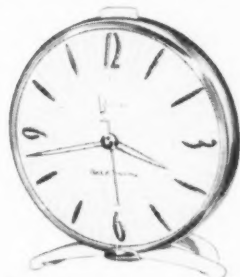
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SHELL FROM A TO Z — AN ALPHABET



is for Laboratory

And a laboratory is people: thinking, learning, trying. Take this young lady of Shell, for example. In controlled experiments she's injecting insect pests with brand-new insecticide formulations. Bit by bit the data will pile up—and soon the farmer will have another potent weapon in his pest arsenal. Insecticides help assure vigorous crops, help keep livestock healthy. Simple fact: without the products of oil research, farmers could not adequately feed our country.

Label

How many times have you heard someone say: "It's made by X Company—it *must* be good"? A label is a known standard of quality. Take Super Shell gasoline with TCP* or Shell's X-100* motor oil. Millions of motorists buy them because their performance is proved, their continuing high quality *guaranteed* by a name they trust. *Trade M.



Lacquer

Today's rainbow-colored cars—like Junior's sleek model air plane—owe their tough beauty to patient research. Take ketone lacquer solvents. They have to hold as much paint solids as possible—yet evaporate in seconds to give a mirror-smooth, armour-hard finish. Where do most lacquer solvents come from? Oil, of course.



ET OF GOOD THINGS ABOUT PETROLEUM

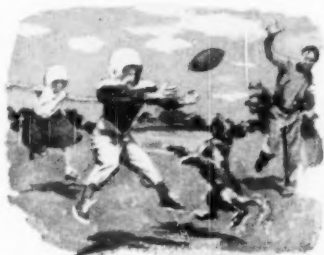
Lane, Carol

Author, columnist, public speaker, Carol Lane is Women's Travel Director for Shell. In her name The Canadian Highway Safety Conference makes the annual Carol Lane awards that foster and reward Canadian women's achievements in traffic safety programs. Anything you need to know about family travel, write to Carol at Shell.



Leisure

Taking it easy these days means golf, tennis, boating, skiing — even backyard football. Oil is the biggest reason that we have time our grandfathers never had. Take today's farmer. With one oil-powered tractor he can do the work of ten men, ten horses, five hand plows. So relax — let oil do the heavy work.



Licence

For most of us, driving is an everyday thing. That's why safety is so important *all* the time. Know your traffic laws, obey them, work for better ones. Remember: your licence only gives you permission to drive—you furnish the responsibility.



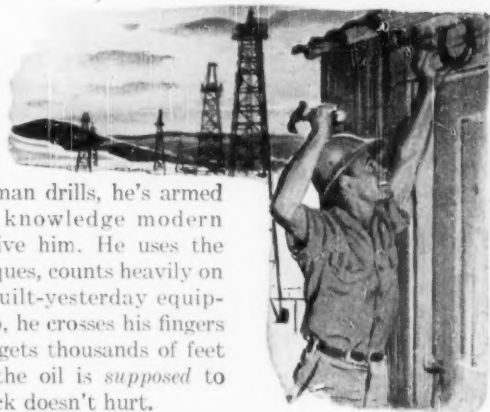
Lube



Our world moves on films of oil and grease. The bearings in a locomotive's churning wheels, the incredible heat generated in the cylinders of your car, the tiny rotating sleeves in a sensitive computer. Everywhere, oil guards moving metal against its worst enemy — metal.

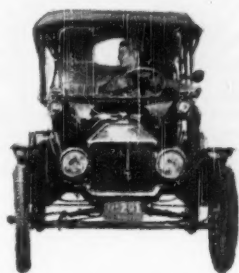
Luck

When an oil man drills, he's armed with all the knowledge modern science can give him. He uses the newest techniques, counts heavily on costly, just-built-yesterday equipment. Even so, he crosses his fingers when the bit gets thousands of feet down where the oil is *supposed* to be. A little luck doesn't hurt.



Lustre

Look at that whistle-clean gloss! New car creams clean car paint chemically, make even an antique look new. Important: Don't forget the needs of the engine, too. See your Shell dealer for the X-100* motor oil that cleans and sweetens the motor. And while you're there sample the sparkling service. *Reg. T. M.



LET-UP? Oil knows no such word. Around the clock it moves up from the deep earth ready to serve farm, home, industry. The problem of getting oil and its products to you is unbelievably complicated. One of the big reasons the job gets done is because there are oil men who know how to run an underground railroad in a 12- to 24-inch pipe. Pipeliners, we call them. Their railroad is thousands of miles of tube, running through the earth, floating in swampland, fording our largest rivers.

Shell pipeliners run crude oil from oil field to refinery; they can move 22 different oil products through a pipe like a fluid freight train, switching any product off at will, yet delivering each to its destination refinery-pure. Magic? No; just another example of oil research which, like oil itself, knows no letup.

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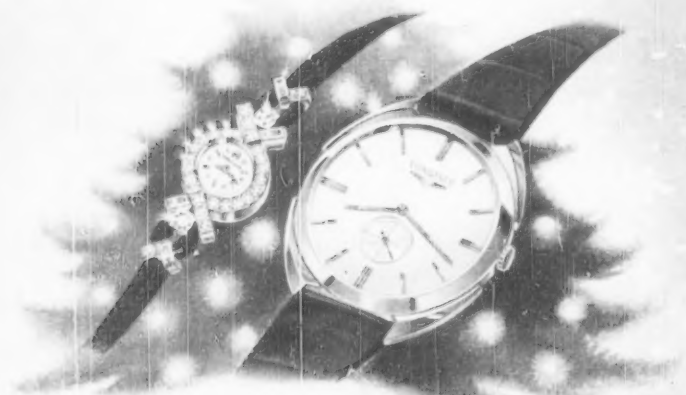


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For the sake of argument



BROCK CHISHOLM DISCUSSES

How we look to the rest of the world

We, the peoples of the world, are now increasing at a rate of about thirty-two million or so a year — about eighty-five thousand a day is our net increase. This is so frightening that we tend to look away from it and not let ourselves think about it at all. Because I happen to be a Canadian I tend to think of it in terms of twice the population of Canada being added to the world's population each year.

It is also a fact that we are not increasing our ability to feed people at anything like that rate. We have consistently avoided the real basic problems of population increase and food supply and distribution, just as we have avoided the implications of the natural resources situation. At present North America is using just about half of the total production of irreplaceable natural resources of the world. Since the First World War North America has used up as much of these irreplaceable natural resources as the whole human race had used up to that time.

Will the rich get richer?

It may be that we should be doing a great many things about this situation that we have hardly begun to think about. A few people are making preparations. Some have their eyes on the African and Antarctic continents, and are beginning to say, "Oh, we could get plenty of stuff from Africa and Antarctica." It may be. There may be extensive resources in those continents, but who is going to get them?

Well, it's perfectly clear who should get them, isn't it? The peoples of Africa and Asia, because they are the ones who need them. But never in human history has the distribution of great reservoirs of natural resources been decided except by bloody warfare and wholesale death. Perhaps the next and greatest challenge to the

will and the ability of the human race to survive will be when the time comes to apportion the riches of the African and Antarctic continents. It is time that we begin to think about that as one of the major problems facing us.

We must abandon any idea that our first obligation is to maintain our own standard of living. As long as we believe that our standard of living is more important than the very lives of hundreds of millions of other people, we cannot expect to be regarded with any great degree of admiration or respect.

The inhabitants of North America already have a standard of living completely out of reach of most people in the world, and it is senseless for us to say that our goal is to raise the standard of living of countries like India to approximate our own. India doesn't even have room enough for her present population, let alone for her increase of five or so million a year (which is not as great an increase per capita as that in North America). Certainly there is no room for the things we regard as essential to our standard of living: thousands of miles of four- and six-lane highways; cloverleafs that take up twenty acres or more of good arable land; golf courses; sports arenas — all these things consume enormous quantities of good land.

In our relations with peoples in other parts of the world our high standard of living is undoubtedly a great handicap, because it inevitably produces a high level of jealousy. It is easy for us to disregard this jealousy, to be complacent, to "pat ourselves on the back." After all, we are a hard-working industrious people.

What if North America does have more than half the world's natural resources? Is the standard of living in China today any different than it **continued on page 97**

DR. CHISHOLM, NOTED CANADIAN PSYCHIATRIST AND AUTHOR, IS FORMER DIRECTOR GENERAL OF THE WORLD HEALTH ORGANIZATION.



Orenda was in mid-Atlantic when she was caught in a gale of unusual severity. As her two man crew struggled to haul in the mizzen sail, a huge wave struck the boat, snapping the main mast in two places. The fir plywood hull shook off wave upon wave, each battering with a force of many tons.

FIR PLYWOOD SAIL BOAT CROSSES GALE-TORN ATLANTIC

Skipper of 26' yawl given up as lost says "Fir plywood withstood battering of world's roughest seas"



In September, 1956, the liner *America* sighted a small sailing boat tossing derelict in mid-Atlantic. A broken main mast trailed pathetically over the side in a maze of tangled rigging and torn sail. There was no sign of life aboard.

The boat was *Orenda*, a 26 ft. fir plywood yawl built by a Toronto man, Bert Smith, in the back yard of his home. With a friend, Alan Battersby, he had set out to sail *Orenda* across the Atlantic. For four days the tiny fir plywood boat pounded through a gale. Then came another storm—and with it disaster. As the two men struggled to bring in the small mizzen sail, a huge wave struck the boat, snapping the aluminum mainmast in two places. The sea anchor parted, the after hatch cover was swept overboard, and *Orenda* filled knee-deep with water. The men pumped her out and then lay-to and prayed.

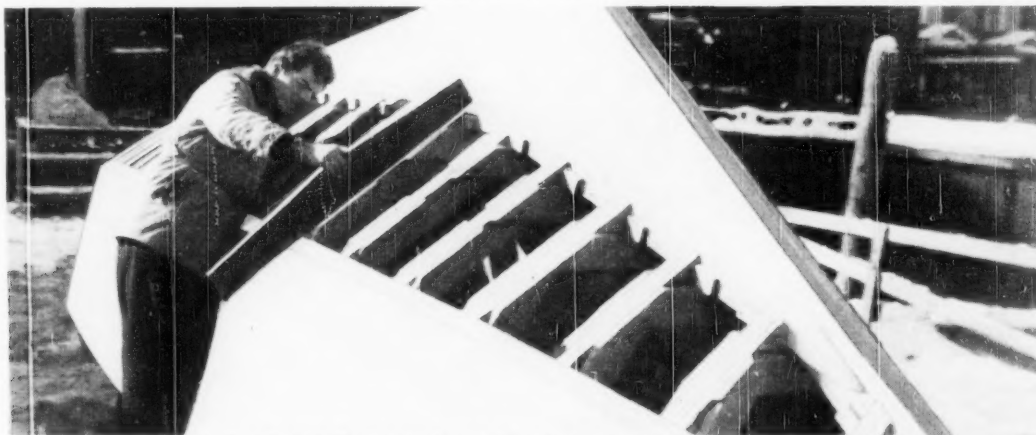
When the storm abated they hauled the mast inboard, steeped the undamaged part in position, and set sail. Later they were sighted struggling through heavy seas by the *Meriblanca*. The captain invited them to finish the voyage in the comfort of his ship, but they insisted on carrying on.

Then, on October 24, Smith shouted to Battersby, "I think we're there, boy!" Faintly ahead was Bishop Rock light. As they approached land, a signal flashed from the shore: "WELL DONE." *Orenda's* ordeal was over.

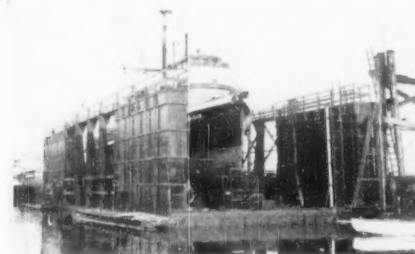
Bert Smith is proud of *Orenda*. Of the fir plywood used to construct her small but sturdy hull, he says: "Fir plywood gave my boat the strength and rack resistance necessary to weather the battering of the roughest ocean in the world."

The qualities Skipper Smith respects in Douglas fir plywood are those which have won acceptance for this versatile building material among technical specifiers and professional builders. It contributes high strength in structural uses, is ideally suited to forming complicated shapes and curves.

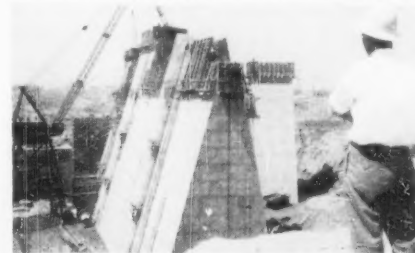
Authoritative technical handbooks as well as many useful do-it-yourself plans containing ideas for home-makers and amateur boat builders are available from PLYWOOD MANUFACTURERS ASSOCIATION OF BRITISH COLUMBIA, 550 Burrard Street, Vancouver 1, B.C.



Orenda takes shape in Bert Smith's Toronto backyard. Over the frame, Smith built up three layers of 3-ply fir plywood panels to form a hull $\frac{3}{4}$ inches thick. "By using large plywood panels my craft had fewer seams and was easier to keep watertight," says Smith. "I've built eight other boats with fir plywood. I find it speeds construction considerably."



The rack resistance which carried *Orenda* through Atlantic gales is found in this Vancouver floating dry-dock. After six years of repeated submersion, the dock's fir plywood tanks show no deterioration.



On the St. Lawrence Seaway project linking the Atlantic to the interior of Canada, these pyramid-like powerhouse abutments were shaped with fir plywood forms. During pouring the forms withstood pressures of up to 700 lbs. per square foot.



En route to Henley, and later Olympic victory at Melbourne, this U.B.C.-V.R.C. racing shell crossed the Atlantic and Pacific—secure inside a crate sheathed and stiffened by $\frac{3}{4}$ " fir plywood.

she peeked before Christmas!

... but, then, who could resist Skyway luggage... fashioned in heavenly new Wedgwood Blue... in a striking cork-grain finish of radiant, washable Koroseal. No wonder Skyway fashion sets are such irresistible gifts! In all their lovely shapes and colours—every piece perfectly matchable—they're so light, so right for travel. See them at better stores everywhere—at prices far less than you'd expect.

P.S. Husband! Pocket the key when you hide your Skyway gift. The smart, polished chrome Travelgard lock gives top security—guaranteed peek-proof!



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LUGGAGE

BY **TRAVELGARD**
LIMITED

London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Sherry with an Angry Young Man

A few months ago when my wife and I were returning to town after a game of golf in the country our car was held up by the traffic in Sloane Square. Actually we were anchored just outside the entrance of the small Sloane Square Royal Court Theatre where, more than thirty years ago, a few of us tried to save Shaw's play *Heartbreak House*, which the critics had assailed with such shafts of wit as "Headache House," "Jawbreak House" and other variations on the same theme.

Gazing from our car we saw that the current attraction was the much discussed play *Look Back in Anger* by John Osborne, who had become more or less the recognized leader of the Angry Young Men movement which had seeped its way into London's West End. As the traffic in the square showed no signs of moving, I darted to the box office and came out with the only two tickets available.

It is hard to say when or how this strange Angry Young Men manifestation of the human spirit took form. We recalled how, after the 1914-18 war, there emerged the night club and jazz age, with the alternative piquancy and ugliness

of the short-skirt craze, and we thought that perhaps this new cult was a somewhat belated offspring of the Hitler war.

At 7.30 that evening we returned to the square and found that our seats were in the front row, with the result that when the curtain rose we seemed to be almost part of the sordid and untidy scene that greeted our eyes.

At one side of the stage a nice-looking slut was ironing clothes. On the floor two young men were lying on their stomachs reading and discussing the London Sunday newspapers. The younger of the two blasted a cornet now and then but convinced both his companions and the audience that he would never bother to learn how to play it properly. It seems that offstage there was a candy stall that the two men operated but they could not bother answering the bell when someone entered the shop.

They were reading and mocking the Sunday newspapers and could not be bothered about such things as candies. When would something happen? But soon we realized that this was a different kind of play. Mr. John Osborne of the suburbs had written **continued on page 82**



Angry young man, hit playwright John Osborne (with actress-wife Mary Ure), was as "gentle as a milk-fed lion" when he dined with Sir Beverley.



His

Hers

When Dad gets a Polaroid Land Camera...there's something in it for Mother, too!

WHEN DAD UNWRAPS his present and sees what it is, he'll grin from ear to ear. A minute later, when he takes that first finished picture out of the back of the camera, his face'll light up like the Christmas tree.

By dinnertime, Mother will have more wonderful pictures for the family album than she's been able to get Dad to take in the last two years.

How good are the pictures? 60-second pictures taken with

the remarkable new Polaroid Land film have a sharpness and sparkle you have to see to appreciate.

With this new film, these pictures don't fade, either. They last just like any other pictures. And you can get all the extra copies and enlargements you want.

For a demonstration, drop into any store in Canada that sells cameras. Polaroid Land Cameras are priced from \$87.75. Ask for convenient terms. Merry Christmas!

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"This was straight out of a big-budget production of Cinderella . . ." The royal guests leave Rideau Hall in Ottawa.



June Callwood's story of the Queen's visit

One of Canada's most brilliant reporters followed Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip through the exhausting tour that dazzled a continent. Here's her perceptive behind-the-scenes report

Elizabeth, Queen of Canada, stepped off a plane in Ottawa last October 12 around tea time of a bright cool Indian summer day and departed well past midnight from a floodlit airport near New York City nine and a half days later. In the intervening two hundred and twenty-five hours and twenty minutes of her visit to North America, she slept about fifty-four hours—or an average nearly six in every twenty-four—and spent the rest attending some fifty separate functions, few of which she could have enjoyed. She changed her clothes twenty-seven times and made sixteen

speeches. Her husband, Prince Philip, zealously establishing himself as an amateur scientist, dealt six times with separate matters, one of them duck shooting but almost all the others related to his hobby. They shook approximately ten thousand hands, at the rate of up to twenty a minute, heard God Save the Queen played with consistent excellence twenty-one times and were seen by about five million people along parade routes and by about fifty-six million more viewers who followed their progress by television.

Specters and old prejudices **continued over page**

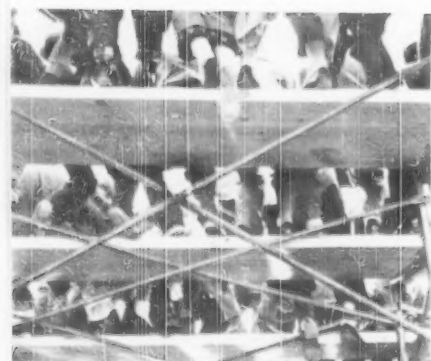
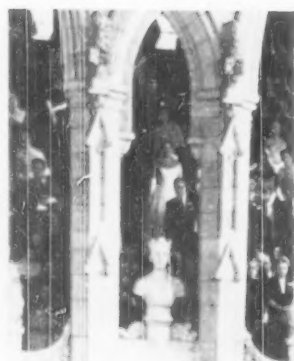


June Callwood's story of the Queen's visit: continued

"To the sixty million who watched her pass, Elizabeth seemed



How they saw the Queen: Supreme Court justices, pages of the House of Commons, off-duty nurses and the jubilant crowds that lined the streets of two nations welcomed Elizabeth with an even mixture of awe and joy.



lowered over the graceful receiving lines, the innocuous speeches, the brisk inspections of guards of honor. The Queen's role in Canada, it appeared to some observers, hinged on calculated pageantry, just enough to warm the pride of Canadians who revere tradition and stateliness above state but not so much as to antagonize those who consider royalty a blindingly off-color bauble in an age of lean fear. For Virginians marking the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first English colony in the New World, near Williamsburg, she had the tightrope task of complimenting, without a trace of sarcasm, sons of the successful rebels who routed England's armies. In Washington it was hoped she would warm the atmosphere of distrust that has long chilled the House of Representatives toward all who speak with a British accent. In New York, she was expected to be a girlish gay tourist properly delighted by the towering skyline and eddies of ticker tape.

This was a woman, only thirty-one years old and frequently so tense with anxiety that she moved like a rigid mechanical doll, who did nothing wrong. At a time when criticism of the moat of snobbery that surrounds Buckingham Palace had reached a furor unprecedented in her lifetime, she kept a valiant dignity. Throughout her North American tour it was noted that she could not relax enough to be warmly charming, as her mother can, but neither did she choose haughtiness. While inexperience still paralyzes many of her public appearances, Elizabeth seemed to the people who saw her most often to be unmistakably lonely, which won her sympathy; consecrated to something greater than herself, which made her awesome; and touched with shy humor, which made her delightful.

The Queen had moments when, unwittingly, she was absurd. During her surprise visit to a supermarket outside Washington ("A surprise," someone commented wryly, "to everyone but the State Department, the White House and assorted embassies") Elizabeth examined a shopping cart with a small child secured in a folding seat. "How nice that you can bring your children along," she remarked kindly, innocently unaware that most sub-



seemed lonely, consecrated and touched with shy humor"

urban shoppers, on a no-servant budget, simply have no alternative.

She had moments when the constricting composure she forces on herself resulted in unfortunately stiff attitudes. Viewing, in Washington's Children's Hospital, a twelve-year-old girl who had broken a leg previously crippled by polio, Elizabeth observed casually, "Well, that's a bit of bad luck." Two days before she had been a visitor to the fort of Jamestown, restored to resemble the original buildings erected in 1607 and staffed, for further authenticity, by soldiers in Elizabethan costumes and giddy wigs of shoulder-length curls. The Queen reviewed this comic-opera guard with a poker face, not pausing to speak to any of them and surpassingly unamused.

Elizabeth had another occasion when her face was almost sullen with boredom, during most of the two bitterly chilling hours she watched a game of United States college football that Prince Philip had requested to see. Her dislike of the whole proceedings was so acute that she couldn't raise even a flicker of expression at halftime when massed college bands played Rule Britannia. She managed only a polite cool smile when the students in the stands opposite her flashed squares of cardboard that formed a vast Union Jack. (British reporters, thoroughly bewildered, shared her feelings. One middle-aged lady from a Glasgow newspaper cabled firmly: "The game was stopped halfway through for a commercial.")

But during the second half of the game, which was between the colleges of Maryland and North Carolina, the Queen became infected with the jubilant enthusiasm of Governor Theodore McKeldin of Maryland, who sat beside her and once slapped her blanket-draped knees heartily after a Maryland score. Chatting with the exultant governor, whose underdog team was winning, Elizabeth demonstrated a surprising grasp of what must have seemed to her in the beginning a chaos of muscle and bone. "That's a first down, I know that," she observed, accurately, at one point.

It was fortunate for international relations, at the inclusive sports-fan level, that the Queen rallied from her ennui. Life magazine had posted a student and professor from a deaf-mute school across the field and equipped them with powerful-lensed binoculars. They had practiced lip reading the Queen by studying kinescopes of her televised speech opening Canada's parliament. After the football game, they were flown to New York along with film made by telescopic cameras to check their notes. The magazine ran a full page of the Queen's conversation, without explaining how it was obtained.

Elizabeth also was the central figure in several stunning tableaux that only high majesty could make memorable. One of the most moving occurred at the British Embassy in Washington, when officials of the Commonwealth embassies were invited to have coffee and liqueurs following a state dinner given by the Queen and Philip for President and Mrs. Eisenhower. The diplomats were ushered into a shimmering Fiberglas tent, constructed on the embassy lawn to protect some three thousand guests at the previous afternoon's Commonwealth **continued on page 84**





FLANKED BY OSCARS his cartoons have won, Bosustow resembles the young Disney. He now leaves drawing to his staff.

The silly, splendid world of Stephen Bosustow

With a nearsighted codger named Magoo and a clutch of cartoon characters bent on sophisticated slapstick, this Canadian-born film maker is winning Oscars, revolutionizing TV commercials and grossing more than two million a year

By Barbara Moon

For a couple of years now a new phenomenon has been hippety-hopping through the television day. It's embodied in troops of wayward little characters who look like bent hairpins, move with the erratic vivacity of water spiders and speak with burlesque voices. They skid onto the TV screen and start to wrangle among themselves, thwack each other with bladders, beat drums, forget their lines, recite doggerel, and often regroup their own particulars like iron filings under a magnet.

They're the new breed of animated cartoons, and their job is to bootlog the sponsor's message to your attention under cover of their antics—which more often than not consist of parodying the blat-voiced pitchmen they're fast replacing. In the midst of

CARTOON IS BORN in story room as Bosustow and producer Pete Burness outline a Magoo film. The moose can also hold hats.



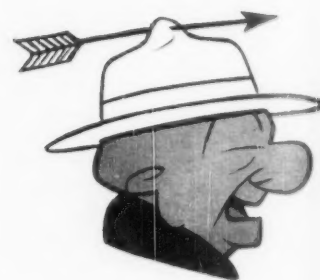
a TV program schedule in which "adult" often means only that the hero hasn't shaved, the chances are that some of the most congenial television you're seeing is in the form of animated commercials.

In fact, a Canadian research bureau was recently able to tell Jell-O that its cartoon spot of a Chinese baby acquiring Western eating habits had charted more audience interest than any part of the program it accompanied.

Or take another case—a campaign of TV cartoons created for Piel's Beer, a Brooklyn brewery. These cartoons are such conversation pieces in smart Gotham circles that Piel's takes space in New York newspapers to list the times and stations for aficionados.

The improbable advent of top billing for commercials can be traced to the screen-door, in Burbank, California, of a forty-six-year-old Canadian-born businessman named Stephen Bosustow. Bosustow, who believes in treating grownups as grownups, is boss of a humming little animated-cartoon studio, UPA Pictures, Inc., which pioneered the new **continued on page 92**

The
nearsighted



Mister Magoo

in Canada

We invited the old
gentleman and

his nephew Waldo for

a visit. Here,

drawn exclusively for

Maclean's, is a

record of their trip



MAGOO IN ALBERTA

"Great Caesar! They should do something about these prairie highways . . . my shock absorbers are ruined."



MAGOO IN VANCOUVER

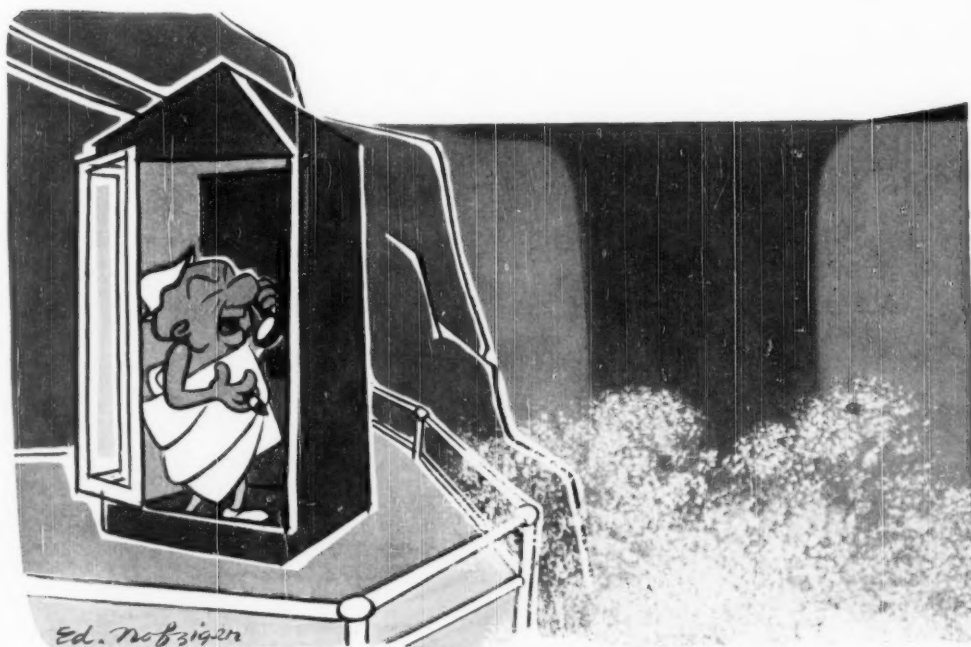
"Speak up, my good man, is this or is this not Granville and Hastings?"



MAGOO IN TORONTO

"When's the next flight to Winnipeg?"

ALL DRAWINGS © UPA PICTURES, INC., 1957



MAGOO AT NIAGARA FALLS

"Give me room service! Something's wrong . . . the tap is running but the tub won't fill."



MAGOO IN QUEBEC CITY

"One thing, they get Disneyland good and clear up here."

Continued over page ►



MISTER MAGOO IN CANADA continued

He's baffled by hockey, meets a prime minister, has a word for Jasper and his own ideas about Mounties



MAGOO AT A HOCKEY GAME
"Bunt, you fool, bunt!"



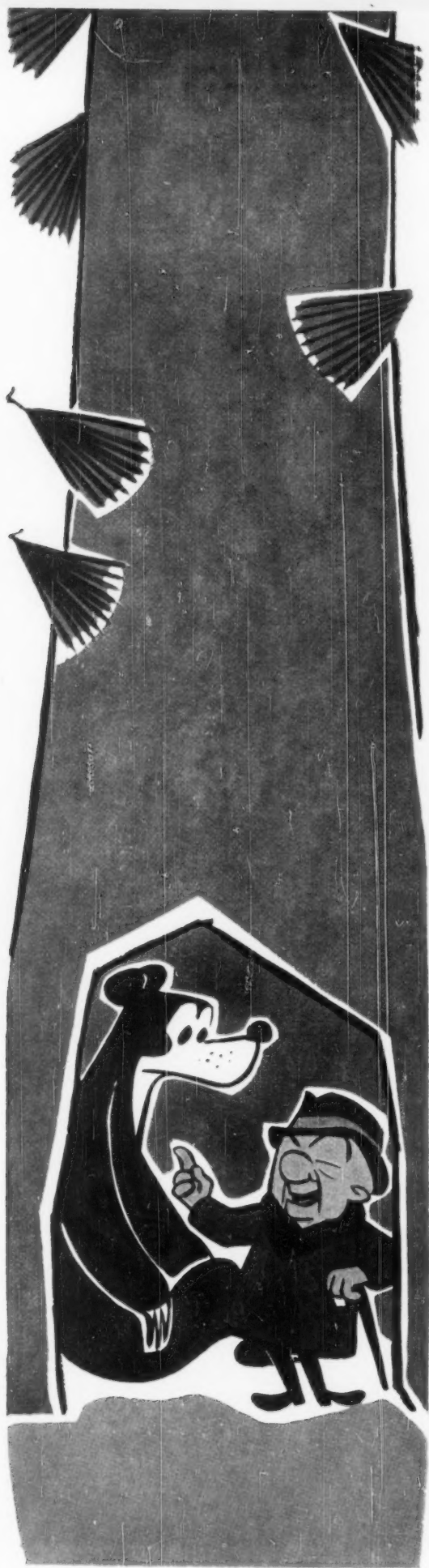
MAGOO IN OTTAWA
"By George, Mr. Diefenbaker, it's an honor to meet you."



MAGOO IN THE TV ROOM
"Certainly it's their flag, Waldo... you're just used to seeing it in color."

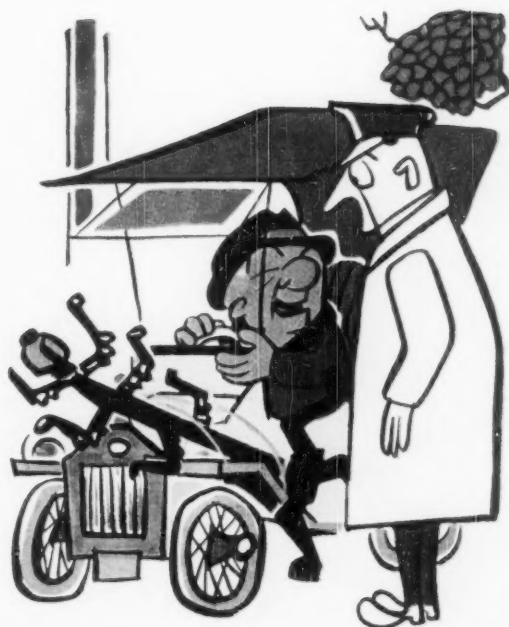


MAGOO ON THE PRAIRIES
"I guess the northern species take more killing."



MAGOO IN B.C.

"Seventh floor, and make it snappy, boy."



MAGOO IN HALIFAX

"Yes sir, bagged him right in the lobby of the Lord Nelson."



MAGOO AT THE MUSICAL RIDE

"Here are the tickets, Waldo. Now don't try to get on the merry-go-round until it stops."



MAGOO ON THE CABOT TRAIL

"Hand me another set of pliers, Waldo... these are chewing up the head bolts."

LOIS SMITH AND DAVID ADAMS



PAS DE DEUX from Swan Lake is rehearsed by Lois Smith and David Adams in the National Ballet's cavernous quarters above Toronto's old St. Lawrence Market.

AND THEIR

Life sentence with the ballet

Canada's foremost dancers live out of a suitcase, see their child only occasionally and sometimes exist on unemployment insurance. "But we're ballet dancers," they say, "and we can't afford to compromise"

BY RICHARD O'HAGAN

Six years ago David Adams and his wife Lois Smith politely turned aside the overtures of a New York theatrical agent who assured them they could earn a thousand dollars a week on television as a tails-and-evening-gown dance team. They elected, instead, the relative austerity of a career in Canadian ballet and this year, though they have achieved an international reputation, they will do well if their combined earnings total five thousand dollars.

As leading dancers of the National Ballet of Canada, Adams, born thirty years ago in Winnipeg, the son of a mechanic, and Miss Smith, the twenty-eight-year-old daughter of a Vancouver shoemaker, are reconciled, with a wry kind of cheerfulness, to working in an art whose material rewards are slight at best.

Their dedication to ballet not only keeps them hard-pressed financially but has forced them, because of the precarious and nomadic lives they must lead, to give up at least temporarily the normal pleasures of raising their only child, a daughter, Janine Daniel. Now approaching her seventh birthday, she stays with grandparents in Vancouver. Lois and David spend a month or two with her every summer.

During the seven or eight months of the year they are either rehearsing or performing, the Adams draw the National Ballet's top money—sixty dollars a week. The rest of the time they supplement their resources by filling the few engagements, such as dance recitals, that allow them to remain loyal to ballet in its pure form. They collect unemployment insurance to see them over the rougher spots.

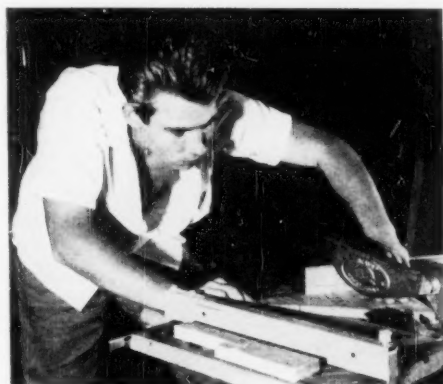
The bright future forecast by the agent who approached them, contract in hand, following a performance at the Canadian National Exhibition grandstand show in 1951 would presumably have made this kind of tenuous living unthinkable. But they took less than fifteen minutes to convince him they were not interested. They have no regrets about it, even though it has meant some sacrifice as well as a good deal

of improvisation in their day-to-day living.

Lois, who is an expert seamstress, helps balance the budget by making many of her own clothes, suits and coats included. For David she makes slacks and shirts.

Sometimes they combine their auxiliary talents in the interests of home improvement. David made the wooden frame for the low wide chesterfield in their living room. Lois made the slipcovers. David's woodworking hobby got a boost recently from an unexpected source. His favorite uncle arrived **continued on page 68**

To live on ballet's rewards means learning how to "do it yourself" with a saw and sewing machine



THEIR FURNITURE is made by David on the circular saw bought with a wedding present cheque.

THEIR HOME, when not on the road, is a five-room Toronto flat where they create dance routines.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN DE VISSER

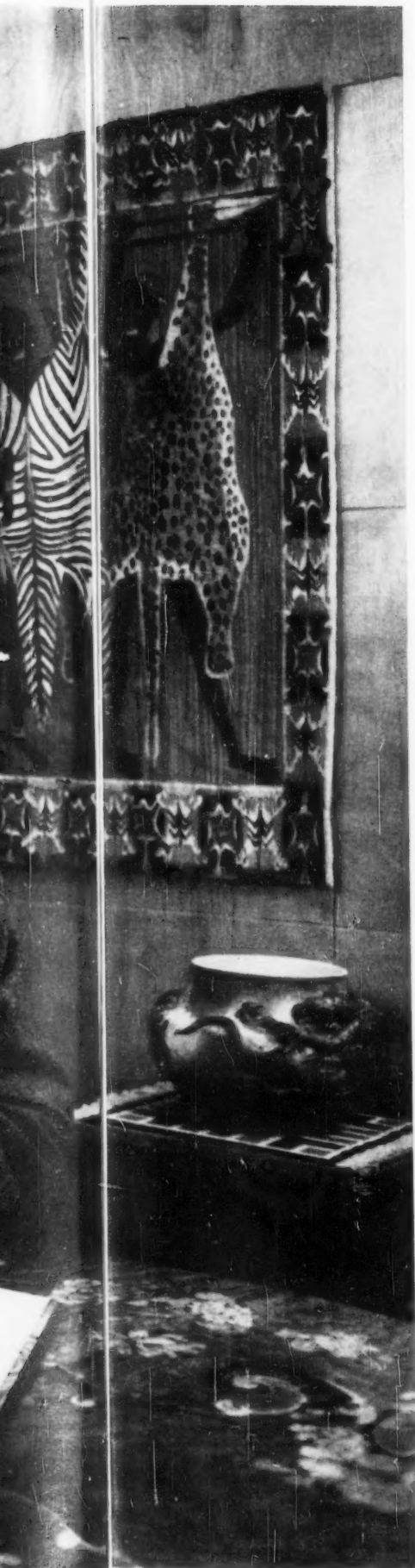


THEIR CLOTHES are tailored by Lois. She not only makes dresses, but coats and David's slacks.





Backed by a tapestry woven by his wife, flanked by Eskimo art picked up on prospecting trips, Lundberg checks one of 200 albums in his world-famous stamp collection. He



The hottest treasure hunter in history is an offbeat Canadian-Swedish genius

who's found ▶ ore worth five billion ▶ King Solomon's mines

▶ a science-shaking prehistoric skeleton . . . Now

Hans Lundberg is out to farm gold and milk uranium from seaweed

BY PETER C. NEWMAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER CURTIN

Canada's most extraordinary prospector is Hans Torkel Frederik Lundberg, a Toronto scientist who follows goats, pine needles and maple syrup to mineral wealth, grows gold, and fishes for new mines from gadget-studded aircraft, much like an angler trolling for trout.

Although few Canadians outside mining offices know his name, Lundberg has, in the thirty-three years since he came here from Sweden, discovered ore worth five billion dollars—the equivalent of more than twice the annual value of Canadian mineral production.

In his obsessive rummaging through the crust of every continent, Lundberg has helped trace the gold sources of King Solomon, the ancient Roman Empire, and the Inca Indians. He has also discovered hidden champagne caches, meteorites, and an ice-age skeleton which proved man's existence in the Western Hemisphere a hundred and fifty centuries ago.

Easily Canadian mining's most controversial scientist, Lundberg has not quite realized the old alchemists' dream of producing gold from other things, but he has found a new way of extracting it from the earth. He'll soon become the operator of the world's first gold farm. He also plans to refine uranium out of seaweeds and to search Mount Royal, in the heart of Montreal, for diamonds. In a basement laboratory he is experimenting with a revolutionary method of boiling the oil out of northern Alberta's tar sands.

A stout, witty Norseman with courtly manners, Lundberg is perhaps the world's most experienced practitioner of airborne geophysics. This is the inexact science of using instruments mounted in aircraft to feel out new mines by gauging the magnetism, gravitational pull, radioactivity and other physical properties of rock formations as much as two thousand feet underground.

Although he holds many offbeat views, Lundberg is so highly regarded by fellow scientists that he has given seventy papers to learned societies all over the world, including a major address to the 1949 United Nations Scientific Conference on the Conservation and Utilization of Resources. "Lundberg is a real genius," says John W. Carrington, editor of the weekly Northern Miner. "He is the father of geophysical prospecting."

Lundberg's gadgets have found new mines in twenty-

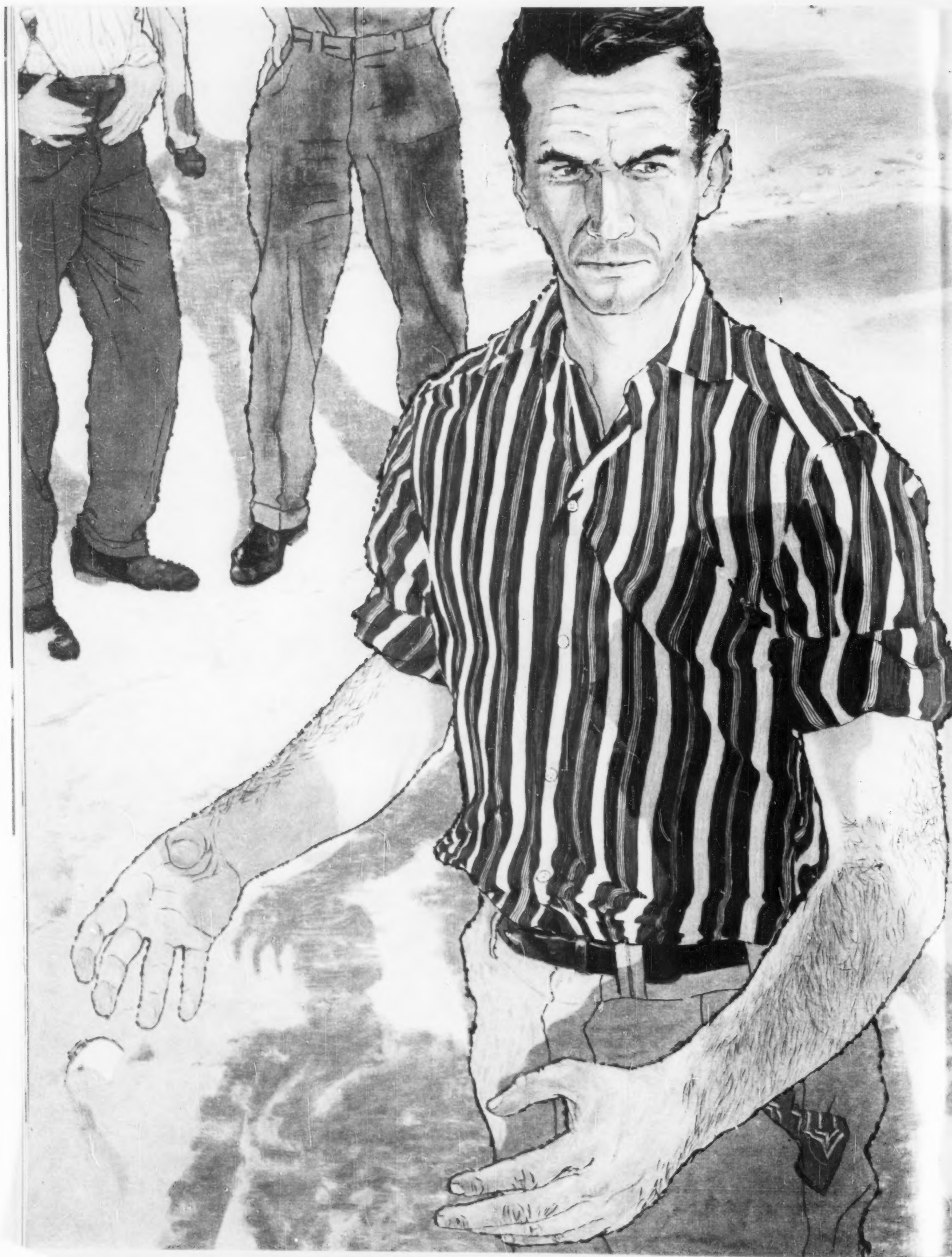
eight countries as well as every geologically favorable region of Canada. He has been associated with the discovery or extension of such well-known Canadian mines as Buchans, Waite-Amulet, McIntyre Porcupine, Siscoe, Granby Consolidated, Toburn, Falconbridge, Stadacona Rouyn, Britannia, Opemiska, Rainville, Copper Mountain, Donald, Eldon, and several Noranda, International Nickel and Ventures subsidiaries. In 1942 he outlined deposits of cryolite, then essential in the manufacture of aluminum, in a secret war mission to Greenland. In 1949 his air crews skimmed over the Cariboo district of British Columbia, locating hidden channels in placer-gold streams. In 1952 he helped the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission find uranium deposits in Colorado.

Although he has just passed sixty-four and is beginning to slow down, Lundberg travels about sixty thousand miles a year directing the world-wide field operations of his company, Lundberg Explorations Limited, which carries out more than a **continued on page 71**

Titles in eight languages line the library walls in Lundberg's Toronto home. He experiments in a cellar laboratory.



collection. He plans a diamond search on Mount Royal.





A MACLEAN'S NOVEL AWARD

FLORENCIA BAY

By James McNamee

Covered by Robinson with the rifle, hemmed in by Charlie's cousins,
sweating in the menace of the hot beach,
Pat Crogan faced the strangest and toughest decision of his life

CONCLUSION

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

The arrival of Saul Finlay, a filthy and lecherous old prospector, sharpened the mounting drama on the west coast beach. Pat Crogan, under orders from Indian Charlie Jack to marry Monica, Charlie's half-breed daughter, feeling more foolish than fearful, shouted "Death before bondage." Monica had answered, "Maybe so."

Saul Finlay was spading in the soft earth, deepening the channel of the foot-wide stream where it issued from the cliff.

Crogan said to Monica, "You stay here. I want to talk to him for a minute."

"I'll come, too."

"You stay here."

The old man's hair stuck out in a wild untidy

mess under the black hat. A cigarette hung from his wet lips.

"Where did you get the cigarette, Saul?"

"An Indian gave them to me."

"Did he have glasses?"

"I was in the tent. I think so, Johnnie."

"Did he tell you to keep away from the end of the beach, Saul?"

"He didn't say anything, Johnnie. I asked him what he was smoking. He threw me a pack of cigarettes. He didn't say anything."

"Don't go near the end of the beach, Saul."

"Is there gold down there, Johnnie?"

"There's no gold, just Indians. You stay away."

"I'm going to put a sluice in here, Johnnie."

"Will you have enough slope?"

"I'll dig enough slope."

"How will you keep it" **continued on page 38**

ILLUSTRATED BY KEN DALLISON

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

Why Red Ryan's shadow still hangs over every prison yard

With nineteen convictions, lifer Red Ryan turned altar boy. So they set him free—and he went on the gory binge that left us with one of the Western world's most backward parole systems

BY TED HONDERICH

Prisoner K-166, his denims changed for a new brown suit, walked beside a guard to the great north gate of Kingston Penitentiary. Convicts exercising in the yard cheered him on. Red Ryan, the armed bandit of a hundred headlines, passed quietly through the gate and across the road to the warden's office. It was late afternoon, July 24, 1935; a grey Wednesday. After eleven and a half years of a life sentence, served with saintly piety, the bank robber who belatedly became an altar boy was returning to freedom.

The warden handed him a ticket of leave. It had been sought long and fervently by a handful of partisans, and finally granted through the personal intervention of Prime Minister R. B. Bennett. Although he had a record of nineteen convictions progressing from bicycle theft to armed bank robbery, Ryan was legally leaving Kingston's white walls behind. Over these same walls he and four other convicts had once clambered after starting a barn fire and wounding the chief keeper with a pitch fork, a chore Ryan took care of personally. Now the penitentiary was wishing him luck.

On this day the curtain rose on the final act of a tragicomedy that left Canada with one of the most backward parole systems in the western world.

Until he was shot dead by a policeman ten months later, Ryan led two lives. In public he was the gentle man who had been an orderly at Kingston Penitentiary's hospital, the ingenious tinkerer who had invented a lock for prison mailbags, and the pious altar boy of the penitentiary's Roman Catholic chapel. At the same time he was robbing and murdering.

The exposure of Canada's most celebrated paroled convict as an unregenerate killer so shook the country that it discredited demands

for new and more humane methods of rehabilitating criminals. As a result thousands of men and women who have since broken society's rules have suffered from the evils of antiquated penal regulations. No other single event has done so much to hold back penal reform in Canada as the fateful freeing of Red Ryan.

His parole had been opposed by the officials who knew him best. Several days before he was released the director of sentence remissions in the Department of Justice spoke against setting Ryan free. But through "benevolent" interference his parole was secured. And today, two decades later, Ryan is still cited as proof that it would be folly to adopt a more humane parole system modeled on those of Britain and the U. S.

Norman John (Red) Ryan was born on July 18, 1895, in Toronto, the fourth of eight children. His father was a law-abiding laborer. At twelve Ryan was convicted of stealing a bicycle; a year later he went to reform school for stealing chickens.

One day during this auguring boyhood a gang of boys was playing with a new football on Euclid Avenue. The ball belonged to Eddie Murphy, who had been taken to St. Francis parochial school on his first day by Norman Ryan. The brash, freckled redhead grabbed the ball and carried it off. Fifteen years later Norman Ryan stood shackled in a Toronto court, facing a life sentence for bank robbery. One of the crown attorneys was E. J. Murphy, the onetime owner of the stolen football.

When he was seventeen Ryan was sentenced to three years in Kingston Penitentiary for burglary, theft and shopbreaking; and another six months for shooting with intent to maim. He was serving a second term in Kingston, twelve years for a payroll robbery and several lesser

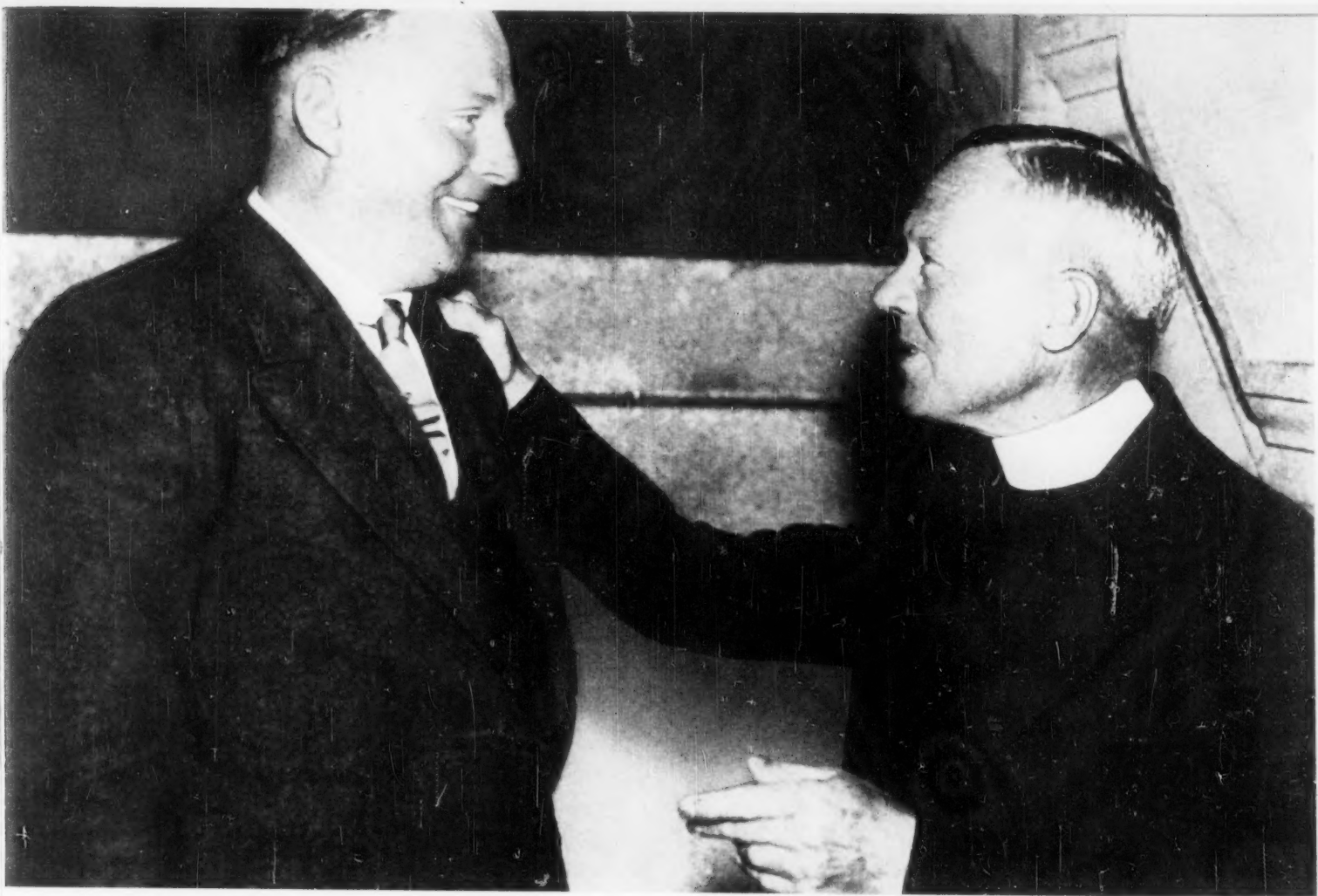


From a Toronto police file, Dec. 1912. Subject: Norman Ryan. Age: 17. Crime: burglary, theft, shooting.

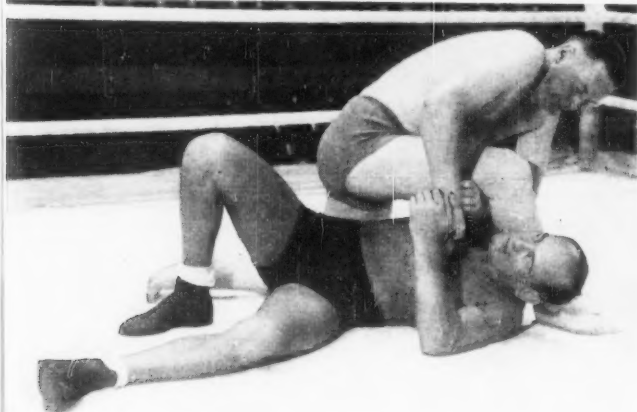
offences, when World War I broke out. Two years later he was released to become a soldier. Overseas, he served time in the army lock-up at Seaford, in Sussex, for robbing stores and going absent without leave. After several escapes from military police, Ryan deserted England and the Army for the Merchant Navy. In 1921 he returned to Toronto.

Back home he lived with his brothers and sisters at 7 Wyndham Street, became a tinsmith and married. Between August and December of 1921 a lone gunman held up five Hamilton and Montreal banks. In December, his wife already left behind, Ryan was arrested in Montreal. He was sentenced to twenty-five years in Kingston Penitentiary, but his stay was to last only a year.

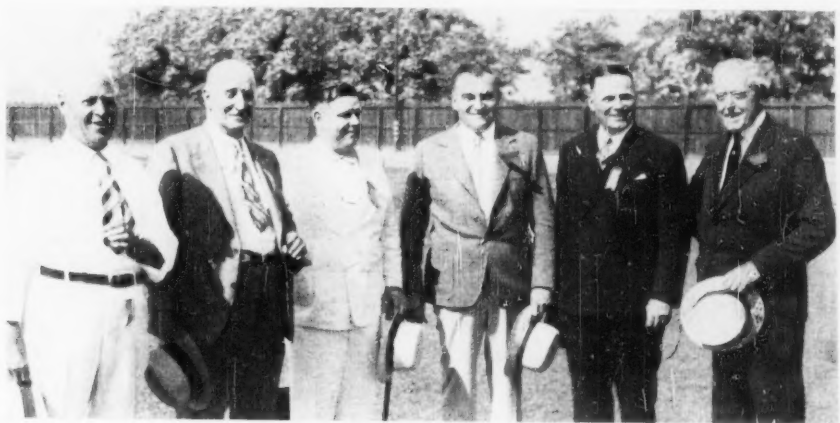
continued on page 76



Leader of the group that won Ryan's parole after 11½ years of a "life" sentence was Kingston's chaplain, Father Kingsley. He "wasted away" when Ryan turned killer.



Paroled, Ryan lived high. He was lionized by Toronto's sporting set, wrestled a dummy match, bought ten suits and a convertible.



Backing came from civic celebrities. Ryan (second from right) is flanked by sportsman Duke McGarry, then-Coroner Crawford, Judge Denton, lawyer Eddie Murphy, sportsman Percy Quinn.

"Glad he is Dead", Say Mullins and Father Kingsley

'INGRATITUDE' OF RED RYAN SADDENS PRISON CHAPLAIN

Retells Anonymous Warning Few Weeks Ago, Which Ryan Denied

PICTURE SCRAPPED

Special to The Star

Kingston, May 26—(Warning that)

FELT RYAN INSINCERE STATES COATSWORTH

Thinks Sarnia Affair Will Affect Parolling

Commenting on the death of "Red" Ryan, who was brought back to Toronto last night at mid-

night in a gray-painted pine under-

RYAN'S BODY ARRIVES ALMOST UNNOTICED

Brother Helps Undertaker Transfer Remains From Train to Truck

Scarcely noticed, the body of Norman "Red" Ryan was brought back to Toronto last night at mid-

night in a gray-painted pine under-



OFFERED 'RED' RYAN RANCH 'FOOLED ME,' SAYS SENATOR

Only Recently Received Splendid Letter Reporting Progress, Mullins Says

HELPED HIS PAROLE

Stunned by news, Senator H. A. Mullins of Winnipeg, the first official campaigner for Ryan's parole, ad-

DIED SAVING OTHERS LEWIS WITHHELD F

Police Constable Jack L. Was Killed by First Sh

From Ryan's Gun

The paroled altar boy was unmasked in an attempted holdup of a Sarnia liquor store. In a wild gun battle Ryan killed a police officer and was himself shot to death.

"It happened to us"

This is another of the series of personal-experience stories that will appear from time to time in Maclean's . . . stories told by its readers about some interesting dramatic event in their lives.

HAVE YOU SUCH A STORY? If so, send it to the articles editor, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. For stories accepted Maclean's will pay the regular rates it offers for articles.

How we nursed a farm back to health

BY HERBERT WATSON

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER CROYDON

When I was a boy, the fashionable ambition of at least one Canadian out of two was to own a farm. In those days even city people talked about putting down roots and living off the land and keeping up the agricultural traditions of our country. Now things have changed, and they tell me that only hayseeds and born failures really want to farm.

That's the common theory. Twenty years ago my wife Viola and I decided to ignore it and become farmers like our fathers before us. Our life hasn't been very dramatic but it's been a fine experience just the same.

Life has been good to Viola and me at Red Haven, our two-hundred-acre farm in the Caledon Hills of Peel County, thirty miles northwest of Toronto. How many married couples are fortunate enough to have a profession they can follow together for twenty years? I can't say our work's been easy, and I can't deny we've had hard times, when we wondered if we were fools to be farming when city jobs pay high wages for short hours. But we think it's been worth it. Now our holdings are worth twenty times what we paid for them and we make a comfortable living with a little money for extras like fixing up the house with fresh paint and hardwood floors and flower gardens, or a day's outing in our new Buick. And beyond this we've been blessed with a pretty daughter, a likeable son-in-law, a grandson and friendly neighbors. Viola and I have everything we could want.

How did we manage to build a three-thousand-dollar investment into a farm we wouldn't take sixty thousand for today? I guess it was a combination of luck, work and planning—mostly planning. We were lucky to buy our first land in the rock-bottom days of the Thirties, though the Depression wasn't what you might call an unmixed blessing. We've worked steadily, but work's wasted unless it has some direction. I've always tried to think ahead, to keep up with modern methods, to plan out the most economical use of the soil and plow back my profits into the land they came from.

The other day I walked back through the

fields, up the hill toward the woodlot on high ground at the southwest corner of Red Haven. I turned and looked back on our land, green with young oats and fall wheat and thick tangled pasture, curving down to the big brick house and the red farm buildings clustered near the east side of our original hundred acres. Over to the right, on the far side of the concession line, I could see the second farm we bought in 1947, another hundred acres that corners the first to the southeast. I couldn't help thinking how different the land looked when we made our start.

Of course, Viola and I looked quite a bit different ourselves in those days. When we moved in back in June 1936, we were newly married. There we were, two young people hardly out of our teens, a farmer's son and a farmer's daughter with our heads full of ideas picked up at Junior Farmers' meetings. We had a handful of livestock, fifty dollars worth of used implements, an old Model A Ford and a three-thousand-dollar mortgage.

My father was a stern and religious man, but not a moneymaker. He had paid my two older brothers wages for helping on our home farm below Brampton, but when I was ready to leave school the Depression was taking hold and there just wasn't any money to spare. I was able to save nothing but the few dollars I made when I was called to help the neighbors. This didn't worry me till I met Viola Morrison at a choral class (she has a good voice and I was there because my father was a strong supporter of the choir) and we began to think about getting married. My father wanted to see me set up, so when he heard that a farm in Chinguacousy Township could be purchased for six thousand dollars he paid three thousand, leaving the mortgage for me to carry.

Anxious to be on our own, Viola and I were glad the farm was more than ten miles from either of our homes. It doesn't seem a great distance now, but transportation wasn't so easy in 1936 and it was quite a big step to move so far. The neighborhood was strange to us both and we had to set out to make new friends among our neighbors. **continued on page 62**

We began with
a hundred acres of tired land,
a rundown house,
a cockeyed barn,
and no money.
Now, twenty years later,
we wouldn't take
sixty thousand for the place.
This is what we did

322

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ON
OYDON

and,

ce.

195





"Bagley, a lion is lying in ambush, not laying . . ."

Advice to bachelors who want to stay that way

Apart from the girl, her mother, her father and her girlfriends, your worst enemies are your own married pals:

They're a sycophantic crew, fawning on their wives. "Why don't you get married, old boy, settle down and get some good red meat in your belly."

Ignore them. They are pathetic, broken-in, house-trained, brought-to-heel; made to sing for their supper; so drained of spirit that they will dance a jig in exchange for permission to smoke.

Have no mercy on married men. Give it to them loud and clear.

"Aren't you going to help Mary with the washing-up, old boy? Old Harry always does."

"I don't know how you manage without dish-washing machines, Mary. Old Harry's just bought his wife one and she says it makes all the difference."

"I'm surprised you let Cliff out of your sight, Mary, really I am! You know that all the women in the office are chasing him."

That'll settle his hash.

HERALD FROY

Sweet & sour

Answer any eight

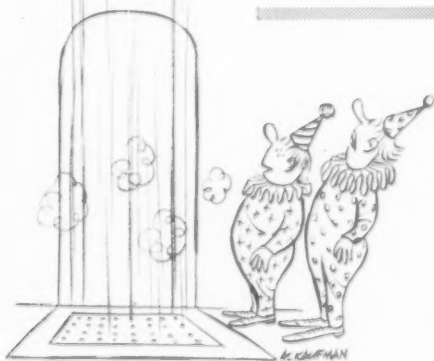
Curious about yourself? Well, answer these questions truthfully and find out how you rate in this test:

1. Have you taken your wife out to a restaurant in the past six weeks?
2. Do you prefer to listen to an important speech or to read the text next day in the papers?
3. Can you tell, without looking, how many steps there are in your front stairway?
4. Do you think men, or women, get madder when they lose at bridge?
5. You are given a pumpkin, a stethoscope, an unsharpened lead pencil and a billiard cue. What would you do with them?
6. Thunderstorms are apt to sour ginger ale. True or false?
7. When driving at high speeds how far do you stay in back of the car in front of you?
8. Do you think this country needs more government regulation of business, or less?

This test was designed to find out whether you are the type who will willingly take any kind of test no matter how little sense it makes.

PARKE CUMMINGS

FUN
HOUSE



"Skinniest girl I ever saw!"

CANADIAN HISTORY REVISITED

By Peter Whalley



THE DISCOVERY OF NIAGARA FALLS

Before athletes got religion

Remember the days before athletes started giving all the credit for their victories to faith and the prayers of millions of folks everywhere? Here are some examples to jog your memory:

Question: Congratulations on winning the cruiser-weight championship of the world. To what do you attribute your victory, champ?

Answer: I belt the bum three, four times in the breadbasket, see? Then I step back and he falls down.

Question: Would you care to tell us how you became the first human being in history to break the five-minute mile?

Answer: Well, I always could run pretty fast.

Question: What sustained you when you came from behind to win the Open by a single stroke?

Answer: Gin. I never set foot on a golf course without a mickey in my hip pocket.

Question: You've just managed your club to its third straight world series victory. Would you say Somebody Up There was pitching for you?

Answer: Nah. We got enough dough to buy the best pitchers in the business.

Question: Could you give us an idea how you became the first goalie to score four shutouts hand-running in the Stanley Cup playoffs?

Answer: Beats me, Mac. KEN LEFOLII



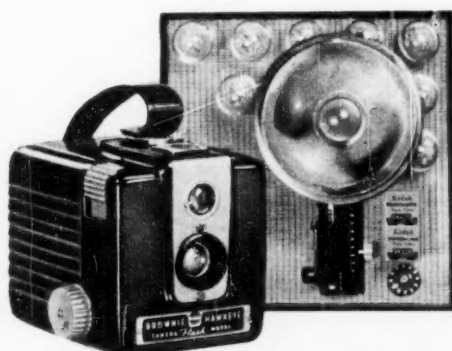
Kodak gifts say "Open me first"!

When you open your Kodak camera outfit first, you can save all the fun of Christmas—and the years to come—in pictures



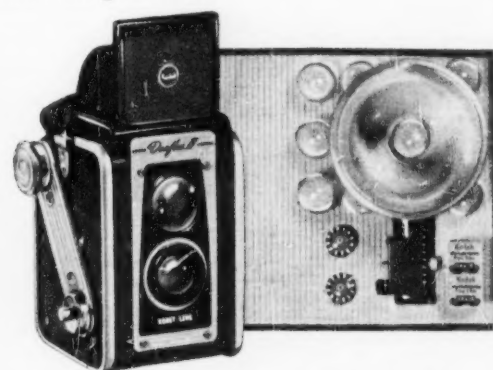
Takes three kinds of pictures—New Brownie Starflash Camera takes snapshots in black-and-white and color, and sparkling color slides. Flashholder is built right in. Complete with bulbs, batteries and film.

Brownie Starflash Outfit . . . \$11⁹⁵



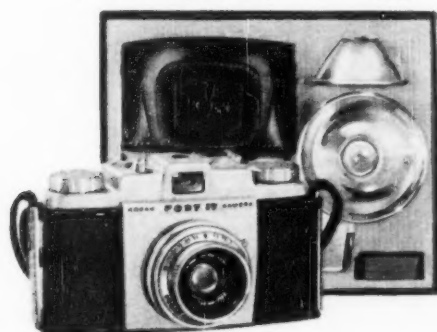
World's most popular snapshooter—Brownie Hawkeye Camera takes sharp, beautiful snapshots in black-and-white or color. You just aim . . . and shoot. Complete with flashholder, film, bulbs, batteries.

Brownie Hawkeye Flash Outfit \$17⁵⁰



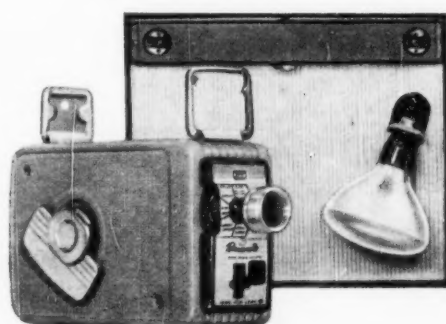
Shows your shot big—before you snap it!—Kodak Duaflex IV Camera has big hooded viewfinder that lets you preview every shot. Lens is already focused. Complete with flashholder, film, bulbs, batteries.

Kodak Duaflex IV Flash Outfit \$28⁹⁵



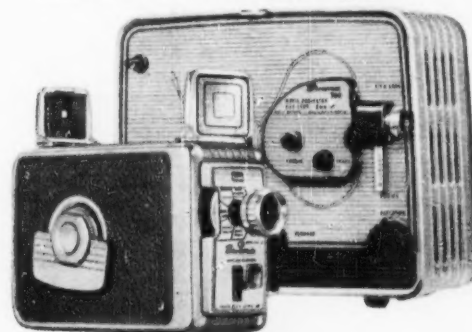
Simplifies 35mm color slides—New Kodak Pony IV Camera has new system that tells proper exposure at a glance; no-thread loading; fast f/3.5 lens. Complete with case, flashholder and slide viewer.

Kodak Pony IV Camera Outfit \$65⁹⁵



Color movies—indoors and out—Brownie Movie Camera, f/2.7, has only one simple setting for you to make. Complete with Brownie 2-Lamp Movie Light and two reflector flood lamps.

Brownie Movie Camera Kit, f/2.7 \$45⁷⁰



For brilliant color movie shows—Brownie Movie Camera has fast f/2.3 lens, new exposure dial. Brownie 300 Movie Projector shows movies 3 feet wide; "stills" and reverse action. Preview screen in cover.

Brownie 300 Movie Outfit . . . \$126⁹⁰

Prices are subject to change without notice. Ask your Kodak dealer about low down payments, easy terms.

If it's made by Kodak, you know it's good!

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, Toronto 9, Ontario

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—a trade-mark since 1888

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OLDS

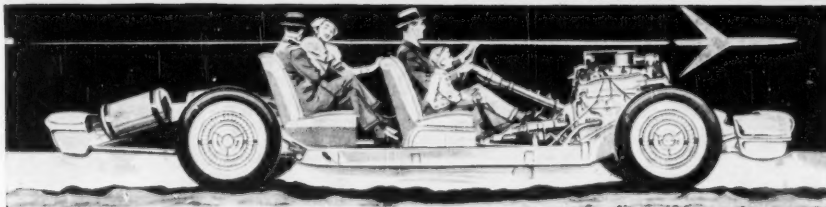


OLDSMOBILE for '58

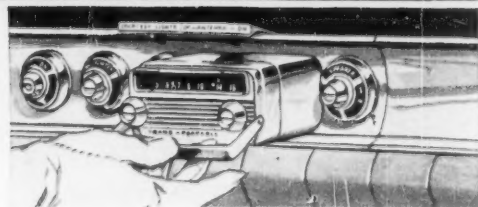
...Introducing New-Matic Ride (the true air suspension)...a host of new exclusive features for your comfort, safety, convenience.
Indeed a new way of going in this mobile era.

mobility

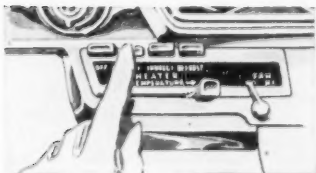
the new way of going places
in the Rocket Age!



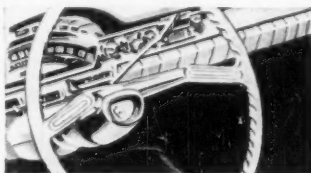
WITH NEW-MATIC RIDE EACH WHEEL IS CUSHIONED IN AIR, KEEPING CAR ON A LEVEL PLANE, REGARDLESS OF LOAD OR ROAD!



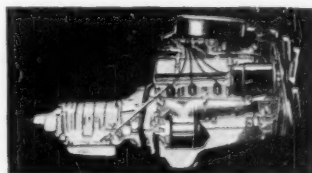
New Trans-Portable Radio can also be unlocked and used as a lightweight, 160-hour battery powered, transistor portable.



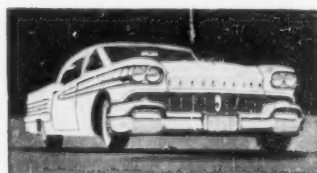
Dual Range Power Heater delivers the exact amount of heat or ventilation exactly where and when you want it. You push a button...power does all the work for you!



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W-416

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET

PAL JOEY: Author or John O'Hara's playboy Joey Evans was a gilt-edged heel as a fiction character eighteen years ago and later as played by Gene Kelly in the Broadway show. Now, on the screen at last, the edge of gilt turns out to be a heart of purest gold, with a resultant loss in zip and plausibility, but Frank Sinatra's confident and amusing performance as singer and actor makes the picture worth seeing. The music, by Rodgers & Hart, is also beguiling. All the girls go for Joey, but Kim Novak and Rita Hayworth in particular are the good and evil angels in his love life. Miss Hayworth is routinely competent; Miss Novak, the teen-club idol, is shapelier than ever but her "acting" would hardly do credit to the average high-school operetta.



CAMPBELL'S KINGDOM: There are several big holes in the story but a steadily mounting tension and a spectacular action climax offer considerable compensation. The locale is the Canadian Rockies (filmed in Europe), and Dirk Bogarde is a sick young Briton determined to prove that his grandfather's dream of oil was founded on reality. Stanley Baker is the ruthless contractor who opposes him.

A HILL IN KOREA: With a gratifying minimum of both ultra-heroics and mamey service humor, this British war drama absorbingly recreates the minute-by-minute ordeal of a small patrol trapped by the enemy in Korea. The non-celebrity cast does its work with unassuming skill.

THREE FACES OF EVE: Joanne Woodward's acting is by far the best ingredient in this rather complicated story about a woman with three conflicting personalities. She is variously a drab housewife, a sexy wanton, and a smilingly mature adult. The story wavers uneasily between farce and tragedy. Lee J. Cobb is the psychiatrist who solves the mystery.

UNTIL THEY SAIL: Better than most of the soap operas it resembles, this tells of the wartime romances and heartaches of four New Zealand sisters and says one or two uncommonly blunt things about the way some of Uncle Sam's GIs used to irritate the civilians of friendly foreign countries. With Jean Simmons, Paul Newman.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Across the Bridge: Drama. Good.
Action of the Tiger: Drama. Poor.
Brothers in Law: Comedy. Good.
The Careless Years: Drama. Fair.
Chicago Confidential: Crime. Fair.
Decision Against Time: Drama. Good.
Doctor at Large: Comedy. Good.
Forty Guns: Western. Poor.
Funny Face: Musical. Excellent.
A Hatful of Rain: Drama. Good.
The Helen Morgan Story: Show-biz biographical drama. Fair.
Hell Drivers: Action drama. Fair.
High Tide at Noon: Drama. Fair.
How to Murder a Rich Uncle: British comedy. Fair.
Interlude: Romantic drama. Fair.
Jeanne Eagels: Biog drama. Fair.
The Joker Is Wild: Show-biz comedy-drama. Good.
Les Girls: Musical. Excellent.
Love in the Afternoon: Comedy. Good.
Man of a Thousand Faces: Lon Chaney biographical drama. Good.
Miracle in Soho: Comedy. Fair.
The Monte Carlo Story: Romantic comedy-drama. Fair.
My Man Godfrey: Comedy. Fair.
My Gun Is Quick: Crime. Poor.
Operation Mad Ball: Comedy. Good.

Pacific Destiny: Comedy-drama. Fair.
The Pajama Game: Musical. Excellent.
The Passionate Stranger: British comedy-drama. Fair.
Perri: Disney squirrel tale. Good.
The Prince and the Showgirl: British romantic comedy. Good.
The Rising of the Moon: Group of three Irish stories. Fair.
The Shiralee: Adventure and drama in Australia. Excellent.
Silk Stockings: Musical. Good.
Slim Carter: Comedy. Fair.
The Smallest Show on Earth: British comedy. Good.
Story of Esther Costello (formerly *The Golden Virgin*): Drama. Fair.
The Strange One: Drama. Good.
The Sun Also Rises: Drama. Good.
Sweet Smell of Success: Drama. Good.
Time Lock: Suspense drama. Good.
Tip on a Dead Jockey: Drama. Fair.
This Could Be the Night: Romantic comedy-drama. Good.
3:10 to Yuma: Western. Good.
The Unholy Wife: Melodrama. Poor.
Valerie: Drama. Fair.
Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter? Comedy. Good.
Woman of the River: Italian sex melodrama. Poor.

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AUTOMATIC
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You get eggs like this every time in the SUNBEAM set at 300°.

EASY-TO-SEE FRY-GUIDE gives recommended temperatures.

EASY-TO-SET CONTROL DIAL



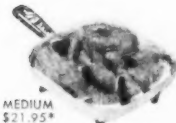
EASY-TO-SET CONTROL DIAL

EASY-TO-SEE COOK GUIDE gives correct temperature and cooking time

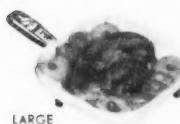
SEE ABOVE WHAT HAPPENS WITH UNCONTROLLED HEAT
Eggs are seared around edges, leathery on the bottom, with uncooked white around the yolks.



STANDARD \$19.95*



MEDIUM \$21.95*



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Only the SUNBEAM Automatic Electric Frypan gives you all the advantages for perfect cooking results the easy modern way.

It Fries • Braises • Bakes • Stews • Pan broils • makes delicious pancakes, omelets, french toast and heats "frozen dinners." Controlled heat eliminates cooking failures. Results are always perfect. Its square shape gives you 20% more cooking area too.

Available in four sizes to meet the needs of every family: Standard, Medium, Large and Super. High dome vented aluminum covers or heat resistant glass covers are also available.

COOKS 20% MORE



A full ½ lb. of bacon will lie flat in the pan—cooks flat too because of Controlled Heat. No curling or burning.

EASY TO CLEAN



The entire SUNBEAM Frypan can be immersed in water up to control panel for quick, easy washing.

See The Perry Como Show—everybody's favourite TV entertainment—every Saturday night.

*Suggested retail price

The amazing New SUNBEAM Electric Saucepan with Simmer-Safe Controlled Heat opens a new world of cooking magic.

Seven utensils in one—completely replaces ordinary saucepan, deep fryer, double boiler, dutch oven, corn popper, chafing dish and bun warmer.

Has the most accurate thermostatic control ever developed for a utensil of this kind. Reaches Simmer-Safe temperatures quickly and maintains them with amazing accuracy. Makes all foods taste and look better. Available in 3 qt. and 5 qt. sizes—complete with cover. \$32.50*—\$34.50*

ROAST SHRINKAGE REDUCED UP TO 23%



Gravy from SUNBEAM



Gravy from Ordinary Pan

Controlled Heat gives less meat shrinkage—protects natural meat juices from evaporation.



EASY-TO-WASH
New water-sealed element allows Saucepan to be immersed up to signal light for easy washing.

PERFECT FOR DEEP FRYING

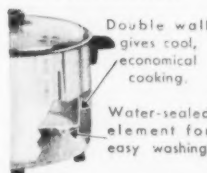
Fry basket is available for preparing all your favorite deep-fried foods.

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No more boil overs like this. Food can be cooked and kept at just the right temperature.

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Large size, \$8.00;
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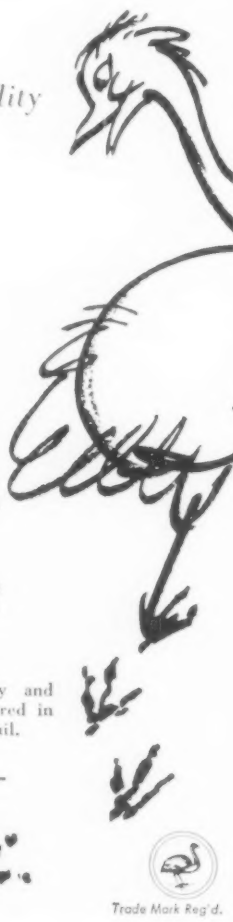


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FLORENCIA BAY continued from page 27



Crogan swung a wild one and missed as
the Indian raised the rifle over Finlay.

into the sluice. It formed a grey plume
in the moving water. Within a minute
there remained on the bottom only a
crumbling smear of black sand.

"It couldn't be better," Crogan said.
"Put in a shovelful."

The old man spaded sand from the
foot of the cliff and tilted it into the
sluice.

Monica shouted, "Mr. Crogan!"
"Just a minute, Miss Jack."

The grey and white grains were quick
to travel. The mound flattened and be-
came visibly darker, showed a constant
movement in itself, took the shape of
a laurel leaf, dark, glossed, decreasing.
Crogan saw several gleams of yellow in
the spreading black.

Saul Finlay, an idiotic innocence on
his whiskered face, pointed farther down
the sluice. "Look, Johnnie!"

There was a sprinkling of gold about
the riffles. Some specks were still mov-
ing. Crogan concentrated on three lar-
ger colors, an inch apart from each
other, off by themselves, making a tri-
angle. As he watched, he saw them laz-
ily rise in the water, spin, bump and
bounce on the plank and slide like to-
boggans over the black sand caught in
the first riffle. Gold so fine it floats on
water. Much is lost in the sluicing.

"It's gone, Johnnie!" Saul Finlay said.
"It's gone!" Not more than a dozen
colors were left. "It's yellow mica,
Johnnie."

"It's gold, Saul. You know mica
wouldn't have stayed in the sluice. It's
gold. All you have to do is figure a
way to catch it."

"I'll tear a piece out of my blanket
and put it on the bottom, Johnnie. May-
be that will hold it."

"I don't think so, Saul. You'd be bet-
ter off with a little mercury in the riffles."
But, blanket or mercury, he knew it
would be the same—the black sand
would put a coating on both, the gold
would slide, float, climb, tumble. He
wondered how Inkster had worked it.
Perhaps with amalgam sheets laid the
length of the sluice.

"It's ten minutes after six, Mr. Cro-
gan!"

"I'm coming, Miss Jack." He stood
up. He said, "I'll bring you some grub,
Saul."

The old man had retired to a world
of his own, bending forward on his
knees, his head no more than a foot
above the water, his eyes searching for
specks of gold.

Monica, when Crogan joined her, said,
"He's dirty. I could smell him from
here."

Dirty he was, dirty and crazy. He
had walked a long, long distance from
nowhere to get nothing. "He's one of
God's creatures, Miss Jack."

"Let's not talk about him. I'm hun-
gry."

Crogan did not talk at all. He knew
that gold falling down a tin tube into
tin boxes could ride black sand as he had
seen it ride in Saul Finlay's sluice, and
that displaced water rising from the boxes
might have the force to keep fine gold
suspended. Black sand was granular,
this gold was flat. Its shape could an-
nihil what advantage it had in specific
gravity. No matter how he set the divi-
der or angled the spout in his own spe-
cial boxes, colors were still escaping.

"Where are you going, Mr. Crogan?"
He had passed Inkster's steps. He was

from plugging? You thought about that?"
"I'll shovel it out as it fills, Johnnie."
The old man, Crogan saw, still had
enough wit to reach a decision. A sluice
could be laid more easily in a trench
than on a trestle. "I know where I can
find you a sluice box, Saul."
"I've got one, Johnnie."
"You have?"
"It's over there. I found some
planks."

The box was made of planed cedar
one-by-sixes and not much bigger than
an eavestrough. Crogan had to admit it
was suitable. Considering the water the
old man had, a wider sluice would not
have given sufficient depth. "What did
you do for nails, Saul?"

"I looked around."
"You're quite a beachcomber. I'll help
you put it in." He heard Monica call.
He said, "Just a minute, Miss Jack." She
was standing not where he had left her
but in front of the tent.

He turned to Saul Finlay to see how
he had reacted to the sight of Monica.
The old man dug. Nothing at the mo-
ment could distract him. He was hot after
gold, keyed up, drunk with the idea that
he was about to find it. Crogan walked
toward the tent and lifted the mini-
ature sluice box. "I won't be long," he
said to Monica. "I just want to see him
wash a shovelful in this thing."

"My father's been here. I see his
tracks. I don't think the dirty old man
is going to be on the beach long."

"Keep away from him. He's crazy."

Crogan carried the rudimentary sluice
box back to the old man. It was a poor
contraption, with five or six thin riffles
wedged close together at one end, but
it would hold water. "Set it up, Saul,"
he said.

The old man laid it in the trench
and tamped sand against the sides. He
pressed two short boards diagonally into
the bed of the stream to funnel the cur-
rent. The water ran into the box and,
because it was confined, increased in
speed, but it still would not have moved
a pebble the size of a pea. It would
move fine sand. "Okay, Saul, throw in
a shovelful."

The old man stood across from Cro-
gan, head down. His body odor was
ammoniated, musty. Squatting, he cup-
ped sand in his hands and dropped it

Gifts by Yardley



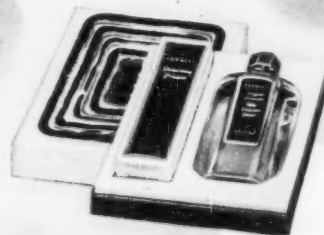
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Shaving Cream



Ladies' Lavender Set \$2.75
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and Guest Soap



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It's an Allenburys product.

"You may need a drink, Charlie." Crogan paused. "I'm not marrying Monica"

on the other side of the flume. "I had something on my mind, Miss Jack."

"Me?"

"No. Something of importance."

"It wasn't another woman, Mr. Crogan?"

"Nothing as trivial as that, Miss Jack."

"Then I don't care what you were thinking about. I'm coming up with you. There's my father."

II

Charlie was sitting on the top step. His eyes were genial behind his glasses, his square off-color teeth exposed in a grin. Crogan suspected that, when he walked past the steps, Monica had made some gesture, given her father some hopeless look he had found amusing. With pink roses behind him, Charlie seemed broader somehow. Crogan said, "Hello, Charlie."

Monica said, "Parent, has Mamie got the supper ready?"

"You go and help her, Monica."

"I want to come up."

"Go and help her."

"Ah! Mamie, she doesn't want me. Parent, let me come. I want to see how clean he keeps the shack." She started talking in Somass.

"You go home," Crogan said.

"I'm coming up."

"There's only one chair and I'm giving that to your father."

"I'll sit in the door."

"You go and help Mamie."

"Parent, make him let me come up."

Charlie said, "Let her come up, Pat." Crogan climbed the steps and she followed behind him. He said, "How about a drink, Charlie?"

"All right, Pat."

"Shall we sit out here?" He made the suggestion, not because the shack was dirty but to thwart Monica.

Charlie said, "We'd better go in."

Monica snickered at Crogan. She said, "Yah-hah!"

She had won another skirmish. After he had had a talk with Charlie she would know who was winning the war. She would find herself on the beach not only physically but matrimonially. You could do more prospecting with a mule than with a wife. The last laugh would be an Irish one. He said, "You take the chair, Charlie. We can stand."

He lost again. "You stand," she said. "I'll sit on the cot."

Crogan took a bottle from under the table and laid out the china cup for Charlie and the top of the Thermos for himself.

Monica said, "You keep your shack dirty."

Crogan poured the drinks.

She said, "When do I get a drink, parent? I'm over twenty-one."

Charlie scowled. "You'll drink when your husband says you can have it."

She looked at Crogan. "When do I get a drink?"

He said, and felt much better, "When the cow jumps over the moon."

"Parent, tell him to sit beside me."

"I'll stand."

"Sit down, Pat," Charlie said.

To show he was not jumping at their orders, Crogan took his time putting water in the drinks. As he sat beside Monica, she said, "Yah-hah!"

"You'd better go and sit on the doorstep," Crogan said, "and look out for Rise and Shine."

"That's all right, Pat," Charlie said.

"I got somebody watching for the moun-tie." He held the cup in the manner that was peculiar to him, with his hands about it. "I'm getting a seiner built in Vancouver, Pat."

"I know."

"How would you like to learn how to handle a seiner?"

"Where would I learn to handle a seiner?"

"I have some big Indian friends at Cape Mudge who run seiners. You could work the winter with them."

"Charlie, I'm not going to have anything to do with salt water."

"Okay, Pat. I'm thinking of putting up a freezing plant, maybe on the reserve. No taxes. You know anything about a freezing plant, Pat?"

"Nothing."

"You could find out."

"Charlie, I'm a prospector."

"You can go prospecting for a couple of weeks. That's okay. We don't mind."

There was a sureness about Charlie, and a fellowship that made you hold your thunder. Even if you swore at



MACLEAN'S

him you would do so with respect. Crogan was not obligated to anyone, yet this stupid involvement with Charlie gave him a feeling that for some vague reason he should be grateful to him. Crogan was not looking for a job. He had money in the bank. His share of bumper wartime crops from eight hundred prairie acres, and the extraordinary sale of the farm, arranged by his brother, the dainty judge, to the government for an experimental station had removed him from the necessity of catching or freezing fish for a Siwash. He lived cheaply in the summer, and, as far as that went, if he never scratched a dollar's worth of gold, he could clothe and feed himself all year on bank interest alone. Charlie was not doing him a favor. Charlie was looking for a favor. Ugly John Jack would want to get married, and so would Tom and Augustine, and by their own tradition they had to suffer in silence until Monica, the oldest, was hitched. Eenie-meanie-minie-moe, select a stranger and let her go. There was no morality in it.

He looked at the floor. He saw Monica's dangling feet. One of her toenails had traces of red polish. She was no submissive virgin, no innocent factor in her father's scheme. She knew what was going on. I want a wrist watch. I want that thirty-three-year-old prospector on the beach. Crogan said, "How about another drink, Charlie?"

"Just one more, Pat."

"You know," Monica said, "you won't be working in the freezing plant yourself."

"I know I won't."

"We'll have a bunch of squaws to clean the fish and put it in packages. You'll have an office in town. My father will sell the fish to you right off the reserve. Then you sell it by the car-load. That way he won't have to pay any taxes."

"Who thought up this idea about a freezing plant?"

"She's a smart kid," Charlie said.

Monica jogged Crogan's elbow. "Do you know what we'll have on the door of the office?"

"What?"

"The Crogan-Jack Enterprises, Limited."

"I doubt it."

"In gold letters. What do you mean you doubt it?"

"I doubt that part about my name. You'd better call it Charlie Jack and His Tribesmen, Limited, in gold letters."

The situation was deteriorating. There was less reason, less normality, in the conduct of the Jacks than in that of stinking old Saul. They saw him married, the father of children, and a peddler of fish. "Charlie, I want to have a talk with you when you're alone."

"Oh sure, we'll have a talk, Pat."

She said, "Put your drink in your other hand."

"Why?"

"Because I want to lean against you."

He must have looked at her, for Charlie said, "She's smart."

Crogan drank whisky. He could feel her face nuzzling the sleeve of his shirt.

"Always laughing," he said.

"Pat, when she was small, walking but not talking, I knew she was going to be smart. I came into the house one day and sat down at the table and took her on my knee. I had my hat on. She picked up a pair of pliers that was on the table and looked at my hat. I could see her thinking. She took off my hat and then she whammed me. She took my hat off. She thought it out, Pat."

"Pure instinct," Crogan said.

"And when she started talking, Pat, soft words for everybody. Nice, quiet girl."

"Sure. Always making people feel good."

Crogan felt the time was ripe. No more equivocation. He was ready now to scorn the Jacks, put them in their places, bust their bubble. "I want to have a talk with you, Charlie."

"Monica," Charlie said, "get out."

"Don't be late for supper," she said.

"Monica, we'll be over in five minutes."

Charlie would be. After Crogan had said his piece Crogan wouldn't be wanted. From now on if he ate with anyone it would be with stinking Saul. He had to take the old man biscuits and a can of beef. He looked up to see what Monica was doing. She had gone. He saw Charlie put down his cup. "You'd better have another one, Charlie."

"I've had enough, Pat."

"You'd better have another one. You may need it after you hear what I have to tell you."

"I'm listening, Pat."

Zero hour.

"Charlie, I'm not getting married to Monica."

"Maybe after supper we'll have a drink, Pat. I got a couple of cousins staying in the old homesteader house up top at the end of the trail. They'd like to have a little."

"Charlie, I'm not getting married to Monica."

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"Good boys, Pat. I got them boats. They work for me."

"Did you hear what I said, Charlie?"

"Oh, sure. I heard you. You're getting married."

"That's not what I said."

"I said it, Pat."

"THE HELL I'M GETTING MARRIED!"

"Don't shout at me, Pat. We're both old soldiers. I don't like it. About the only man who ever shouted at me was Herbie Hogashima."

"I'm not getting married."

"Pat, all the Somass know you're getting married, everybody at Ucluelet knows you're getting married, lots of people in Alberni know you're getting married. You're getting married. Too late to play games now, Pat."

"I'm not getting married."

"Pat, you are going to make Monica look foolish?"

"She's made me look foolish."

"She wouldn't do that, Pat. She's a nice, quiet, Catholic girl. Because you got a brother a judge, you don't think you're too good for Monica, Pat?"

"What's that got to do with it? She's a lot better than he is."

"Pat, you don't have to get married right away. Take a couple of weeks. I just want to hear you say now you're going to marry Monica."

"Charlie, torture me and kill me but you can't push me into marriage."

"We don't torture people, Pat. It takes too long."

"I'll walk out of here, Charlie."

"Don't Pat. If you did that I'd have to lean on you. What have you got against Monica?"

"Nothing."

"Okay. You're getting married."

"You'll wait a long time before you hear me say I'm going to marry your daughter, Charlie."

Charlie's tone was soft, "I'll wait three days, Pat."

Crogon stood in the doorway. The sun was above the horizon, the breeze constant, the stalks and leaves of the roses shadowed a fluttering pattern on his shirt. The tide was low. Reefs and snags that had been hidden when he walked the beach with Monica were now exposed, black, eternal, changing water into foam. He had not misunderstood Charlie. There was no bluff in this game of poker. Perhaps Inkster, too, of an evening had stood in the doorway and said, "I'll wager he doesn't know about Louella and me, and perhaps Hogashima had said, 'He'll do nothing if I go back to Ucluelet, or did Hogashima just drown and Inkster of his own volition go away?' Crogon asked, "What happened to Inkster, Charlie?"

"I hear he's dead, Pat."

"What happened, Charlie?"

"I hear he's dead, Pat."

"Did he die on the beach, Charlie?" His skull grotesque and rubbery to the touch, flies in his matted hair, little crabs exploring face and fingers, stone-battered, dead, like the sailors of the barque Florencia, like other intruders before him. "Did he die on the beach, Charlie?"

Beyond the cliff, crows were cawing. Waves, born as ripples off the coast of Japan, assaulting the open shore, breaking, made the noise of summer thunder. All the world was in front of Crogon, only presentiment, silence, finality were in the shack behind him. He said, "What happened to Hogashima, Charlie?"

"There was an accident, Pat."

Would someone ever ask, what happened to Pat Crogon? Oh, yes, Pat Crogon. The man who was to marry Monica Jack. That was sad. He got lost.

My most memorable meal: No. 34

William Stevenson

recalls



A champagne breakfast with a doomed warlord

The menu is here beside me. Ba Cut, a notorious warlord, wrote it one steaming hot morning in the southern jungles of Indo-China. There was a price on his head and soon after my most memorable meal my host was guillotined.

He drew a map on the back of this champagne-stained, grease-blotched menu. I remember how the sweat dripped from the blunted ends of his fingers on the left hand. He had chopped them off at the second joint as he swore to die fighting French colonialists. In the end he was killed by his own men, recruited to the side of the American-sponsored armies of President Diem. He'd had half a million of them, all heavily armed, all—for a time—fanatical believers in the religion he created and named Hao Hoa.

Ba Cut's map showed the family tree of his emperor. Beside it he sketched the military positions of his enemies and so-called friends. He was trapped and he knew it. So, to celebrate, he uncorked some dusty bottles of champagne stolen from a French fort many months before.

The time was 5.30 a.m. The scene was the bank of a muddy river. Two other newspapermen and myself had been guided to Ba Cut's headquarters by one of his agents who hoped we might get to understand his side of the story. We squatted sleepily on a straw-covered floor flanking Ba Cut, while around us knelt his watchful henchmen.

"The French?" said Ba Cut in reply to our polite enquiries about the fighting capacities of his enemies. "Bah! Look . . . here is where they shot me in 1954. And this I got escaping their trap on the southern road from Saigon . . ."

He was standing now, displaying scars on his legs, his chest and on one shoulder. His hair curled below the nape of his neck and the greasy black locks framed eyes

that gleamed wildly in the gaunt fanatical face. Each of a dozen bullet wounds told its own story.

We asked courteously about Communist guerrillas. His "generals" laughed fit to bust and he slapped his thigh, choking on his own mirth. "Fight fire with fire . . ." he gasped and launched into blood-curdling detail of the treatment handed out to luckless terrorists caught in his territory.

"But by the application of the same law, won't you lose your own head?" someone asked.

There was a sudden silence. All of us were staring at the biggest "scar" of all. It was really a birthmark and ran from below his right ear to a point just under the chin. Ba Cut stroked it with two finger stumps.

"Champagne!" he roared, shattering the silence that lay between us. "Drink up, *messieurs*."

But there was now a gulch between the warlord and those of us who knew how ruthlessly his executioners pursued him. The meal began with various pâtés. Alongside the names of native dishes Ba Cut scribbled his French version: *Bouillie de poulet aux herbes aromatiques*, *Poilet cuit au bain-marie*, *Poisson cuit et riz*, and finally *Graines de lotus au sirop*. With the chicken and fish came a sour sauce made with juices collected from lake trout squeezed for an unthinkably long time in a wooden press.

And all the while the champagne was flowing. When the last bottle was empty we knew it was time for us all to part.

I have long ago forgotten the details of his intrigues and his own explanations of them. He was perhaps the last of Asia's true blood-and-thunder warlords. His head was severed from his shoulders by his own countrymen. When I heard the news it was a humid May morning in Singapore and I drank a toast to his memory at the Raffles Hotel—but not in champagne.

NOW FAR EAST CBC CORRESPONDENT, WILLIAM STEVENSON WAS THE FIRST WESTERN NEWSMAN TO ENTER RED CHINA FIVE YEARS AGO.

Yeah, the last Charlie and the boys saw of him he was walking the Lost Shoe to the mountain. He must have had an accident, broken a leg. Bears and cougars, eagles and crows, mink and mar-

ten would have done for the body. He never came back. And all the time the bank would keep paying interest into Crogon's account, and in seven years his brother, the judge, the dainty buzzard,

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YOU'RE ALWAYS A STEP AHEAD IN CARS OF THE FORWARD LOOK



Dennis Dalton, would have him declared legally dead.

"I'll have to take the old man his supper, Charlie."

Biscuits and bully beef. Ah, well, a quick transition now was preferable to a lingering on in the future. I am the Life. He who believeth and liveth in Me.

Charlie said, "Keep your grub, Pat. Mamie will make up a lunch for him. The boys can take it, Augustine and Matthew."

"All right, Charlie. She can give him a better meal than I can."

"You almost out of grub, Pat?"

"Just about it. I'll walk to the store tomorrow and come back with the mail truck."

"The boys will go for you, Pat."

"I'll go, Charlie."

"Pat, they'll go. They like bumming round Ucluelet. Make out a list."

"I want to see Rise and Shine, Charlie."

"You got business with Rise and Shine?"

"Yes."

"Write it down on a piece of paper."

"I want to have a talk with him."

"Maybe he's not home. You stay on the beach. Put your business on a piece of paper."

"Did you say you had cousins in the old house up top?"

"I got two cousins there, Pat, but they got four or five young fellows with them, big bucks."

"I guess I'll stay on the beach, Charlie."

"You stay here, Pat. I got all kinds of Indians picking cascara for me in the bush. You tell me what you want at the store."

"Two pounds of bacon, three loaves of bread, four cans of beans. That

should be enough for three days."

"You're pigheaded, Pat."

"I know."

"I'm pigheaded, Pat."

"I know that, too, Charlie." Pigheaded enough to value money like a white man and yet follow the social thinking of a tribe, to conceal determination under kindness, brutality under definite charm. "Okay then, whoever you send to Ucluelet," Crogan said, "have him get in touch with Rise and Shine to tell him the old man is here, and that he's crazy and should be locked up. You will send someone in tomorrow, Charlie?"

"I promise, Pat. But you don't need to get anything at the store. You eat with us."

"I'm a confirmed bachelor. I'll eat here."

"Three loaves of bread, four cans of beans, two pounds of bacon, that's not much. Get all you want. You got credit."

"Let's see, Charlie. Tomorrow's Friday. No bacon. Then Saturday and Sunday. You wouldn't do a job on me on Sunday, would you, Charlie?"

"God! no, not on Sunday."

"So that's four days, Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday."

"Pat, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. Three days. That's lots of time to say you're going to marry Monica. Just say it. A good man is as good as his word, Pat. You're a good man. You say it and you can go to Ucluelet, go into Alberni, go and see your brother, I don't care."

"Charlie, you're not ordering me to get married."

"Okay, Pat. You want it that way, you get it that way. Now it's time to eat."

"I'm not hungry."

"Pat, you come. We have butcher beef. Bring the bottle. Maybe we'll have a little drink after supper."

III

Crogan reviewed the situation. There was no barbed wire behind the beach, and the level land above the cliff was not all muskeg. With biscuits in his pocket he could hide out and in the darkness make for Tofino. They would expect him to head towards Ucluelet. He could show his heels to any Siwash. Even if tribesmen sat all night on Inkster's steps, he could outwit them by removing the window from the back wall. All that Monica would have of him would be a memory. She could go find a more suitable mate, one with less spirit and more dependence, a nincompoop. Crogan would have supper with the Jacks, and spend the next day separating the black sand he had taken from his boxes, separate again, and put a pound or so of the concentrate in his pocket to have assayed. If the result proved worthwhile, he could have bigger and better boxes built and try the black sand on the Charlottes.

As he walked towards the tents with Charlie, he saw that Tom, Augustine and the silent Matthew were piling driftwood to make a bonfire. Mamie's small boy was with them. Under the canvas fly the table was set for three. A basin of dirty dishes lay at the side of the stove. Mamie and the boys had eaten. Mamie herself was not in sight. Charlie shouted to the boys in Somass. "They can take some supper to the old man," he said.

Monica came from her tent. She had changed her dress for an angora sweater and grey slacks, her red shoes for socks and sandals.

A roasting pan, big enough to bathe a baby, containing potatoes, onions, carrots, cabbage, hunks of meat, straddled the tin stove.

Charlie said, "You sit on the other side next to Monica."

"Where's Mrs. Jack, Charlie?"

"Ah, Pat, she's hiding. She wouldn't eat with us. She starts sweating when we have company."

Monica served them. The meat was not boiling beef but steak. "Huh! Mamie," she said.

Tom, Augustine and Matthew stood by their father. The two older boys were taller than Charlie, their shoulders were as broad. They had his mark on them. They looked intelligent and sound. Crogan said hello. They greeted him quietly, showing their fine teeth. He winked at Matthew and the silent one dissolved in a pool of pre-adolescent anguish. His body twisted, his eyes looked everywhere, his mouth dripped bubbles of saliva.

"Parent," Monica said, "hurry up and sit down. I'm hungry. The food's getting cold."

"Just a minute," Charlie said. He took an empty lard pail and filled it with stew. He gave it to Augustine, and the brothers started walking.

"Parent," Monica said, "say grace." Charlie sat down.

"Hurry up, parent."

Charlie looked at Crogan. "You say it, Pat."

"My Lord Jesus," Crogan said, "we thank Thee for so many favors, and we would wish to have Thee as our guest at this table tonight. Be with me tomorrow, and on the day after, which is Saturday. I ask in Your Father's name, and in Your name, and in the name of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

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Monica, cutting her meat, said, "That's a funny one."

"Ask your father to explain it to you, Miss Jack."

"Parent, did you ever hear grace said like that?"

Charlie disregarded her. He looked steadily at Crogan. He said, "Pat, why don't you start calling her Monica."

Mamie's small boy pulled at Charlie's coat. Charlie lifted him to the bench and, smearing a slice of bread with gravy, gave it to him. The boy made a mess of it.

"Parent, make him go to Mamie. He's dirty. He's putting his hands over the table."

"He's not doing any harm," Crogan said.

"Make him go away, parent. He's had his supper."

Charlie cuddled the boy and spoke in Somass. He put him on the sand and gave him a little spank. The boy squealed with pleasure and trotted to the first tent, and in the opening Crogan saw Mamie, her arms outstretched, her round face lit by a smile.

"Nice little boy you have, Charlie."

"He's ugly," Monica said. "You wait and see the kids I'm going to have."

"You'd better describe them. I won't be around."

"Parent, make him stop talking like that."

"Pat," Charlie said, "stop it."

The stew was a good one, although not salted to Crogan's taste and he would have relished it more if there had been turnips. He did not see salt on the table. The Jacks probably absorbed it through their skins. Charlie had a second helping,

so did Monica. Crogan could not understand why her stomach was flat. Whatever she swallowed must turn to energy, as a drop of water on a hot iron turns to steam. In the animal world her counterpart would be the shrew, the smallest mammal, a pugnacious creature that ate its own weight in insects. They had canned peaches, chocolate biscuits, bananas, and the Jacks drank tea.

"We'll leave the dishes for Mamie," Monica said.

Twilight was on them. The brown canvas tents were lumps without color at the foot of the cliff. The waves were phosphorescent and Crogan could see them breaking far beyond his boxes. Two shadowy men were standing where the boys had gathered driftwood for a fire. "Are those your cousins, Charlie?"

Charlie, after eating, seemed almost in a dream state. The tip of his cigarette twice glowed against his big face before he answered, "They're my cousins, Pat."

"From Clayoquot, Charlie, or are these American cousins from Neah Bay?"

"From Pachena, Pat. I don't need my American cousins. I got lots around here."

"By the way, where's John?"

"He'll be in tomorrow. He's coming from Alberni."

"With the rifle, Charlie?"

"I've got the rifle, Pat. We don't use it much."

"Just for hunting, I suppose. Just to bring down game that might be running fast enough to get away."

"That's right, Pat."

The whisky bottle, propped in the sand, was beside Crogan. He reached for it, unscrewed the cap, took a long drink. It watered his eyes and warmed his gullet but put no comfort in his heart. He passed the bottle to Charlie.

"Not now, Pat. But I'd like to take some over to my cousins."

"Go ahead." There must have been other poor imprisoned souls who had supplied their jailers with drink. Of the six bottles bought in Alberni, four were under the table in Inkster's shack. A mean small man would not leave them for Charlie and his relations, but who, shuffling off, wanted to be small? *La vie est trop courte pour être petit*. Life is too short for a man to be petty. Let Charlie and the cousins swig. They could not be expected to sit in a circle without whisky and think of a corpse.

Monica said, "Get them to start a fire, parent."

To Crogan, the breeze from the ocean was cold and charged with loneliness. Charlie and Monica were not his friends. If he couldn't take the window from the back wall of Inkster's shack and climb the cliff without sending down pebbles, she would be the death of him. A moon, unsymmetrically round, lifted itself above the bay. It looked like the face of a big fat idiot with jaundice. Cedar smoke was drifting and blue and red, mauve and yellow flames licked the salt from the wood at the centre of the bonfire. Purgatory could not smell as sweet but it might show similar colors.

"What are you thinking about, Mr. Crogan?"

Of the futility of fate, of the grave's dissolution, of the horror of knowing you, you curiosity, you smart-alec hybrid, you Gila monster. "Well, thanks for everything, Miss Jack."

"Where are you going?"

"Off to bed."

"You stay right here."

"I have a lot of work to get done tomorrow."

"You stay right here with me."

"Not tonight, Miss Jack."

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"Are you a man? Tell me, Mr. Crogan."

"Yes."

"Then quit dodging me. We're getting married. Now you stay right here. I'll go for a blanket."

"What in the world for?"

"Yah! What for! To sit by the fire and do some courting."

Now, to pay for his supper, he had to expose himself to the temptations of St. Anthony. Thais could have looked like Monica Jack. He heard laughter. Tom, Augustine, Matthew were returning from their mission to Saul Finlay. A lamp had been lit in Mamie's tent and the canvas glowed orange like a pumpkin on a porch at Halloween. She would be putting the small boy to bed. Charlie and the cousins were by the fire. Their backs were turned but even at that they looked like the oriental monkeys who saw no evil, heard no evil, spoke no evil, and they were passing evil in the form of whisky from one to the other.

"Mr. Crogan."

Here she was. "Yes, Miss Jack?"

"Take the blanket and spread it in front of the log on the other side of the fire."

He said hello to the cousins, men in their forties. They were pleasant but shy and raised their hands to him. They would be raising their hands to him again on Saturday, each with a rock, if he didn't take to the bush Friday night. He spread the blanket but not to Monica's satisfaction. She pushed him away and pulled the four corners, bending from the waist, legs straight, like a dancer or a gymnast of some sort doing calisthenics. "Sit down, Mr. Crogan."

He sprawled on the blanket, his shoulders against the log, his feelings those of a damn fool.

"Push over, you're taking all the blanket, Mr. Crogan."

It was not a romantic occasion but an ordeal, and six brown eyes peering at him through smoke and flame did nothing to make it easier. Charlie, flanked by cousins, in a row, light flickering on copper faces, could have been a chief with sachems, planning a nocturnal raid.

"Mr. Crogan, take your arm off the log and put it around me."

"Now, look here, Miss Jack!"

"Come on."

"Look, the boys will be here in a minute."

"This is our business, Mr. Crogan, it's not their business."

"I don't care whose business it is. I'm not fooling around in public."

"Who's the public? Those men are my cousins. They're in the family."

"I'm not."

"Parent!"

"What, Monica?"

"He won't put his arm around me."

"Pat," Charlie said, "you put your arm around."

He did. There was little harm in it. Whether he succeeded or failed in his dash the next night to the road and to Tofino he would never have to show gallantry to Monica again.

"That's better, Mr. Crogan. Now I've got to put my arm around you." She pressed against him as if he were a barn door to be closed in a storm, butting her hip against him, her hand sliding everywhere from his armpit to his waist. "I'm not comfortable."

"How could you be, Miss Jack?"

"We'll do something else. Maybe I should sit in your lap."

"Miss Jack, if you would stop trying to put your arm around me, and allow me to keep my arm around you, I think you'd be comfortable."

"So you know how, eh?"

"Sure."

She stopped wriggling and laid her head on his chest. "This is better."

"Now you stay like that."

"This is nice, Mr. Crogan."

"All right. All right."

"You've got a fine chest."

"Let me point out to you that the bucks around here have broader ones."

"This fits my head. I wouldn't trade it, Mr. Crogan."

Crogan looked up to consider the stars. He saw six other Siwash eyes. Tom was standing on the log with Augustine and Matthew.

When Monica noticed them, she said, "Get out of here! This is private. Go and sit with the cousins."

Tom looked at her. He spoke with the wet muffled lisp of Saul Finlay. "There's gold at Boston Bar, Johnnie."

Crogan said, "I know there's gold at Boston Bar."

Tom said, "There's no gold at Boston Bar, Johnnie."

"That's right. There's no gold at Boston Bar."

"Sure there's gold at Boston Bar, Johnnie."

Monica struggled to get to her feet. Crogan held her. Her stomach against his arm felt as hard as an apple. Shaking, she said to Tom, "I'll smash you. You're crazy. You get out of here. This is private business."

Tom, before leaving, bent down and asked, "What are you smoking, Johnnie?"

"Oh! I'll remember," she said, "you coming and poking your nose in here when we got our mind on something else."

The bottle, Crogan saw, was empty. It lay on its side, the brown glass burnished

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by the fire. One of the cousins was chanting a story. The soft voice rippled, rose and fell. He made simple gestures with one hand. Charlie, the cousin and the boys listened, their set postures, serious faces, expressing attention. Monica was caught, too.

The cousin finished.
Monica sighed. "He told it pretty good."

"What was it?"

"Oh, an old trouble we had with the Sookes. We wiped them all out. Just one woman got away from us. Where were we when we stopped, Mr. Crogan?"

"You had your head on my chest."

She put it back again. "Now what do we do?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"That's no good. Are you ticklish, Mr. Crogan?"

"Yes, but I don't want to be tickled, Miss Jack."

"I'm glad you're ticklish. My ugly brother's ticklish."

The fire was dying. The embers pulsed and twinkled with a thousand lights.

"What do we do now, Mr. Crogan?"

"Nothing."

"Do you know any dirty jokes?"

"No."

"Do you want to hear a dirty joke?"

"No."

"I know a good one."

"I don't want to hear it."

"The French girl at the convent told it to me."

"Please, Miss Jack."

"Well, what do we do now? I don't know anything about courting. I have to learn, don't I?"

"There's a lot you have to learn."

"Okay. Teach me."

"Miss Jack, ask your cousin to start singing again."

"I tell stories better than he does. You should have heard me when I told them about Shylock, the Merchant of Venice. I acted it out. With one hand."

"What do you know about The Merchant of Venice?"

"We put it on at the convent. The French girl was Antonio, the weak fish who loses all his money."

"Were you Shylock?"

"He's got a knife, you know. I wanted to be but the sisters said I was too small."

"Smart sisters."

"I'd have made a good Shylock! Up with the doublet, down with the hose! Right on the stage I'd have got my pound of flesh."

"What part did you have?"

"Ah, I was just the fellow who works for Shylock."

"What was his name again?"

"Gobbo. Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot or good Gobbo or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away. His name was Launcelot."

"He ran away with Shylock's daughter, didn't he?"

"No. That was Lorenzo, Mr. Crogan. The one who says the moon shines bright on such a night as this when the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees and they did make no noise, the one who says on such a night stood Dido with a willow in her hand upon the wild sea bank and wafled her love to come again to Carthage. You should have heard me tell it to them in Somass, Mr. Crogan. What do we do now?"

Crogan said, "I think you've done enough."

Of all unlikely people, Matthew, the body-twister, the boy who swooned when he was spoken to, had started chanting. His performance was no good. One note would be soprano and the next a surpris-

ing baritone. The gestures he made did not seem co-ordinated to the story. The men smiled, Monica snickered, but there was positive tenderness in the looks they gave him. Crogan appreciated that the Jacks were a unit, a corporation, a family. Murderers perhaps, but nice, Catholic murderers. Decent solid people.

"He made a mess of that one," Monica said.

"What was he singing about?"

"Oh, some old raid on the Nootkas. We didn't do so much. We just killed twenty."

Charlie stood up. He pointed to the empty bottle and Augustine took it and threw it into the sea. A bottle by a camp fire was one thing for Rise and Shine to find, a bottle that might have washed ashore was quite another.

A conference took place between Charlie and the cousins. The voices were kept low. Charlie did most of the talking. From the glances Crogan got from Tom and Augustine he knew what was being



THE PROFESSIONS: 5 The Professor

The teacher has a solemn trust:
To pass to each new generation
The accumulated dust
Of obsolete excoitation.

One precept governs Ph.D.'s
(and mere M.A.'s must never flout it):
Our responsibility's
To teach not Life but books about it.

Mayor Moore.

discussed. The cousins walked away.

Charlie said, "Monica, get up."

"Parent, I want to stay out longer."

"Get in your tent. Say good night to Pat now, Monica."

The brothers had disappeared. Crogan helped Monica to her feet and folded the blanket. Charlie stood waiting. Crogan said, "You won't forget to send someone in to tell the horseman about the old man, Charlie?"

"Put, right after breakfast Augustine will go."

Monica said, "I'll see you tomorrow."

In the daytime perhaps, but there would be no sitting by a fire when it was dark. Crogan wouldn't be around. Yet it had been fun, the smell and warmth of cedar burning, gawky Matthew, the cousin's voice, Siwash faces, a quiet male dignity about them, the green blanket, and the explosive Monica herself, peculiar and cute. He would long remember Charlie and the boys, and Monica, if he lived. Out of habit, he stamped on what remained of the fire to crush and spread the few live embers. As he walked away, he looked far along the beach, toward Lost Shoe Creek and counted six fires. Two others were beyond it, in the far corner of the bay, and at the end of the army road, and a fire burned between the creek and where he had his boxes, and on the cliff above his boxes, and behind Inkster's shack a fire was reflecting color on the branches of trees.

IV

Crogan rose at six, or half-past six, his watch was not wound. He lit the stove and went outside. Someone had spent the small hours in Inkster's privy. A dozen cigarette butts lay around the door. That they had been smoked by a tribesman was evident, the brand was American. Crogan became thoughtful.

He was thoughtful as he ate his breakfast and slipped biscuits into his pocket for the old man, and as he walked to his boxes. What Charlie wants, Charlie gets.

Saul Finlay was not at his sluice. Crogan looked inside the tent. The smell of body dirt was sickening. The old man lay asleep, his head buried in the blanket, his legs exposed. He had not removed his boots. There was nothing else in the tent but the lard pail Charlie had filled with stew. Enough meat and potatoes were left to give the old man a good breakfast.

Crogan kept his biscuits. An opportunity might come to sneak into the bush. This was Friday. Yes, he remembered, the mail truck from Tofino would pass about ten. No good. A man would flounder all day in the muskeg. The better plan would be to work late with his boxes, say to about nine, and take to the bush by twilight, angle inland to hit the trail that went to the old abandoned house with the dead apple trees, and in the dark walk to the road. If Charlie had patrols out, with care they could be circled. To be forced into playing cowboys and Indians, robbers and cops, at Crogan's age! The thing was stupid, but so was Charlie's determination to shotgun him into a marriage whose innocent preamble did not justify a shotgun being used. To hell with the Somass. But if he did get out what could he say? Say a principle is a principle, we fight wars for freedom, no one can tell me what to do? And the storekeeper and Rise and Shine, people like that, what would they say? You ran away from Monica Jack! What could he say, to hell with Monica Jack? The damn thing was stupid. Run away? A man ran only from temptation. He stood to die a martyr for what he knew was right. Here lies Pighead, Patrick Aloysius Crogan, who so valued his convictions as to choose a shameful death before the joys of holy matrimony. There was something wrong with it somewhere. Surely to God, a man could refuse domination without being mad: to look ridiculous.

He came to his boxes. Three large Indians were sitting on the cliff above, their feet over the edge. Crogan looked to see if his axe was still wrapped in the tarpaulin. He would keep it handy. Then he said hello.

They raised their hands and showed their teeth and one of them said, "Good morning, cousin."

Cousin. He wouldn't be so familiar when he had an axe handle sticking out of his head. Crogan asked, "What are you doing up there?"

"We're picking cascara, cousin."

"Yeah. Are you waiting for the bushes to grow around you?"

"The women are picking it, cousin."

"And what are you doing? Sitting with the baby?"

"Cousin, they've got the babies with them."

"Well," Crogan said, "don't get sunburned." He would not be able to get off the beach by the same route he had come to it. He looked toward the army road. The distance was too long to see people but he did see a tent. And he saw a wisp of smoke in the far corner of the bay. He had never walked that far but he remembered that his map showed a foot

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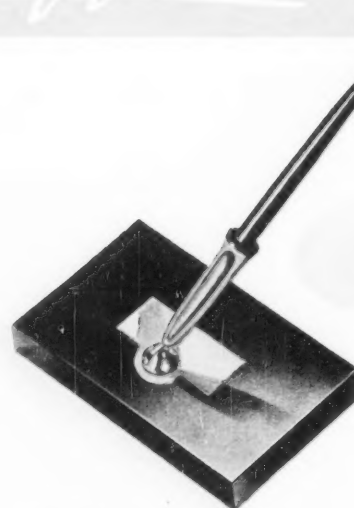
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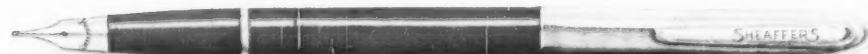
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"Stop." Robinson's hooded eyes regarded Crogan coldly. "The gun's cocked"

trail leading to some other beach. Charlie was quite a little organizer. He had stationed a cohort, too, between the army road and Crogan's tin boxes; on the near side of Lost Shoe Creek. Crogan saw five or six men.

He thought he might as well look behind him. Robinson, with Charlie's rifle, was fifty feet away, his back against a log.

The little Indian, pants tucked in high-heeled half-boots, black sateen shirt, green scarf wrapped tightly around his neck, his lantern face shaded by his rancher's hat, looked unrelated to the background. Crogan could see the glassy stare in the hooded eyes and the brand mark on the cheek.

Crogan walked toward him.

The Chilcotin watched him and said, languidly, when Crogan had covered half the ground, "Stop."

Crogan did, but only for a moment.

"The gun's cocked, Crogan."

Crogan stopped. He said, "I thought I once heard Charlie tell you to treat me like one of the family."

"He didn't say anything about letting you have his rifle."

"I'm not asking for it."

"And you're not grabbing."

"Suppose I do start walking?"

"Which way?"

"Your way."

The hoods lifted on the eyes.

"You know," Crogan said, "Monica wouldn't like you to spoil her wedding."

"I wouldn't mind."

Crogan had not thought to snatch the rifle, but the wish was with him now. It would have been a great simplifier, his passport to Ucluelet. He sat down. He knew the little man was dangerous. He said, "When did you get here?"

"Late last night. I came in with John."

"Charlie sent for you?"

Robinson had not changed position or moved a finger since Crogan had turned to catch sight of him. "Charlie said he might have a little job for me to do."

"What kind of a job?"

The black eyes widened. "Hunting."

"What?"

"Seals."

"Well, go and hunt."

"I'm hunting."

"You're hunting like those mugs on the cliff are picking cascara."

"There's no hurry. I like hunting, and there's only one seal on the beach."

"Isn't that seal to be left alone until sometime tomorrow?"

"That's right. You can only shoot him today if he starts to run."

"Seals don't run."

Robinson gave him a casual examination. "That's right. They flop. Even after you hit them they flop."

The plan Crogan had of working until it was almost dark and then slipping in to the bush would have to be revised. He couldn't slip faster than a bullet could zing. He said, "What time is it?" Not that he cared, but he wanted to see Robinson move muscles other than those that controlled his eyes and his mouth, and to see, too, if he had the old-fashioned gold watch.

The Chilcotin took his hand off the butt of the rifle, pulled at the leather thong looped over his belt, and the watch, the same massive piece Crogan had seen in Alberni, came out of his pocket. "Five after eight," he said.

"Monica," Crogan said, "tells me Inkster had a watch like that."

Robinson put the watch back. His unconcern was pointed and insulting.

Crogan became personal. He asked, "Who branded you? Who put that X between bars on your cheek?"

"I'm glad you asked me, Crogan. There's a lesson in it for you. I got it for not minding my own business."

So much for the watch.

"I've got work to do," Crogan said. As he walked away he felt the flesh crawling on the back of his neck. Robinson might want charm but with a rifle his personality was effective.

Crogan emptied his boxes. If he did get out, he would take a sample of Florencia pay dirt with him. Looking over Robinson's head, he saw Saul Finlay. The old man was standing outside the tent, eating cold stew. Crogan could see the movement of the hand as it delved into the lard pail for meat or a greasy potato. He wondered if Saul would have to be fed again before Rise and Shine picked him up. Charlie had given his word to send for the horseman. What Charlie said he would do got done. That was the trouble.

Only a single Indian was sitting on the edge of the cliff. Crogan supposed the others were lying down, tired out by the idea of their wives picking cascara. Charlie would have others posted inland. These detachments on the beach would be his shock troops. He might have called in not only his cousins but his tribe. Perhaps nowhere on the ocean was there a Somass fishboat. And what would Charlie do if he got away? Would Charlie be mean about it and enlist the service of the Brotherhood, so that no matter what part of the province Crogan went to there would be a Shuswap, a Tlingit, a Chilcotin, Haida, Chehalis, to pinpoint him, and Robinson would come slithering over a warm trail like a snake? It would be tough if, having avoided marriage, he had to renounce the world after all and knock on the door of the monastery at Ladner or at Mission.

He filled his boxes with water and shoveled sand into the hopper. It was not as black as it could have been. He ran a few grains through his fingers. There was gold in it somewhere, and it would show after passing through the machine a couple of times. He doubted if the black sand would give a dollar to the ton. Seventeen point six ounces of gold and one point one ounce of platinum. The words would have looked bet-

ter in a company prospectus than in a government report. Something was wrong. Somebody had made a fool of somebody. Still, Crogan knew that with bigger boxes, bigger hoppers, he could have taken a living from the beach.

V

He stood on a log to survey the situation. There was no smoke in the bay's far corner. There was smoke by the tent at the end of the army road. He saw only one Indian between himself and Lost Shoe Creek. The others would be sleeping or picking their noses. Above him, a flat-faced cousin sat on the cliff. To the rear, Robinson, hat low on his forehead, eyes hooded, held the rifle on his lap. He was deadly. And walking up the beach was the cause of it all, Monica Jack. Ugly John was with her. They passed Saul Finlay. Crogan saw the old man standing by his sluice, looking at them.

Robinson said, "You look swell, baby."

That was his opinion. Crogan wouldn't have said it. He had seen her the same way before, blue denim pants and, pretty tight, a shirt that probably belonged to Matthew, hair down and bumping. She should borrow his shovel and bucket and go and dig clams.

She said, "What are you doing with the rifle, Robinson?"

"I'm after a seal, baby."

"You couldn't hit a seal, Robinson."

"I bet I could, baby."

"Have you got any new tricks, Robinson?"

"Let's see. I showed you that eye-poking business, didn't I, baby?"

"I know that."

"I got a new one, but I can't show it to you, baby. You do it on a man. But you can sure make him talk."

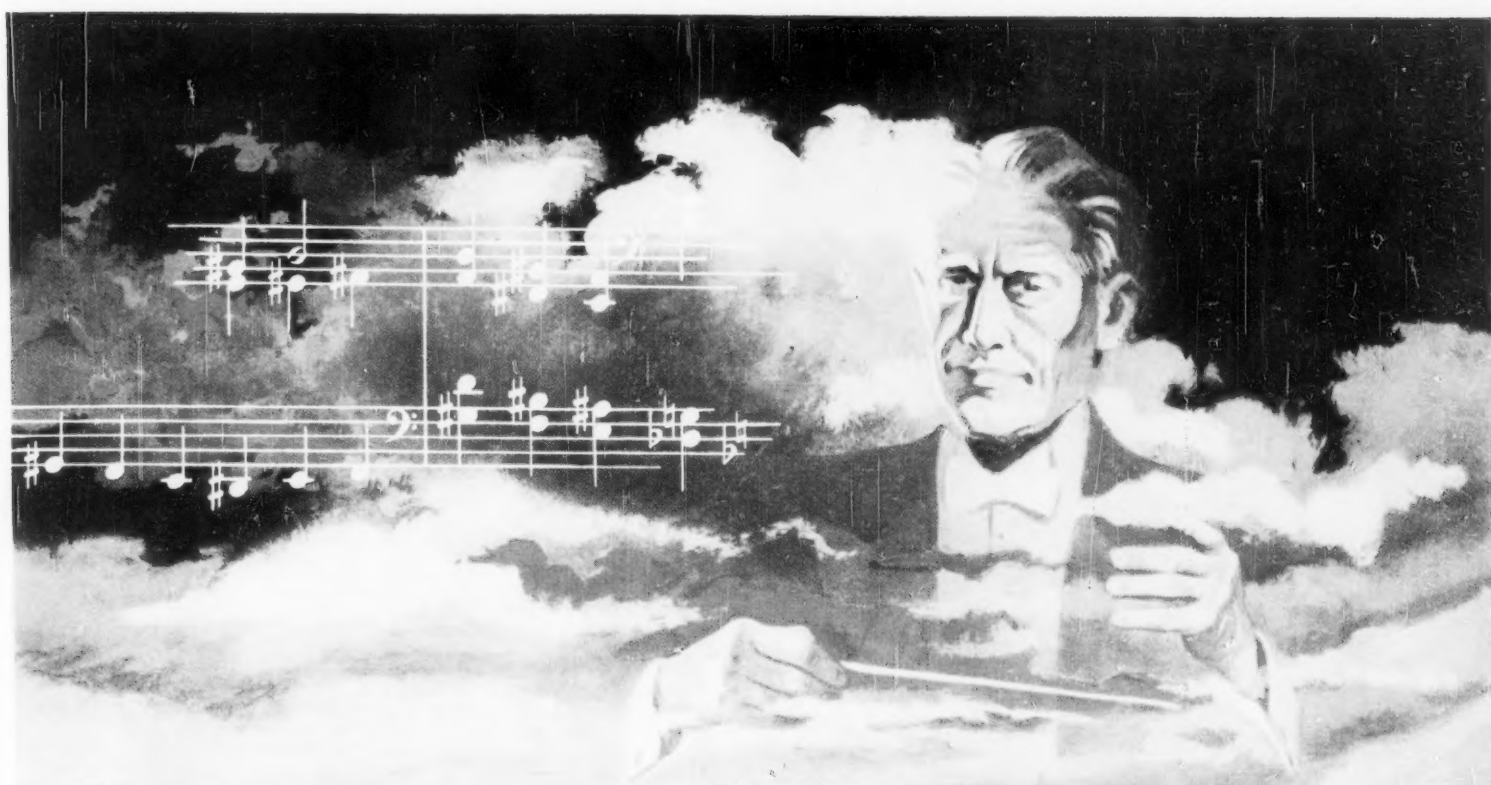
Every big Jack loved a small Jack. Ugly John was regarding Monica as Charlie would, he beamed.

The three cliff-dwellers were again sitting in a row. Ugly John talked to them in Somass. He had a quality about him that made his face bearable. If he ever fattened he would look like a good-natured Japanese wrestler. The discussion ended by him pointing to Lost Shoe Creek and by them looking that way and hooting with laughter.

"Hey, John!"

"How are you, Mr. Crogan?"





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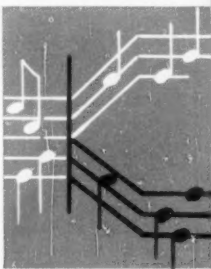
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Automatic Appliances

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"Are those goons up there cousins of yours?"

"They're my cousins, Mr. Crogan. They fish out of Bamfield."

"Why all the belly laughter, John?"

"We were talking about the Eagles."

"What eagles?"

"Pachena Eagle, Eddie Eagle and the other Eagles. They're not right in the head, those boys. Somebody told them about sun bathing and they're lying around with their clothes off."

Damn Charlie! This was his method of keeping chance visitors from walking the beach. He had put a wall of brown virility between the creek and Crogan's boxes.

"I guess I'd better go and see them, Mr. Crogan."

"What do they do when the sun goes down, John?"

"They camp out. They won't go away. Not until tomorrow."

"I suppose you'll be here, too, John."

"I have to be."

"Well, John, remember, let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

"Good-by now, Mr. Crogan."

Monica and Robinson were talking. The subject would be thuggery. Old Saul was this side of his tent. He might be coming for a biscuit or to complain that he was unable to trap Florencia gold. Crogan sat down and picked up the Voyage of the Beagle. It would not matter if he finished it or not. The pages were all the same. There was no need to wonder what was happening. He heard Monica say, "I got to go and talk to my sweetheart now, Robinson."

Let her come. She would find the atmosphere chilly. He was not compelled to thank her for putting a noose around his neck.

"Hello, Mr. Crogan . . . I said hello, Mr. Crogan."

"Hello."

"You put down that book, Mr. Crogan."

Another order. So this was the face that anchored a thousand fishboats while a thousand cousins prepared to take part in a lynching. "What's on your mind, Miss Jack?"

"Ten o'clock, Mr. Crogan. Time for coffee. Where's your Thermos?"

"I didn't bring it."

"You should have brought it. What have you got to eat?"

"For the love of Mike, Miss Jack! Look in my coat over there. You'll find a biscuit."

"One of those hardtack things?"

"Yes."

"I guess I might as well nibble off a corner."

She should nibble and break a tooth. He turned back to Darwin.

"Put down that book, Mr. Crogan."

He was not interested in the book, but holding it should have shown he was not inclined to give her attention. "Miss Jack, suppose you just eat your biscuit."

"I want to talk to you."

"About what?"

"What do you think of love, Mr. Crogan, the man-woman kind?"

"Miss Jack, at ten o'clock in the morning it's for the birds. Now I have a question for you. Did Augustine go to Ucluelet?"

"He went. He's to tell Rise and Shine we'll have the old man on the army road at six o'clock."

Crogan saw Charlie's fine Siwash hand in the selection of the place and the timing. The mountie would meet only Indians, and if he thought of Crogan at all, it would be to assume he was miles down the beach and eating his supper.

Robinson still sat the same, back to a log, rifle held across his stomach. Some

distance behind him, Saul Finlay was standing, nodding his head and looking at Monica. The three Indians, brown shirt, blue shirt, blue shirt, dangled their boots over the edge of the cliff.

"Don't you speak to your cousins, Miss Jack?"

"I waved my hand."

"Climb up. They may have something to eat."

"I don't think so."

"They could be sitting in front of a tub of oolichan oil."

"I'll wait for the women. I want to talk to you."

"I'm busy."

"What doing? Reading a book?"

Crogan rose and put his arm in the clouded water of the hopper to determine how much sand was in it. He noticed Ugly John was returning from his mission to the naked Eagles. The three elevated cousins watched Monica gnaw the biscuit. They would wait a long time for Crogan to throw them one. He looked at her. She was down to the last third. It was beyond him how she could swallow desiccated starch without relieving her mouth with water. Saul Finlay had come close to Robinson. The old man was not walking. He came forward with little skips, little hops, little hesitations.

"Mr. Crogan?"

"What?"

"I want to know what you're going to do about it."

"About what, Miss Jack?"

Saul Finlay had Crogan's attention, and that of the three Indians on the cliff.

"What are you going to do about me, Mr. Crogan?"

"Nothing."

"You've been making violent love to me all summer."

"You're a little liar."

"I've been periodically abused."

"My dear Miss Jack!"

If Saul had had only half his wits, Crogan would have made some gesture, risked shouting, to have him fall on the little Chilcotin and grab the rifle. Crogan could have been there in seconds.

One of the Indians yelled to Robinson. His reaction was immediate and clever. He threw his body sideways, rolled and stood up, the stock of the rifle against his waist.

The old man froze. His arm was at an awkward angle and he left it there. The ragged sleeve of his shirt fluttered in the wind.

Robinson waited.

The old man said, "I didn't see you, Johnnie."

Robinson tucked the rifle under his elbow. Even Crogan could feel the contempt the little Indian had in his eyes as he took the old man's measure.

Saul Finlay said, "I want to talk to the man, Johnnie."

Robinson waited.

Monica said, "We don't want him, Mr. Crogan."

Saul started to walk backward as he would from a bear with cubs. He said, "I just wanted to talk to the man, Johnnie."

"I don't like him," Monica said. "Send him away. He gives me a feeling."

The old man had become peevish. He

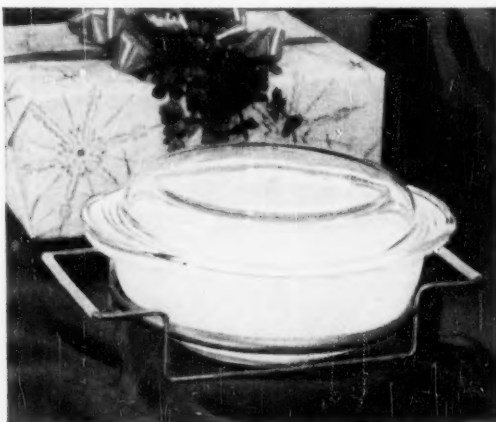
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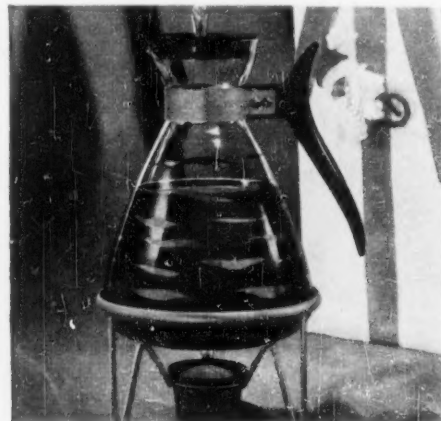
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glared at Robinson and showed his empty upper gum in a snarl. He took the posture of a small boy looking for a fight. Robinson jumped over the log. The old man, as he turned to run, tripped himself and fell. Robinson grinned at the three Indians. He said to Monica, "He'd be easy, baby."

The sand had run through the hopper. Crogan took the cover off the box.

He saw a powdering of gold in the smaller compartment, a suggestion of yellow on the black sand. Forty to fifty thousand colors to the ounce. That re-

port, too, had been in error. This would run ninety to a hundred thousand the ounce.

Saul Finlay had moved. He was close to the shore, walking on the shingle, coming toward the boxes. Robinson sat against the log, his hands loose on his knees. His hat with the flattened crown, the green scarf, the boots looked theatrical. Ugly John was still far away. The trinity of cousins, doing nothing, saw all. Crogan wondered if Charlie had tribesmen posted on the other side of the family camp, in the corner, where the sand

ended and the rocky shore began.

"Talk to me. I've got nothing to do, Mr. Crogan."

She should put down what was left of the biscuit and dance like Salome. That now-dead nubile body had had a temperament the same. Perhaps brats, whether Palestinian or Welsh-Somass, looked the same. Their mothers, Herodias and Louella, under the skin had been the same.

For Charlie had apprehended Crogan, knowing him to be a just and holy man, and kept him, and said to the damsel, ask of me what thou wilt and I will give it thee. She asked, give me Crogan's hand or give me Crogan's head. Charlie was sad but he sent for Robinson and commanded that Crogan's head should be brought in a dish.

"Do you want to talk about love, Mr. Crogan?"

"No."

"You don't know what love is."

"You tell me."

"I'll give you an example. A man doesn't like his neighbor but he has to go fishing. His wife carries on the fight till he gets back. They help each other. That's love."

Saul Finlay was with them. He stood by Crogan's boxes, bare upper gum exposed in a wet pink smile, a dazzle of complete lunacy on his whiskered face. He tainted the air. Monica moved away.

Crogan was affected by Saul's appearance. The mental wound was as obvious as a running sore. He said, "I'll give him a biscuit and send him back."

Crogan's coat was on the sand. She bent to take a biscuit from the pocket.

Saul Finlay put his hands on her.

She twisted and crowded against him, using her ten nails as if they were knives. She thrust and dug at his face as a weasel would jump at the neck of a tom turkey. Leaning back to protect his eyes, the old man fell. She straddled him, one hand working on his cheek and nose, the other at her side feeling for a rock. Crogan came to life. She selected one, weighed it, deliberately threw it away and picked up another. Her arm was over her head and making a downward circle when Crogan sent her sprawling with his shoulder.

An explosion of movement was about him. An avalanche of stones, pebbles and cousins came tumbling down the cliff. Crogan swung a wild one at Robinson's head and missed by inches as the little Indian flew in to give Finlay the butt of the rifle. Monica was looking for a suitable rock. Robinson collided with a cousin over the form of Saul Finlay and was bounced to the sand. Crogan jump-

ed with both feet out to knock him loose from the rifle, and was hugged by a cousin in midair. They fell on one of Crogan's boxes. Crogan crawled to his tarpaulin, and when he stood he had the axe in his hand. He said to Monica, "Now, you, you break it up. You've done enough damage." He waved the axe at Robinson and said, "Come near the old man and I'll let you have it." He saw the cousins would give no trouble. They were not excited.

He watched Robinson. The Chilcotin surprised him. The brown branded face was composed, the black eyes looking at Saul Finlay with satirical contentment, with the disciplined greed a cat would give a crippled mouse. When he caught Crogan's glance, he patted the stock of the rifle.

The cousins examined Finlay and, unless Crogan was mistaken, congratulated Monica.

He broke into the Somass talk. "You were going to kill him," he said.

Ugly John arrived. He ignored Crogan and the little Indian and Saul Finlay, held up his hand to silence a cousin, and listened only to Monica. A touch of his father's authority was developing in John. He sent a cousin back to the cliff to dangle his feet. He sent another jogging down the beach to Charlie. He gave a cigarette to the third.

Robinson crossed to John and asked, "Is this a business for the family to talk over?"

John nodded.

Robinson said, "That's what I thought. I started to get into it but I got out." He did not say a cousin had pushed him out a second before the butt of his rifle could fall on Finlay's head.

The cousin standing with John showed by his manner that Robinson, although he might be a confidant to Charlie, had not been accepted by the tribe. He would be strange to them, a foreigner, with his lantern face and his rangeland bearing and his inability to speak the Somass.

VI

Crogan put down the axe. It might be a comfort the next day but he had no need for it now. He stood by Saul Finlay. Barbed wire could not have done more evil to the old man's face. He might be thinking of gold. He sat on his heels, idly cupping beach sand in his hands and letting it fall. Blood still dribbled, ran toward the chin, superimposed a red goatee on his whiskers. The nicks, grooves, scuffed areas Monica had given

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And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
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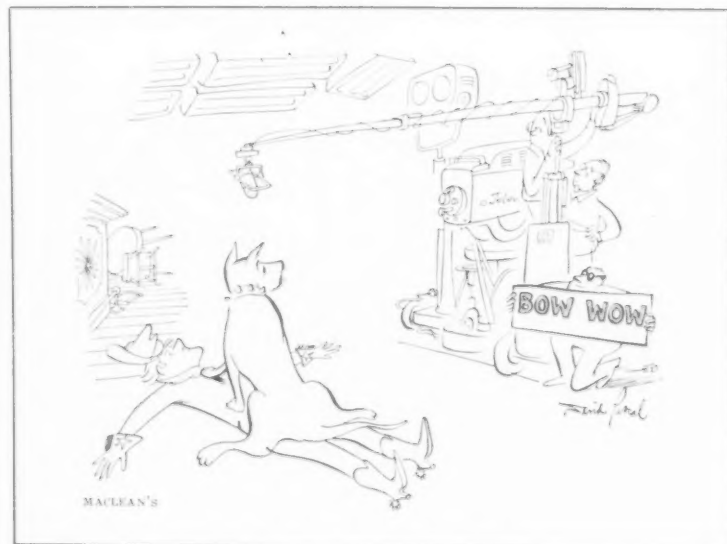
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him were sand-coated. Crogan had neither cloth nor towel but water was in the bucket and he told Saul to lie down.

"What for, Johnnie?"
"To wash your face, Saul."
"I never have to wash my face, Johnnie."

"Let me wash it. We're going to have company, a lot of company."

"Where's the girl that was around here, Johnnie?"

"Saul, how are things at Boston Bar?"
"There's gold there, Johnnie."

Crogan sloshed water on the old man's face. He lifted the crusted brim of the hat to do a more thorough job. Heavily falls the rain on a hat I stole from a scarecrow. The man who said that had not walked the fogged depth of Saul Finlay's misery.

"What are you smoking, Johnnie? I can't find my cigarettes."

"I'll get you one, Saul." He went to John and said, "He wants a cigarette."

Robinson withdrew, not out of fear but out of strategy, to keep Crogan away from the rifle. John gave him a cigarette. Monica said, "I have to go. Everywhere that man touched me, I stink. Do you want me to come again this afternoon, Mr. Crogan?"

"I'm not talking to you," he said.

"John, he won't talk to me."

John smiled, and nodded at Crogan to show they both knew she had to be humored. "Talk to her, Mr. Crogan."

Crogan said, "Good-by, Miss Jack."

He gave Saul the cigarette. The old man was playing with sand. Crogan asked, "Do you want a biscuit, Saul?"

"I had a good breakfast, Johnnie. I had meat."

"On Friday? You must be a pagan, Saul."

"Where's the girl that was around here?"

"That trim female monster! Down the beach, walking with head up and hair swinging, as if she owned every pebble. There's gold at Boston Bar, Saul."

"There's no gold at Boston Bar, Johnnie."

Crogan decided it was twelve o'clock. His appetite had been dulled, not by the fetidness of Finlay but by the spores of apprehension and disaster that were falling through the air and settling on him. A stage was being readied, and he knew it. Ugly John, the cousin beside him, the cousin on the cliff were players waiting the prompter's knock. Robinson might be a player or he might be a stagehand. Today's play would be a tragedy. Tomorrow's play would be a tragedy.

Crogan looked at the box he and the cousin had fallen against. The solder was pushed from a seam. It was useless. He looked at the other box. If Boston Bar could take Saul Finlay's mind off Monica, black sand with a scattering of flicks might do the same for him. Brat. The sand had dried. He lifted a little and poured it back. Ah, God! Saul Finlay was letting sand fall, too. Were they both obsessed? Was there a sickness on them in their search for gold that made them do the same thing, at the same time, in the same way?

The cousin on the cliff shouted to the others. They turned to look south along the beach, past Finlay's tent, toward Inkster's shack, which for another night would still be Crogan's, his bower of roses. Robinson never looked. He sat by himself in his old position, against the log, hands on knees, rifle on stomach, eyes hooded.

Crogan could see a parade of at least a dozen men. They stopped when they met Monica. They engulfed her, then after a moment left her behind, a blob of a figurine in a white sweater.



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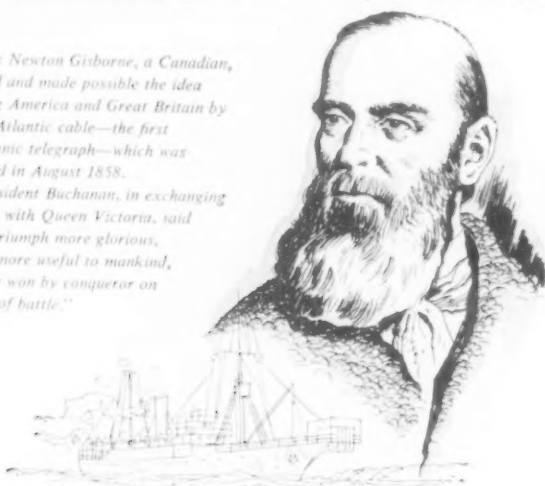
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Saul's world was still his own. He cupped and tilted sand.

The marchers pulled the tent down, took the toy sluice box out of the trench and jumped on it to break the boards, and came on again carrying Saul's spade, his gold pan, frying pan, his dirty blanket.

Crogon said, "Did you ever work the Parsnip, Saul?"

"There's no gold on the Parsnip, Johnnie."

Tom and Augustine were with Charlie, so were the cousins who had sat by the bonfire, and the two from Clayoquot, and six or seven younger men. They had not brought Matthew. Later, he could hear the story chanted. The gang talked to Robinson, then to the cousin who had stayed with John, then to the cousin on the cliff. His was the best recital. He did not confine his gestures to one hand but used his body. Crogon saw Monica in the clawing fingers and when the arms swung it was himself holding the axe.

"I feel like sleeping, Johnnie. Can't sleep without a blanket."

"It's too hot for a blanket, Saul."

"Johnnie, I need a blanket."

A young Somass had dropped the blanket on the ground. Crogon could not blame him. He went for it.

The Indians, all but the sentry on the cliff and Robinson, sat in an open-ended rectangle, the Jacks forming one side, the older men another and the younger ones the third. It interested Crogon to see that the direction of the conference was not in Charlie's hands. A Clayoquot cousin did the chairmanship. His rule of procedure was simple, he pointed and someone talked.

"Johnnie, there's gold at Goldbar on the Peace."

"I'll meet you there, Saul."

The old man did not sleep. He threw the blanket over his shoulders and played with sand. The bloody hair on his chin was turning brown.

The conference had ended. The men stood, sat, lay in groups. Charlie talked to Robinson. A buck gathered the old man's spade, his frying pan and gold pan.

Robinson blew on the stock of the rifle.

Charlie called Ugly John and they both came over to Crogon. Charlie said, "How's mining, Pat?"

"Slow today, Charlie."

"We want the old man, Pat."

"Monica told me Rise and Shine wasn't coming for him until six."

"We'll take him now."

"Let him have a cigarette, Charlie."

Charlie nodded, and John lit a cigarette in his own mouth and passed it to Crogon.

Crogon said, "Saul, here's another cigarette."

"I don't know where I put mine, Johnnie."

"Never mind, take this one."

Dirty blanket, dirty black hat, sleeve in tatters, he was what he was, an idiotic bum.

Charlie said, "Pat, when I go back, I'll take a bottle out of the shack for the boys."

"Take it all, Charlie."

"I never paid you for that liquor. Do you want me to give you the money now?"

"Why bother, Charlie? Robinson would be giving it back to you again tomorrow."

Dirty old Saul. Stinking, brainless vegetable with blood. He needed a keeper. Where could he get a keeper? The answer to that one could be found in four places, in Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

"Are you walking him to the army road, Charlie?"

"No. Some of the boys will take him over the path you came in on. They can wait for Rise and Shine on the Tofino road. I want him off the beach."

"Who's taking him, Charlie?"

"Robinson and a couple of the boys."

"Your boys? John here, and Tom and Augustine?"

"No. Cousins who owe me money."

"Will there be an accident, Charlie?"

"What kind of an accident?"

"I don't know. The rotten cedars in the swamp are always falling. Could one fall on him and smash his head? Something happened to Hogashima. Something might have happened to Inkster. Something else happened. Somebody fell off a fishboat."

"You're crazy, Pat."

"No, I'm not crazy."

"That's crazy talk, Pat."

Robinson was standing close by, and the bonfire cousins were behind him. One carried Saul Finlay's frying pan and gold pan, the other had his spade.

"Charlie," Crogon said, "does Monica know what's happening?"

"Why should she, Pat? This is man's business."

"Does she think you're taking him to the army road to wait for the horseman?"

"That's what she thinks. Women don't have to know everything, Pat."

Saul Finlay knew nothing. There had been other men with scratches on their faces. One had sat on the road to Jericho. He was passed by until an outcast stopped and washed the wounds, not with water but with oil and wine. Crogon looked at Finlay. Dirty old man. Stinking old vegetable.

"Get Robinson out of here," Crogon said. "Send the old man with John and Tom and Augustine."

"No, Pat. We had a council. We send him with Robinson."

"Charlie, I'll make a bargain with you. Send him with the boys and have them wait with him on the army road."

"What's the bargain, Pat?"

"You know what it is. I'll ask Monica to marry me."

She said, "I'll make you a good wife, Mr. Crogon."

"Yeah?"

She said, "We'll go to Paris. If he's starting to buy seiners for the boys, he can give me a big honeymoon. I'll get plenty. I want to see how those Frenchmen eat."

"They'll be the interested ones, Miss Jack."

"Maybe we'll go to Ireland. I want to have a look at those natives."

"Maybe. There's a grave there I should visit."

"Whose, Mr. Crogon?"

"My uncle's. He was shot."

"Who shot him?"

"The English."

"Yah! those English. Mr. Crogon."

She said, "Ah! you have nice grey eyes. What have I got?"

"I think you have a demon in you, Mrs. Crogon."

She said, "Well, I guess that's better than being empty."

"Do you like me?"

"I'm fascinated."

"How?"

"Horribly."

"Give me your hand."

"No!"

"Ah, give me your hand. I wouldn't hurt anybody. I'm a soft talker." ★

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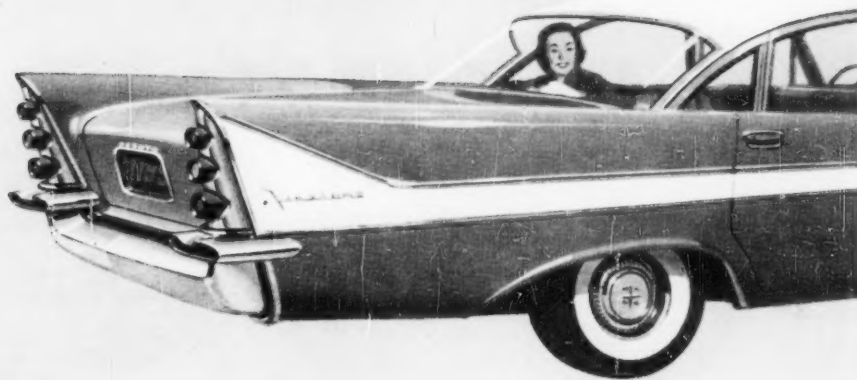


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How we nursed a farm back to health continued from page 30

"We needed the crop to keep ourselves alive throughout the winter. Then came the drought"

I think we both felt somewhat lost when we moved into our new home, though we wouldn't admit it to each other. Viola was disappointed in the house. It had been well built but by the time we took it over it was in terrible

shape. The plaster had fallen off every ceiling; the previous owners had put tin ceilings in the three rooms they used most and left the rest bare. The woodwork was charred from fires and it took us years to make the place presentable.

I was more concerned about the frame barn and stable, which were in equally sad repair. The posts had settled off their stones, the sheeting boards were sprung and warped, the sagging eaves lacked troughs. These black weatherbeaten build-

ings were poor accommodation for our little herd. My father had been able to spare three cows and a team of Clydesdale mares, and my bride had managed to draw three more cows from her father's herd. I paid twenty dollars for a brood sow and sixty-five for a cheap third horse, a Percheron mare called Pearl. Her rear foot had a ringbone, a growth that circles the bone above the hoof, but after a series of blisterings she became a useful animal.

Until we could carry more livestock we had to depend on cash crops such as wheat and potatoes, which drain the land of its nutrients much more quickly than crops sown for pasture. Could our farm support us? My heart sank as I realized that the soil under my feet was as run-down as the buildings. It was Woburn loam, a light, easily worked type of earth halfway between a sand and a clay, and it had the advantage of a loose, gravelly subsoil that allowed it to drain freely. But it had been exhausted by years of mismanagement, and the previous owner had never replenished it with fertilizer. Run-down land is just like a run-down body: without the proper nourishment a man or a farm becomes unproductive. We had to nurse our soil back to health by giving it lime, phosphate, manure and spells of summer fallow, just as a doctor prescribes iron and rest periods for a child who's anaemic.

Though we could enrich the soil gradually, there was nothing we could do about the contours of the earth underneath it. The gently rolling countryside in the foothills of the Caledon Hills is pretty as a calendar picture, but the city people who drive out here for picnics on Sunday don't realize that land that makes a good golf course doesn't always make the best farm. Sloping fields are difficult to work with machinery and must be constantly protected against erosion. My first look at our farm told me that erosion was going to be my big problem.

The thirty-odd acres at the east end, running back from the concession line to the farm buildings, were fairly flat and easily workable, but behind the house our troubles began. Here the land rose steeply toward the west, falling away at the south side in a series of deep gullies and small swollen hills. At the far western end the farm levelled off again, forming a ridge of high flattish land with a six-acre woodlot in the south corner. The whole farm had been divided into rectangular fields about equal in size, without regard for the most economical use of the land. I could see that it should be laid out differently, but changes would have to wait. It was June, and we had to get seed into the ground right away to keep ourselves alive through the winter. I sowed fifty acres of spring grain, mainly oats and barley, and planted ten forty-rod rows of potatoes, while Viola tended the vegetable garden by the house.

But we reckoned without the weather: 1936 was a drought year, and our total harvest was threshed in four hours. Land that should have produced fifty or sixty bushels to the acre had a miserable yield per acre of less than ten bushels. One fourteen-acre field of oats showed no sign of filling and I cut it green to use as hay for the livestock. My barley was so overgrown with Canadian thistles that the man who had agreed to thresh for me refused when he saw the field. Finally he

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softened, advising me to blow the straw into a pile and burn it, but I made him stack it in the barnyard. My father-in-law had told me of the value of thistles for wintering horses, and we couldn't afford waste that season.

Our potatoes saved the day. We sprayed them by hand, cultivated them with the hoe, picked them up after the plow and sold them for a hundred dollars. It wasn't much but it paid the taxes.

We set in for our first winter together, knowing it would be a hard one. My bride had canned a quantity of tomatoes, strawberries and other fruit for our meals, and the green oats and thistles helped feed the cows and horses. But we were short of money. One month we sold wood from our bush to a neighbor for forty-five dollars, but I'd hired a man to cut it for twenty-five and his keep, so we weren't making much. Then we began selling cream, but our weekly cheque from the creamery averaged only three dollars. We used to carry the milk into the house, separate it in the cellar, feed the skimmed milk to the pigs and take the cream into Brampton once a week in the Model A. When one of Viola's cows had to be sent to the market because she wasn't in calf, my father-in-law insisted that we must replace her with two calves. He was right, but we were sorely tempted to spend the money on clothes, food or doctor's fees. For by this time we were expecting a baby, and cod-liver oil alone demanded \$1.49 every two weeks.

Hay for the baby

One day in March, after she'd done the washing, Viola asked me to drive her down to the Brampton hospital. Our daughter Joan was born shortly after midnight but I didn't hear of her arrival till eleven next morning when the bread man brought me the news. He used to call in at the Morrison place before he came to us, and it wasn't out of the way for him to deliver messages from my mother-in-law along with the bread. We were busy here too, for one of the mares had her first colt that morning.

Before my wife came home my neighbors helped me bale fourteen tons of June-grass hay that sold for ten dollars a ton. I can still see the expression of relief on Viola's face when I visited her and our little baby girl in the hospital, proudly displaying the cheque for a hundred and forty dollars, enough to pay the doctor's bill, the hospital expenses and the interest on the mortgage.

Cash was still short, so I had to find a cheap way to get the farm buildings into shape. In the spring of 1937 my father's hired man, a young German who had been a contractor by trade, agreed to help me straighten the barn. We borrowed two or three twenty-ton jacks from neighbors, cut hemlock posts from the woodlot, drew stones from the huge stone piles accumulated through the years by more particular owners, and with three days' hard work we had the posts straightened and the frames plumb and square. By fall I had taken logs to a nearby saw mill, closed in an open shed, cemented the floor and installed eight wooden cow stalls with chain ties and three box stalls for calves and the brood sow. The old stable sheltered our horses and also provided loose housing for dry cows and heifers. All this fixing took much work but little money.

Though our stabling was better we would have to depend on cash crops for at least a couple more years, so we set about improving the soil. We plowed in the winter's manure, thistle straw and all, and sowed twenty-six acres with buckwheat about the first week in June. It



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grew luxuriantly, as buckwheat will with early sowing and plenty of rain. When it was three feet high and beginning to bloom we plowed it in and summer fallowed, sowing to wheat in September. This costly adventure proved an outstanding success, for the crop was beautiful, yielding close to fifty bushels per acre.

Our second year's cash for interest and taxes again came from potatoes and excess hay. We borrowed a neighbor's digger to harvest two acres of potatoes. Our spring grain crop, though polluted with

thistles, was much better this season and we were able to winter our small stock more easily.

We had a doctor's bill again that fall, but this time it was mine. One day during the haying I harnessed the ringbone mare to the rake and was adjusting her blinkers when she ran away with me. I grabbed her halter and she dragged me a hundred yards, stepped on my ankle, jumped a fence and hit a big Snow-apple tree on the other side. She wasn't hurt and the rake wasn't damaged, but I was in hospital five days while they set my broken

leg and mended my face and back where the rake had clawed them. After a few days' rest at my aunt's, I came home in a walking cast to start in at the threshing.

By 1939 we had enough cash in hand to begin concentrating on milk production. Dairy farming doesn't bring quick returns but in the long run it's easier on the land. By this time we were carrying about fourteen head of cattle. We began shipping milk to a Toronto dairy, a much more profitable arrangement than selling the cream alone. To allow for an expanding herd we remodelled the stable, using

planks from the floor and partitions for wooden cow stalls that increased the number of tie-ups to twenty. Extra pasture was provided when a neighbor, who had inherited more land than he cared to work, suggested I rent a hundred acres from him.

Though the two farms touched at the corner, the one I rented was entirely different from the one I owned. It was low springy land covered not with loam but with Chinguacousy clay, a heavy black clay characteristic of this township, fertile but very imperfectly drained. Half the farm was taken up with swamp, bush and widened fence bottoms, where choke cherries, thorn bushes, wild apples and pears had been allowed to spread fifteen or twenty feet on either side of the tumbled-down rail fences. The fifty acres of workable land took careful handling but with summer fallowing grew fair crops of wheat and grass pasture. Over the next few years we came to depend on this land as a handy outlet for young cattle.

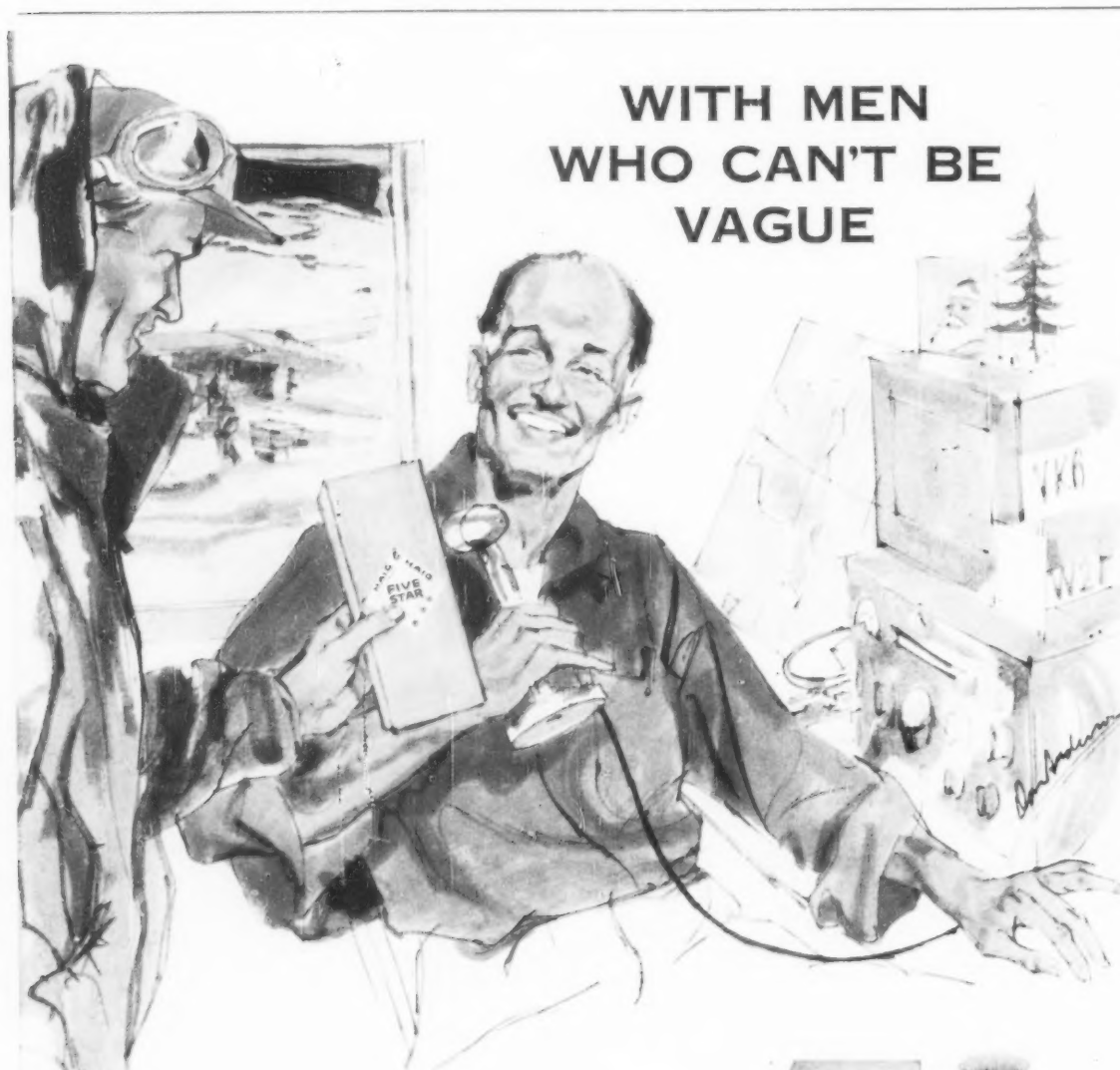
One summer afternoon in 1947, when I was riding the binder on the rented farm, my wife came over with a drink of fresh water in one hand and a letter in the other. It was from a Toronto real-estate agent who told me that my landlord had decided to sell the farm and offered me first chance to buy it.

For a moment, stunned, I sat there on the binder seat surveying the wilderness around me. The road fence was matted with huge willows and tall branching cedars undergrown with brush. East of this fence ran a useless strip of land, twenty feet wide and as long as the farm, which had to be tilled to keep the undergrowth from spreading but produced nothing because the giant trees drained its fertility. Fifteen acres in the centre of the farm, last plowed about thirty-five years ago and then abandoned because of swamp, were now grown up with red willows, wild apples, hawthorn, poplar, birch and elm trees twenty feet high. On another four acres stood the ghost of an old orchard, where the biggest apple trees I have ever seen harbored an infestation of railroad worm and the healthiest burdocks ever grown. And the swamp land at the back of the farm had rotted the rails in the line fence, so the cattle could wander over to the neighbor's any time the fancy took them.

Yes, I well remember the answer I gave my wife as I looked down on her from the binder seat: "It would kill any man to buy this farm." And I watched her trudge back over the prickly stubble and home across the road.

But many thoughts went through my mind the rest of that afternoon. Now we had nearly twenty cattle and needed the extra pasture. I remembered my mother-in-law's theory that it took a hundred acres to make a living and two hundred to make any money. I had a feeling Viola wanted me to take the risk. Unlike her mother, she was rather backward about expressing her opinions, but I usually figured if she didn't disagree she was more or less in favor. We talked it over at suppertime and decided to buy the farm.

I was quite a determined man when we headed for Toronto next day. Our landlord wanted \$4,000, I offered \$3,500, the agent suggested splitting the difference. I took the best end of the split and settled for \$3,700. Two years later I added \$1,100 to this price by hiring a bulldozer at twelve dollars an hour to get the new farm in shape. By removing willows and cedars, cleaning up fence lines and wasteland, filling bog holes and improving surface drainage, we increased the number of workable acres from fifty to eighty-five.



Men must continue to open and develop Canada's northern frontier . . . adequate staffs must stay on duty constantly at lonely outposts. Progress calls for determination, rugged endurance, quick decisions.

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No sooner had we fixed up this land than we ran into trouble on our original hundred acres. Our weak spots were the steep rise behind the house and the fifteen-acre area of knolls and gullies at the south side of the farm. The slope was laid out in two rectangular fields that I had been using for cash crops, and row-cropping of potatoes and summer fallowing for wheat had left the soil unprotected from each rain. New boulders kept appearing as the topsoil was washed off the slope and down the barnyard lane.

The awakener came in 1950. We had ten acres of potatoes running along the slope and down into the gullied area, a lovely stand. The plants were in bloom and small potatoes were beginning to open the ground in a network of crevices, when it happened. One of the fiercest thunderstorms I've ever seen hit Chingua-cousy township and poured down all afternoon. By sundown the storm had passed, but Viola and I had no admiration for the beautiful rainbow that appeared in the southern sky. We saw only the vast white lake on the flat below the potato field, riled and thick with silt and fertilizer. I put on my rubber boots and walked down the field, which lay desolate as the earth after Noah's flood. The rushing torrent had uprooted tiny potatoes and flung them against the straining fence. It had carved out whirlpool basins and ditches four feet deep, gaps no tractor or horse-drawn machine could cross to dig what potatoes were left.

We went to Brampton the next day. It was one of those days when farmers go to town, a day when the land was still too wet to work and neighbors met and lingered to talk about the storm. Everybody offered advice about my potato field but most suggestions were aimed at the past instead of the future. Some people thought I should have bought a level farm, others said the land should never have been plowed, still others said I should have planted trees on it.

As we drove home that evening, downhearted and silent, doubts crowded my mind. Should the field never have been plowed? It had helped to pay the taxes other years. Should it be planted with trees to save the soil? Save the soil for what? I asked myself. That fall, when I salvaged the potatoes I could dig between the gullies, I felt my use of the field had been justified because they brought an average of forty dollars per acre, a poor return but almost as much as I had paid for the land in the first place.

For the future I resolved to find a crop that would protect the soil from erosion. Grass was the obvious answer, but was there any money in growing grass on hills too steep for a hay loader? After worrying away at the problem night after night I finally gave up and let it lie fallow in my mind, hoping for inspiration.

Sure enough, in the spring of 1952, I hit on a solution. Short of pasture for my twenty-one cows, I was concentrating on a six-acre field of timothy on the steep slope. Before growth started I dressed the soil heavily with ammonia nitrate and kept the cows out until the grass was twenty inches high. I had never seen timothy so thick and broad-leaved—a tremendous amount of feed.

But what would happen if I turned twenty-one cows into this field? I had been with cows all my life and I knew their habits. They stood in the lane behind me, bawling impatiently as I paused with my hand on the gate, pulled up short by my mental picture of what was going to happen.

The herd would push through the gate and fan out across the field, nibbling at the most delicious morsels until they were

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stuffed and thirsty. Then they would track back through their haven of food for a drink at the barnyard. But would they rest in the barnyard till they were hungry again? Not cows. They would plod leisurely up the sloping field and lie down under the shady maples by the west fence. When milking time rolled around they would have to be driven reluctantly down the entire length of the field. Within a few days they would spoil and trample the rich grass that should have lasted most of the summer.

Suddenly I saw how to prevent this

waste. Leaving the herd fretting in the lane. I hunted up an electric-fence unit I had used to reinforce fences on the other farm. I stretched a long wire across the field, giving the cows access to only about an acre and a half nearest the gate. Then I hesitated again.

If I could keep them from trampling three quarters of the field, why should I let them trample any? With a shorter wire running from the new electric fence to the permanent fence I closed off a portion of the acre and a half, leaving the cows only a half-acre square in the corner of the field. They filled themselves in this tiny Eden, went to drink, were milked and settled down for the night. Every day that week I moved the short electric wire to give them their daily needs, allowing them to back graze on the first sections.

The following week I ran another long wire across the middle of the field and used the second strip in the same way, moving the cross fence each day. The timothy was higher now and this strip lasted longer than the first. A third section was fenced and rationed out, still

allowing back grazing on the other strips. When we got to the last strip the timothy was coarse and unpalatable, so we cut it for hay.

Here was the result: four and a half acres of timothy had fed twenty-one mature cows for twenty-eight days, and would have lasted even longer if rain had fallen in those four weeks. The herd was producing daily about eight cans of milk at an average price of three dollars per can. Here was a gross income of \$672 from four and a half acres—\$150 per acre. Here, in fact, was our answer to erosion. Cows, not machines, would harvest the rolling part of our farm and milk would be the future cash crop on this problem section.

The following January, when I went as a delegate from the Peel County Crop and Soil Improvement Association to attend a short course on land use at the Ontario Agricultural College, in Guelph, I found I wasn't the first farmer to hit on the idea of strip grazing. Since then I've read in magazines that the method is used extensively in New Zealand and is becoming more common in the States, but it's seldom used here. Farmers are slow to change their ways. You'd think the ones who depend entirely on the land for income would be the ones most interested, but letters asking me about strip grazing always come from city-bred farmers, never from men brought up on a farm.

They put our farm on the map

At Guelph I learned for the first time of the free farm-planning service supplied by the provincial government, and of course I applied for it. I watched students from Guelph measuring the two farms as a tailor fits a suit, taking soil surveys, recording elevations, marking in woodlots and bog holes. They drew contour maps and classified the land according to its fertility and workability. Class 1 land is rich soil without serious drainage and erosion problems, suitable for intensive cultivation. The poorest is Class 8, which is usually turned back to wild life and reforestation. Our land ranged from Class 1 to Class 6. Then I waited anxiously for Professor Tom Lane of the Soils Department at the college to come and look over the place.

I couldn't help being a bit proud of the farm when I saw our years of hard work and happiness blooming in the fields and shining in the coats of our cattle. I thought how my wife had taken hold from the beginning and worked beside me and handled the business end of the farm as well as any man. I remembered how our daughter Joan had helped out after school and on holidays, driving the tractor and the hay loader from the time she was five. I remembered the neighbors who pitched in in bad times, and the hired man we'd employed when we could afford it.

A good hired man can show you new methods he's learned in his travels, and even a poor one can sometimes surprise you. One time I sent an immigrant hand up to the woodlot to cut a few fallen trees into firewood. "Are you finished?" I asked him that evening. "No, no, a long time yet," he said. I suspected that, knowing little English, he had misunderstood my orders. Sure enough, I was right. Thinking I wanted him to chop down the whole woodlot, he had felled all the growing trees in one corner of the bush.

For me every acre on the farm had its own little history of experiments, mistakes and successes written right into the ground, but you couldn't expect an outsider to read it. What would the professor think of us? I felt we had been moving steadily in the right direction; our

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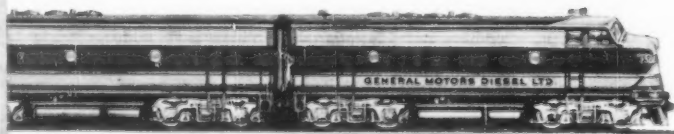
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profits were not merely a matter of luck. I hoped Mr. Lane would see that we had been trying our best.

To my relief, he suggested further improvements along the line we were taking. I learned how farm plans can be handled in the same flexible way they plan modern houses. Just as we remodeled the farmhouse by taking off some of the inside doors and throwing two small rooms into one big living room, Mr. Lane advised me to replace permanent fences with electric fencing, which can be moved where needed and doesn't waste a strip of land. Instead of old-fashioned squares, he laid out fields that suited the contours of the land. The level Class 1 and 2 land at the east side of the old farm remained unchanged, but the gully to the south, classified from Class 3 to 6, was set aside for permanent pasture.

He divided the fields with the steep slope into three strips, to be planted and plowed alternately. If the middle strip was plowed the crops on the top and bottom strips would protect it from erosion, and vice versa. At the top of the ridge he marked out a narrow strip of Class 1 and 2 land, only a few hundred feet wide but stretching right across the farm from north to south, so it could be worked efficiently with only a few turns of the tractor. I was glad he suggested leaving the woodlot in the southwest corner. It's worth quite a bit to me just to be able to look up at that bush in the mornings and evenings.

I went right along with the professor's plan and it's worked well for us. The Department of Agriculture supplies all kinds of free assistance with farm planning, but only a few of the farmers use it. That's the human element, I guess. I've been told Moses traveled in the wilderness forty years, waiting for a generation to die off before he could persuade his people to enter the Promised Land. That's the way it is with farmers; they take a lot of convincing. There's a tendency for a man to farm the way his father taught him to farm, and many of the older farmers never knew what made things grow, apart from the weather. A dentist or doctor would soon get outdated if he didn't read the latest bulletins and keep up with the times. To my way of thinking, farming is a profession too.

For my cows I use the Dairy Herd Improvement Association, another government service that keeps track of your production, cattle sales, all the figures in connection with your herd, and analyzes them to show your labor costs and feeding efficiency and so on. The district supervisor spends one day a month looking over our records, and Viola and I are always glad to see him because he brings along his wife and one-year-old son Billy, who happens to be our grandson. Young Bob Davis married our Joan back in 1955.

It was Joan who named the farm, settling a long-standing argument between me, my mother-in-law and the Holstein-Friesian Association, which wanted us to choose a name it could use for our registered cows. I favored Stony Ridge, after the height of land at the west end, and I went so far as to have a man paint it on the mailbox. Then Viola and I went to Georgian Bay for a holiday and when we came back we found my mother-in-law had painted out the name and written in Sunny Ridge instead. For a while nobody called the place anything. Then one fall day in 1954 we painted all the farm buildings red. That afternoon our daughter came home from her job in a bank at Brampton and gave us a name that suited perfectly—Red Haven.

Our home has been truly a haven through years of war, depression and

prosperity. Nowadays our herd of thirty-five Holsteins assures a steady income and an economical way of transforming grass and hay into cash. Our hills, fertilized each year, have always produced a gross yield of more than two hundred dollars per acre, even in the drought summer of 1955. We use strip grazing constantly, knowing that a man can make a higher hourly wage moving an electric fence than operating any farm machine.

On the level fields we grow wheat for sale and for feed, and we've built up a market for seed oats. I make a regular

practice of sowing red clover along with the grain, to pasture the cows after the cash crop has been harvested and their own grass has been used up. You wouldn't think it would pay to grow clover on land that is to be plowed in fall, but last year a twenty-acre wheat stubble seeded with red clover carried my herd all through September, producing twelve cans of milk a day, a gross profit of over a thousand dollars.

Viola and I have worked hard at Red Haven but we have no envy for those who have left the farm for higher-paying

jobs. City life would seem dull after farming, for milk production, feed and fertilizer provoke lively discussion when we get together with our neighbors at euchre parties and the CBC Farm Forum on Monday nights. We always spend a day at the Royal Winter Fair and two or three at the Canadian National Exhibition, and we count on seeing all our friends at our own fair in Brampton.

For us, farming is a way of life that supplies everything we could ask: work, pleasure and a standard of living hard to surpass. ★



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Life sentence with the ballet continued from page 23

"What I say," said the director, "is that those kids have guts"

in Toronto on a visit from England and gave the Adams a belated wedding present—a healthy cheque. What to do with the money posed no problem for them. They bought a circular saw, for \$64.95.

The marital rapport that enables the Adams to invest in a circular saw as if it were a dining-room table carries over, with the same salubrious effect, into their careers. As probably the only leading ballet dancers, in the Western world at any rate, who are husband and wife, their marriage is very close to an absolute fusion of public and private lives.

"We're together all the time," says David, "at home, on stage, in dressing rooms, on buses. Our marriage is really a twenty-four-hour proposition."

They've been apart only three times since they've been married—twice in 1951 when David came east to Toronto alone from Winnipeg for dance recitals, and once, later, when Lois traveled home alone to Vancouver from Toronto. She went by herself because there wasn't enough money for both of them to make the trip.

Although David occasionally dances with other ballerinas, Lois has never danced with anyone but her husband. She came close once. On New Year's Day, 1956, the National Ballet presented the Nutcracker Suite in a Toronto theatre for an audience of underprivileged children. Part of it was to be carried by the U.S. television program, Wide, Wide World.

Camera rehearsal was held on New Year's morning. Lois arrived at the theatre alone and distraught. David, she reported anxiously, had a virus and was terribly ill. He had collapsed in the bathroom at home as they were preparing to leave. "I'd better rehearse with the understudy," she said to Celia Franca, the company's artistic director and a former Sadler's Wells ballerina.

She did rehearse with the understudy, but when it came time for the actual performance she danced with her husband. David had pulled himself out of bed and arrived at the theatre, dangerously weak and bathed in perspiration but determined to go on. At one point he had to lift Lois to his shoulders and "when I did," Adams recalls, "I saw stars." Celia Franca later punctuated an account of the Adams' chins-up performance with the exclamation, "What I want to say is that those kids have guts."

The Adams think of themselves in less heroic terms though ballet dancing is hard work. Lois loses an average of three pounds each performance; David loses from three to five pounds and has lost as many as ten. Both are usually back to their normal weight in less than a day.

They talk of "condition" as a prize fighter might. During the summer when the ballet company is inactive they spend an hour and a half a day doing their "class," a series of exercises that keeps the muscles toned and responsive. They scrupulously avoid physical strain. Swimming is the only sport they permit themselves.

Lois continued dancing until two months before the birth of her baby and the day before she went to the hospital was still doing formal ballet exercises. She was dancing again two weeks after the baby was born and in another two weeks took part in a show in the ball-

room of the Royal Alexandra Hotel in Winnipeg. Neither Lois nor David diets although he once waged an epic struggle against excess weight.

The battleground was England in the spring of 1947. Fresh from the Winnipeg Ballet (not yet the Royal Winnipeg Ballet), he had arrived in London the previous October and enrolled at the Sadler's Wells Ballet School as a scholarship student.

This was the opportunity of a lifetime. Before long he was a supernumerary in Sadler's Wells productions at Covent Garden. He did notice one day that he had gained some weight, but it was nothing to worry about, he quickly decided. The pounds kept going on. He had weighed less than a hundred and sixty when he left Canada. He now weighed a hundred and seventy-five. He became a little concerned but the Sadler's Wells junior company was preparing for a tour of the provinces and he was much too busy to let a few extra pounds upset him.

Then suddenly he began to balloon. The scales now read two hundred

Convalescent

He barks at the interne,
Berates the nurse,
Blasts all pills
With a fearsome curse,
Bawls and barks
Like a caged baboon,
Yet "patient" is what
They call the goon.

ETHEL JACOBSON

pounds. One day at rehearsal the director called him aside and informed him, rather stiffly, that he could join the company on tour but, because of his avoirdupois, he would be of no service thereafter. Adams gave his notice immediately and left.

Next day he auditioned for a company called the International Ballet and, somewhat to his surprise, was accepted. His spirits rose. Half an hour before curtain time on the night of his first performance he was handed his costume. He couldn't get into it. He was brought another, and another. Same story. He didn't go on.

The director was sympathetic. "I like your work," he said. "We'll be glad to have you anytime, but you must lose weight."

Through a frantic training program Adams trimmed himself to his original hundred and sixty in two months. This involved eight hours of strenuous exercises six days a week. He had to do it by exercise because this was at a time of stringent postwar rationing in England and the foods associated with reducing diets just weren't available. He could only get one egg a week, a few ounces of meat, and almost no fresh fruit, so he had to keep on eating potatoes and bread, although in smaller amounts. He was constantly thirsty because, while exercising so vigorously, he cut his intake of liquid to two glasses

of water a day. When it was all over he had lost forty pounds.

Today, ten years later, Adams' weight hovers between a hundred and seventy-five and a hundred and eighty pounds, evenly distributed over his six-foot frame. His frank wholesome features, topped by a shock of sandy hair, combine with broad shoulders, narrow waist and well-muscled legs to give him the appearance of a college halfback. "One of the few males in ballet who is not a lad, but a big man," wrote a U.S. critic with satisfaction.

The status of the male dancer in the public domain is not generally an agreeable one. He may be thought of as sissy, effeminate or worse. Most parents, especially fathers, do not look on ballet as a proud calling for their sons. Though his attitude has long since changed, Charles Adams was not favorably impressed when nine-year-old David became a student of ballet in Winnipeg. But Mrs. Adams felt that nothing but good could come of it.

David was a quiet child, frail and undersized, but he had straight legs, carried himself well and showed a certain grace in doing basic ballet exercises for the first time. And whatever it might indicate, Mrs. Adams told his teachers, he was fascinated by Fred Astaire movies.

Since the class conducted by Gwenyth Lloyd and Betty Farrally needed boys, the Adams were not charged a fee for their son's lessons. This was true later too—dance instruction cost David and his parents next to nothing.

The tousled-haired youngster took to ballet from the start. But it did not earn him much respect among his schoolmates. "Here comes the ballet dancer," they would shout and light out after him. "But I could usually run faster than most of them," he says with a smile, "and eventually they left me alone."

Ballet remained his consuming passion even though teachers began warning that almost nightly rehearsals were affecting his progress. But school was not really of much interest to him and at fifteen he left. For a brief period he was an apprentice sheet-metal worker. Then his father, a mechanic foreman at the bus garage, helped him get part-time work with the Winnipeg Electric, the city's transportation utility.

But all the while he continued his ballet studies. His development as a dancer is illustrated, he thinks, by the way he matured in a work called Finishing School, then a fixture in the Winnipeg Ballet's repertoire. "I started off as the *valet de chambre* who showed the young lady to her room when she arrived at the school," said Adams. "In another production I was one of her brothers. Finally, I was the school's dancing master. It took me six years, but I made it."

Shortly after this achievement, Adams left for England on the Sadler's Wells scholarship. He returned just over two years later, in November 1948, to rejoin the Winnipeg Ballet as soloist. The next summer he went to Vancouver to dance in the Theatre Under The Stars production of Song of Norway. His partner was Lois Smith. She looked much the same as she does today with a pale oval face that draws its classic quality from a fine aquiline nose and grey-green eyes, large and luminous. Her long

Inco Research helps Canada grow



This scale model of an orebody at Inco's Creighton Mine is made of layers of coloured sand and gravel. The dark layer near the bottom

represents the higher grade ore; above are layers of lower grade ore and waste rock containing little or no ore. By shifting the flow of these

sands, Inco was able to study and adapt an unusual method of low-cost mining to this ore, making its recovery economical.

Through Inco Research lower grade ores are mined economically

At Creighton Mine near Sudbury a large body of lower grade ore was known to exist. It promised to be an important source of nickel and copper—if it could be mined economically. But how to get this ore out at a cost low enough to be commercially practical?

Intensive study went into the problem. Underground tests were made. Observing that the earth above the mined-out orebodies had begun to settle, Inco mining engineers suggested the possibility of mining the lower grade ore by induced settling. Ore would be cut away from the

underside of the orebody. As the support for the ore and rock above was removed, the mass would begin to settle causing the ore to break up so that it could be drawn off and recovered. The idea sounded good.

Scale models were built to determine how the ore could be drawn off from below without getting the waste rock above the ore. Then the method was tried in the mine. The results were so promising that regular mining operations were begun. Today, Creighton Mine is producing 12,000 tons of this lower grade ore daily. And Inco Research did it!

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brunette hair is still worn in a smooth chignon. She is five feet four and a half inches tall, weighs a hundred and ten pounds, has high square shoulders and long slender legs.

Lois is the only daughter of William Smith, a short sturdy man who has been an active gymnast all his life and, though nearing his sixty-fifth birthday and retirement, still does an occasional handstand. "I must have inherited whatever co-ordination I have from him," Lois says.

Her older brother Bill paid for her first ballet lessons, begun when she was ten. They continued on a one-a-week basis for six months, stopping only when Bill, who worked with his father at the shoe factory, found that he couldn't afford them any longer. She didn't start taking lessons again until she was fifteen, considered in dancing a rather late age. But she was filled with resolution and she had a goal—to be a member of the chorus at Vancouver's Theatre Under The Stars. She succeeded just under a year later, and though she made two off-season road-company tours—one in Song of Norway, the other in Oklahoma!—she spent all her summers at Theatre Under The Stars. Then she met David. They fell in love.

That winter they both stayed in Vancouver, studying and doing dance recitals. In the early spring they went south and joined the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera Company as solo dancers. It was presenting such operettas as The Chocolate Soldier and Rose Marie. They had made up their minds to get married and not long after arriving in California set the date—May 13, 1950.

The judge was a bleached blonde

The ceremony was performed in the Los Angeles Court House by a woman whom they remember with vividness because she was a bleached blonde, because she was only four and a half feet tall and because her name was Adams—Judge Ida May Adams. Since it was a Saturday they still had a matinee as well as an evening show to do before they were free to leave for Catalina Island and a two-day honeymoon. They were back in time for Monday night's performance.

After six months of light opera they returned to Vancouver for a month and then on to Winnipeg where, in April 1951, their daughter was born. Late that summer they were featured at the Canadian National Exhibition. Their performance prompted the TV offer from the New York agent. They refused and three weeks later were in a dingy Toronto rehearsal hall—charter members of the National Ballet of Canada.

Rehearsals are still held in the same hall. The company is larger now and its operations more complex. The annual U.S.-Canadian tour is longer, which means that when the phone is disconnected and the apartment locked, the Adams can expect to be away four months, carrying culture to the outposts of the continent.

The one-night stand is a rigorous institution. In the Adams' case it runs something like this: Up at 6, breakfast at 7, on the bus and away by 8; next town, check into hotel around 4, after light snack go to theatre (which may be auditorium, movie house or hockey arena), size up the stage, do a series of warm-up exercises, put make-up on; performance, leave theatre between 11.30 and 12, have supper, go to bed between 1.30 and 2. Next day the same thing all over again.

After this kind of schedule the Adams

are grateful to get home. In the last seven years they have had eight different addresses. They are now establishing what they hope will be a more permanent abode. It is a comfortable five-room flat on the second floor of a red-brick house in a modest section of west Toronto. They share it with David's twenty-year-old brother, Lawrence, who has followed closely in David's footsteps and now also is a dancer in the National Ballet.

In the hallway at the top of the stairs leading to the apartment are three framed photographs of Lois and David in dance positions. The long grey living room is dominated from an elevated corner position by a sculpture of Lois. On the living-room wall are two prints of Degas ballerinas.

At the rear of their flat is a large, split-level room that serves as a combination studio-workshop. On one side is a work bench with electric drill, electric soldering iron and the usual chisels, pliers, screwdrivers and hammers. Standing proudly in the centre of the floor is the circular saw.

A multi-section wall cabinet is given over to camera equipment, film, stacks of technical magazines and books on architecture, mathematics and astronomy. A long brown telescope with a four-inch lens sits on a tripod in the upper level of the studio. While Adams' brother is really the amateur astronomer, Lois and David often join him in a session of star gazing.

When he isn't absorbed in astral or technological matters, Adams devotes his spare time to projects relating to his art. One of his plans is to encourage the establishment of an archives of the dance. "Not just Canadian though," he says. "It would have to be international, with records, pictures, Pavlova's shoes—anything we could get." He is also convinced that an account of the beginnings and development of ballet in Canada must be set down, and has made a tentative start on it himself.

His creative record already includes the choreography for five ballets and one *pas de deux* and one *pas de trois*—ballets in miniature that feature two or three dancers and run eight to ten minutes. He is now thinking out the details of a full-length ballet that will involve a good deal of sword play. With guidance only from a book called *Fencing With The Foil*, David and his brother spend many evenings in the studio thrusting and parrying with pieces of wood. They are now looking for a pair of foils and when they get the time will take formal instruction. "Fencing," David explains, "is something a dancer should know. It gives poise and confidence."

The Adams are firmly committed to ballet, its propagation and advancement. Their standards are high. They have not done any variety dancing on television or anywhere else for more than three years.

"It's not," says Lois, "that we're snobs or that we can't use the money, but there are other people to do that sort of thing."

"Ballet," adds David, "is on the ground floor in this country and we can't afford to compromise. We're ballet dancers, that's the important thing." ★

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The hottest treasure hunter in history

Continued from page 25

million dollars' worth of geophysical prospecting annually.

He has traced more new mineral deposits than any other Canadian, but seldom participates in the mining of his discoveries. "I lose interest," he says, "when shaft sinking starts." All his surveys are done for other mining companies at set fees, which in 1956 gave the Lundberg firm a net profit of \$127,929.

A dozen Lundberg air crews are currently searching for new mines and oil wells over Venezuela, Spain, the western U.S. and the northern parts of five Canadian provinces. One discovery about a year ago made by Lundberg airborne magnetometer crew was the billion iron-ore body on the Belcher Islands in Hudson's Bay. "Anyone can run a magnetometer," says Douglas Banks, president of the Belcher Mining Corporation which is developing the find, "but damn few can interpret its findings like Lundberg."

Bob Jowsey, one of Canada's most successful mining men, who often hires Lundberg, says: "As an explorer, he has been ahead of anybody I know. He's a great pioneer."

Lundberg's pioneering instincts are never more apparent than when he's telling a doubting audience about his unique "gold growing" experiments. His technique can be used by anyone who knows the location of a low-grade gold-ore body not worth mining by traditional means. It consists simply of harvesting plants that extract the gold from the earth through their roots and concentrate it in their leaves.

"Underground waters in millions of years carry upward slight dissolved traces of the minerals they touch," says Lundberg. "The plants soak up this moisture but the minerals are poison to them. To protect themselves, they capsule the minerals at the ends of their leaves." Lundberg has refined gold out of the ashes of these leaves, most successfully from the tufts of the common horsetail—a pale-brown weed, about ten inches high, which grows in sandy or gravelly soil in many parts of Canada. Near Timmins he has burned as much as four ounces of gold (worth \$140) out of a ton of horsetails.

He has quietly been negotiating for land in northern Indiana and Illinois that contains gold too thinly scattered to be mined. There he hopes to create the world's first gold farm.

Lundberg introduced to Canada the use of vegetation as a prospecting guide. "It is definitely possible," he says, "to go out into an unknown area and from a study of certain plants or trees determine not only approximately where the ore is to be found, but also what metals there may be in it." He has analyzed plants to track down lead, manganese, vanadium, molybdenum, tungsten, tin, silver, and copper mineralization as much as fifty feet underground, and once helped one of his associates find a chromium mine in Greece by the long-distance study of leaves from the area's scrubby oaks.

When he heard about a farmer north

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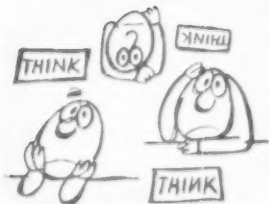
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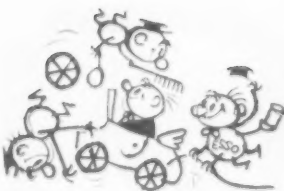
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of Kingston, Ont., whose maple syrup was being rejected by U.S. border officials because of its high lead content. Lundberg toured the farm, sampling tree branches. Through a leaf analysis he eventually located a small deposit of lead. It wasn't good enough for commercial mining, but he was able to mark the trees directly above the ore body. By not tapping them, the farmer has since got his maple syrup past customs.

While he enjoys forays of this kind, Lundberg now spends most of the year in his Toronto offices. For five hours of an average day he scribbles on geophysical charts with his coloring pencils, plotting the results of field surveys and translating them into mineral-deposit indications.

He has little time to sit behind his large green-leather desk, but, when he does, he occasionally winks up at the orange plaster guardian angel suspended from the ceiling. Though the figurine looks conventional enough from the visitor's side of the desk, the angel has a mustache and an open-mouthed expression of admiration for its keeper.

The about thirty head-office employees of Lundberg Explorations share this sense of hero worship. The boss is addressed as "Dr. Lundberg," but privately he's always referred to as "Father." This paternal instinct reflects more than friendly esteem; for, thanks to Lundberg's instruments, the office staff consists of the richest clerks and stenographers in the country.

During a geophysical-survey flight into claims near James Bay in 1953, Lloyd Leach, Lundberg's director of field operations, noticed a parallel bend in two rivers north of Kapuskasing, Ont., which to him indicated that a solid rock mass—possibly with ore in it—lay between them. The aircraft's geophysical detection gear registered such a kick that he turned it on during ensuing flights and eventually blocked out a strong iron-ore indication.

Leach offered the find to Lundberg and when he wasn't interested collected twenty thousand dollars among the staff to have the claims staked. Another office collection was taken up to finance diamond drilling, which outlined a hundred million tons of iron ore. The Steel Company of Canada bought the claims in April 1956 for a million dollars, giving the staff syndicate a better than forty-to-one payoff. Many bought cars, houses and mink coats. Joan Sellon, the receptionist, toured Europe. The most satisfying outcome of the office bonanza to Lundberg was that none of his "millionaires" resigned.

Lundberg usually leaves the office early, but he always packs a briefcase home. He travels in a rented, chauffeur-driven limousine. He hates driving; his own 1952 Chrysler sits inactive on blocks in his garage.

The geophysicist spends most of his leisure time enlarging his stamp collection. His two hundred albums, kept in a walk-in safe tucked behind a false living-room wall panel, include stamps from letters carried on many of the sixty balloon ascents out of Paris during the 1870 German siege. "Lundberg," says Douglas Patrick, a leading Canadian stamp authority, "is Canada's only consistent gold-medal winner in international philatelic competitions."

As well as two medals for stamps, Lundberg has two Swedish scientific gold medals. Gustav VI, King of Sweden, last May created him an Honorary Doctor of Technology, one of the country's highest scientific distinctions. He is one of Sweden's best known expatriates and has several times been offered a Swedish title, an honor he can't accept because he has

been a Canadian citizen since 1937.

His home is a luxurious eight-room bungalow on a fashionable dead-end street in north Toronto. The elevated lot and flat-roof design were originally meant to adapt the house for helicopter landings, but the idea was never implemented. The basement is split into three large weaving rooms where Lundberg's wife—the former Signe Sjöberg, a high-school sweetheart—works at her five looms spinning rugs and draperies. She bases some of her patterns on her husband's geophysical maps, giving her products surrealistic quality.

In a small cellar laboratory, Lundberg is working on a Swedish patent he believes may be the most efficient way of extracting the more than two hundred and fifty billion barrels of oil locked in northern Alberta's Athabasca tar sands. He plans to heat the ground with steam pipes, then condense the oil out of the vapors.

The home's main hall is lined with Lundberg's library containing mostly technical books in eight languages. He speaks and reads Russian, French, German, Spanish, Danish and Norwegian, as well as Swedish and English. Off his bedroom is one of Lundberg's secret indulgences: a yellow-and-blue tiled bathroom with a closed-in glass shower-bath compartment. It has indirect fluorescent lights that switch on automatically when he steps in for a dip.

The living room of the house has a shelf of petrified tree chips and fossils. They are the souvenirs of Lundberg's archeological manhunt on the clay bottom of dried-up Lake Texcoco, near Mexico City. Previous searches had turned up elephant bones in the region and bits of worked stone which indicated that man had hunted there during the late ice age. Human remains were needed to clinch the archeologists' argument that man inhabited this continent long before the predecessors of the American Indians crossed over from Asia.

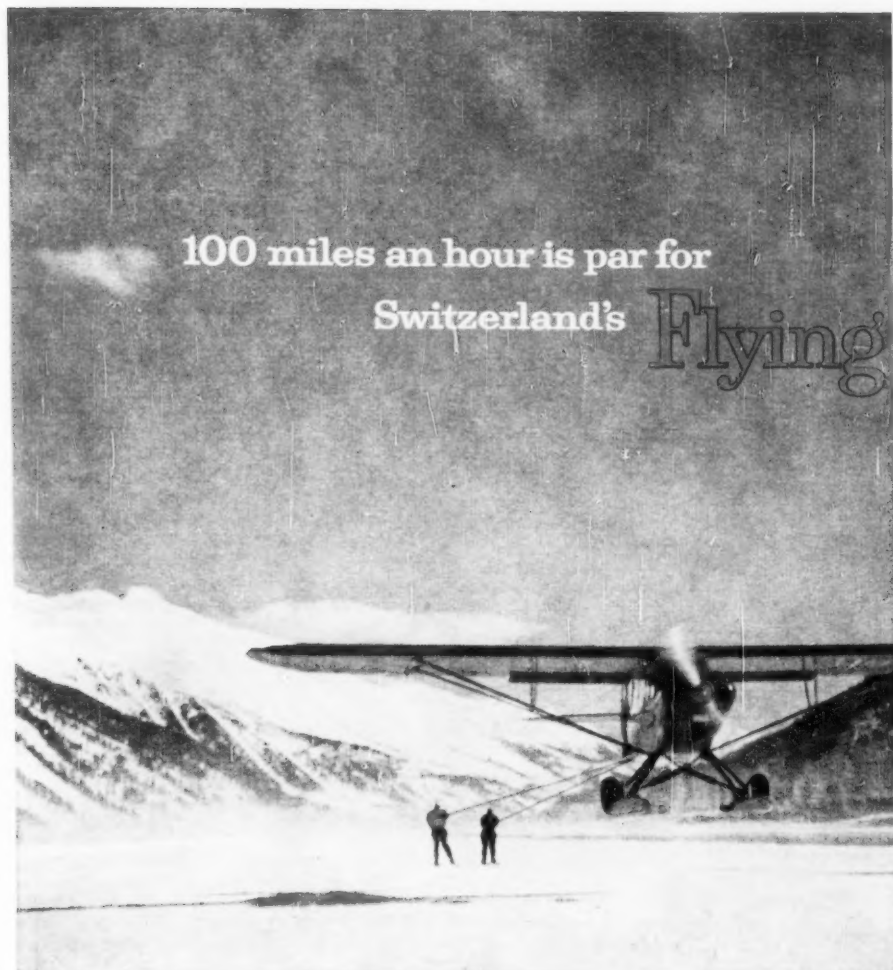
The 20-million-dollar meteor

Lundberg flew to Mexico in February 1947, with the theory that there had been time for the skeletons to mineralize, making them detectable by his instruments. The first two of the three spots he marked for digging contained nothing but pools of water. In the third—three and a half feet down—lay the oldest human skeleton unearthed in the Western Hemisphere. The fifteen-thousand-year-old cranium had pronounced eyebrow ridges set in a low, vaulted forehead. Ninety pits were dug after Lundberg left but no other bone remains were found.

The discovery of the Tepexpan Man, as the find is officially known, was not Lundberg's first venture into prospecting for the unusual. In 1937 he took his instruments to a mile-wide crater near Caayon Diablo in northern Arizona, to seek a missing meteor. From the size of its crater it was thought to have weighed more than a million tons, and from the odd fragments found, it was known to have consisted of ninety-two percent iron, making it worth roughly twenty million dollars. Shafts sunk six hundred and fifty feet below the crater had found no trace of the heavenly rock.

Lundberg dismissed the traditional approach of looking for the meteor beneath its crater. He believed that it had hit an underground lake, boiled it into steam, and that the ensuing explosion had scattered the meteoric material horizontally around the crater. Some three thousand feet from the crater's centre, his gear picked up a strong indication of iron ore.

When he revealed his find in New



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House."

Flying Hitchhike

1. "They call it skjoring when a skier gets a tow from a horse, but the word is *speed* when you hitch a ride from a plane," writes Harry Cushing, a sportsman friend of Canadian Club. "I had a go at this particular daredeviltry last month over a frozen, snow-covered lake at Samaden, Switzerland. Fredd Wissel, the pilot, took off at 50 mph. Before he landed again, we were clocked at over 100!"



2. "Hang on tight!" Fredd had yelled as the motor revved up. We taxied and took off. The plane, a Piper Super Cub, was aloft for only 300 yards, but that was plenty. My arms aching, I let go. And that's when it happened.



3. "A rough spot in the snow as the plane landed, caught the edge of one ski, throwing me for a ground-loop. A close call, but since nothing was broken, I laughed it off. Not that I suggested we try the stunt again. I like to quit while I'm ahead.

4. "Breakneck speed on skis can break your neck" said Fredd over a Canadian Club at St. Moritz. "Plane skiing is tricky—but no trick to find this!" I replied, "Canadian Club is the favourite wherever I travel."

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York, an elderly heiress offered him eight hundred thousand dollars for a few tons of the meteorite. "I want to build a church," she explained. "I want to build the only church in the world that will be made of material direct from heaven." Lundberg refused the offer and Arizona turned the crater region into a state park before a shaft could confirm his discovery.

Lundberg's reputation for unconventional prospecting has prompted many treasure hunters to seek his services. Just before World War II he directed a search for a sunken ship off the Bahamas which was supposed to have a hold full of silver bullion. Lundberg located the wreck, but the cargo turned out to be bars of lead.

In 1940 he organized an expedition into the Andes Mountains of Peru to look for Inca gold. It was financed by his friend Dr. Axel Wenner-Gren, the controversial Swedish financier who was recently granted a prospecting concession over one tenth of B.C. Lundberg has been Wenner-Gren's Canadian representative since the mid-Thirties, but the association produced no major projects before the B.C. scheme, except the Andes expedition.

Instead of looking for hidden Inca treasures as previous explorers had done, Lundberg decided to try to locate the source of the ancient race's gold. The sixty-seven-member party found two lost Inca cities — *Sayaq Marka* and *Phoyu Pata Marka*—and at the foot of a great cliff abandoned gold pits were discovered. But the terrain was too dangerous and the natives too unfriendly for more detailed investigation.

At the head of the Manu River the expedition stumbled on a bizarre white colony, which had been founded by a prospector sent into Peru to plant rubber trees by Henry Ford in 1907. The eighty-year-old patriarch, who had thirty-five years earlier chosen jungle life instead of attempting a return to civilization, had only three requests. He wanted a bag of salt to season his diet, a meat grinder to help overcome the loss of his teeth, and the services of the expedition's Peruvian priest to baptize his children. He balked at the priest's entreaties to let himself be married, but the baptizing took ten hours. The old man had ninety descendants.

Lundberg's company was also involved in a search for the fabled gold mines of King Solomon. On the basis of aerial photographs and surveys taken by one of Lundberg's associates, a British mining syndicate in 1935 found some ancient gold workings two hundred and fifty miles northeast of Jidda, in Saudi Arabia. They are thought to have been the source of the biblical emperor's treasures. No further mining was carried out but piles of ore surrounding the pits had been so primitively processed that a mill set up by the company extracted seventeen dollars' worth of gold from every ton of tailings.

Lundberg's strangest quest was not for gold, but for champagne. At the end of prohibition he located forty cases of champagne which had been buried in the garden of a Long Island estate. The wine had arrived just as the owner was called away on a sudden trip to Paris. A gardener who had buried the shipment for safekeeping died of pneumonia during the owner's absence and left no map. Lundberg acclimatized his geophysical gear to the ting of champagne-bottle cases by having friends hide empties.

Lundberg the businessman says he now has no time for treasure hunting, but privately he admits he's thinking of exploring Oak Island, in Mahone Bay south of Halifax, the rumored site of

Captain Kidd's gold cache. He has also studied Canada's two major diamond rushes—to Val d'Or, Que., in 1950 and to the East Main River near James Bay in 1909—and has worked out his own diamond theory. He believes there may be diamonds in the throats of such extinct volcanoes as Mount Royal in the centre of Montreal and nearby Mount Oka. He once started poking around Mount Oka, but the Trappist monks who own the land chased him away.

Stalking diamonds and pirate gold help nourish the madcap side of Lundberg's make-up, which he first demonstrated, with almost fatal results, as a teen-ager in his native Malmö, a southern Swedish port town. He built a set of wings out of bamboo spars joined by wrapping paper and headed for a cliff from which he intended gliding into the sea. Some trees entangled the contraption, preventing his plunge but cracking his collarbone.

Cured of his aerial ambitions, young Lundberg considered a career in the pulpit. "But," he says, "that didn't last long." His main interest has always been mining and even his childhood hobby was collecting mineral specimens. His studies at the Royal Institute of Technology at Stockholm were interrupted by a short stint in the ski regiment which guarded the Swedish-Finnish border during World War I. In 1915 he was stranded for six months while exploring coal deposits in the Arctic Spitsbergen Islands.

Follow that witch doctor

He became an instructor of geophysical exploration in 1917, but spent his summers in the field. In an isolated northern Swedish village he once interviewed a Lapp witch doctor awaiting trial for killing patients by having them sniff the fumes from his secret potion. Lundberg's tests showed that the brew was arsenopyrite—the source of fatal arsenic, but also of copper.

At the spot where the witch doctor had been mixing his deadly tonic, Lundberg used his first invention—a crude electric magnetometer—to discover part of the ore body which later became the huge Kristineberg mine. It made Sweden independent of copper imports during World War II and is still a major producer.

During the next five years Lundberg pioneered many geophysical techniques in successful mineral hunts throughout western Europe and northern Africa. In 1920, while trying to probe under an impassable bog in northern Sweden, he suspended his instruments from a kite and took history's first airborne geophysical readings. In northern Spain a year later, he discovered the long-sought—though largely worked-out—mines that provided the ancient Roman Empire with most of its gold.

By 1923 the reputation of the young Swedish geophysicist and his omniscient instruments had crossed the Atlantic. August Hecksher, a New York financier, offered Lundberg a hundred and twenty-five dollars a day for six months to find him new mines. Lundberg worked out the agreement without spectacular success, then formed his own exploration company. He located a small base-metal ore body at Cobalt in 1924 and was so impressed with this country's mineral potential that he decided to settle in Canada permanently.

One of his first major strikes was at the Buchans River mine, a small and gradually petering out lead-zinc property near Red Indian Lake in central Newfoundland. The company didn't want to gamble too much money on Lundberg's

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still-new gadgets, so it limited his prospecting contract to one square mile. After briefly walking around the property, he decided to lug his instruments into a patch of swamp, west of the little shaft. The bog swarmed with black flies and the humming induction coils of his electric gear attracted wild bears out of the surrounding bush. They paced hungrily around his machines; convinced they were camouflaged beehives.

Lundberg ordered a trench dug four thousand feet west of the shaft, where his earphones had registered their strongest kick. The miners cursed at the apparently senseless burrowing through the syrupy muck. Fifty feet down they exposed outcroppings of the richest lead-zinc deposit in the world up to that time. Buchans is still mining Lundberg's discovery; more than a billion dollars' worth of ore has been taken from under the swamp.

Even after this Lundberg had to spend most of the Twenties and early Thirties fighting for adequate recognition of geophysics among Canadian mining men. The science was too new, not always effective and there were many charlatans. Although he continued to find ore bodies more regularly than any pick-and-shovel prospector in the country, many of his early clients thought of Lundberg as just a lucky Swede with a hopped-up divining rod. In 1928 the Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy asked the government to investigate the value of geophysics by tests over a known mineral site. Of the two dozen "geophysicists" who accepted the challenge, only Lundberg and one other candidate outlined the ore body.

Lundberg's early professional relations were stormy because he was often proved right after contradicting the advice of geologists and mining engineers. At a base-metal mine near Bourlamaque, Que., now known as Golden Manitou, geologists forecast ore extensions east of the shaft. Lundberg advised a drive westward. The richest ore was found in the western zone, after an eastward exploration found only scattered values.

At the Windpass gold mine, fifty miles north of Kamloops, B.C., underground drifting had not lived up to encouraging surface showings. In 1935, Lundberg outlined a new exploration pattern and after blasting through a hundred feet of barren rock, drills bit into a million-dollar gold vein. At the great Falconbridge nickel mine near Sudbury, engineers had failed to locate a new shaft site without having it swamped by quicksand. Lundberg picked a knoll of solid crust and predicted bedrock a hundred feet down. Drilling confirmed his depth estimate to within six inches.

Some of Lundberg's early searches in regions of Canada once considered bare of minerals have taken more than twenty years to pay off. He was the first geophysicist into the Chibougamau area of northern Quebec, where in 1936 he outlined the copper deposits now being mined by Copper Rand Chibougamau. In 1938 he found a boulder with rich zinc-lead-copper values at Armstrong Brook, west of Bathurst, N.B., near the site of the spectacular 1953 base-metals strike. Convinced that the rock had been separated from its mother lode by glacier movements, he traced the boulder for nineteen miles back to the Tetagouche River, where he outlined an impressive ore body. The property is now being developed by New Calumet, a Ventures subsidiary.

Lundberg has long been well enough established not to be bothered by doubters, but remains a rebel among geophysicists. He loves to ridicule the

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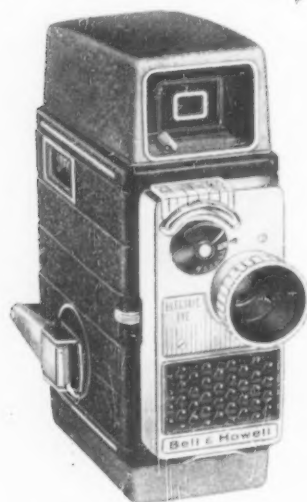
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scientissima geophysicists, his label for colleagues who try to present the profession as a mysterious super-science. He is constantly urging the wider adoption of geophysics by practical prospectors without physics degrees; he once compared the science to cooking.

"Ninety percent of our best cooks," he told the 1942 meeting of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, "use baking powder without the slightest concern over the molecular changes that may result in the cake . . . the mistakes of practical people using geophysical methods are not more frequent than those of the theoretically skilled scientists." The Institute was so shocked that his paper was "misplaced" and not published with the session's transcripts.

Lundberg regards geophysics as more of an art than a science. "Dame Nature," he says, "is a creature of such infinite variety that attempts to reproduce her moods artificially can never be wholly successful."

Although he invented an electrical ground-prospecting method in 1916, Lundberg's main contributions to the science have been his adaptations of geophysical instruments for use from aircraft. He has redesigned the super-sensitive gadgets to operate from the shaky dashboards of small aircraft, and has completely restudied the techniques of interpreting results. He has had twenty inventions patented.

With a two-man crew Lundberg's airborne instruments now cover as much territory in one hour as an eight-man geophysical ground party can survey in

three months, and at one fiftieth the cost. He uses five main techniques:

—**the magnetic method**, based on the principle that all rocks have some effects on the direction and strength of the earth's magnetic field. Lundberg's magnetometers measure and pinpoint the distortions caused by the magnetic ores associated with iron and nickel.

—**gravimetric surveys**, which can weigh ore from the air by measuring minute variations in gravitational pull, caused by the difference in density between rock and ore. Lundberg was the first to make this technique airborne and has outlined underground copper, lead and zinc deposits weighing up to five million tons.

—**airborne electromagnetic devices** that locate metallic but non-magnetic deposits (especially iron, copper and nickel) by outlining the varying electrical conductivities of the earth's crust. The electricity is induced into the ground from loops of copper wire in the aircraft or by ground cables.

—**seismic measurements**, a ground technique based on the fact that vibrations—set off by firing a small explosives charge—travel at different speeds through different materials. Measurements of the tremor echoes determine the location and depth of oil pools.

—**the scintillation counter**, originally an improvement of the Geiger counter which Lundberg adapted for use from the air in the hunt for oil. Lundberg's theory is that oil pools stop the normal diffusion of radioactive salts to the surface, giving low scintillation readings directly over oil pockets, and higher-than-normal

readings at the pockets' perimeters.

Lundberg caused a sensation among petroleum men when he introduced his scintillation method to Texas in 1950. He found one well in Dawson County which brings in royalties of twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Venezuela now fixes its oil-bearing-land auction prices according to his surveys. His instruments helped discover the Coleville oil and gas field in northwest Saskatchewan, as well as parts of the Redwater field in Alberta.

The next phase in Lundberg's assault on the earth's minerals may involve the ocean. He is particularly interested in seaweed beds off Ireland, which he believes may be washing uranium out of seawater in recoverable quantities.

Whichever direction Lundberg's future probing takes, his activities are bound to involve him in controversy. When he announced his plant-sampling prospecting method, for instance, one crusty prospector objected in a letter to The Northern Miner: "I wonder what the Ontario Securities Commission would say if I put out a prospectus stating that the Balm of Gilead on my claims has a high copper content. Some of them scientists should work out a method employing the beaver to go prospecting."

"Yes," says Lundberg, "that's not impossible."

In Sweden he found one copper deposit by shadowing a goat with copper smears on its horns and he knows of a copper mine in Rhodesia discovered by tracing the copper flecks in a parrot's tail feathers. ★



Red Ryan continued from page 28

The American papers called him "the Jesse James of Canada"

At ten o'clock one morning in September 1923, the straw-filled prison barn burst into flame. A long-awaited wind billowed smoke over the wall, cutting off the vision of a nearby tower guard. Five men dashed from the barn, carrying a long board into which spikes had been driven. Four of them scurried up the wall on the makeshift ladder: Edward McMullen, Thomas Bryans, Gordon Simpson and Andrew Sullivan. Chief Keeper Matthew Walsh arrived and Ryan, guarding the retreat with a pitchfork, struck him in the right thigh before departing. A week later Matthew Walsh received a letter from Ryan. "He said he was sorry for having had to use the fork," Walsh recalls. "And he kind of praised me for what I had done in trying to stop the break."

Twelve days after the break three armed men walked into the Bank of Nova Scotia at St. Clair and Oakwood in Toronto. The loot was \$3,107; Ryan was eventually convicted of this robbery. While police hustled to suspected hide-outs, Ryan and Andrew Sullivan crossed the border and began a series of bank robberies, perhaps five, in the United States. They eventually settled in Minneapolis, which was something of a resort for criminals in the 1920's. From there they visited the Grand Avenue State Bank in St. Paul, which provided five thousand dollars. Ryan communicated continually with friends and relatives in Canada by mail and by the personal column of an American magazine called Detective, which featured mug shots of wanted criminals. His letters were intercepted. Three months after

his escape detectives waited for him in the Minneapolis main post office. Wounded in the shoulder during a gunfight, he surrendered. As he was being led outside, Sullivan began shooting from a parked automobile. Ryan failed to get away in the melee, but Sullivan did; a uniformed policeman and two bystanders were wounded. Police learned Sullivan had been seeing a waitress and he was killed on her front porch the following day.

Seized upon by the Hearst press as "the Jesse James of Canada" and promoted with similar gusto by a number of Canadian newspapers, Ryan gained mounting notoriety. For the rest of his life he courted publicity. In Minneapolis he disappointed few reporters. One paper even printed the story that he had once escaped from the Tower of London.

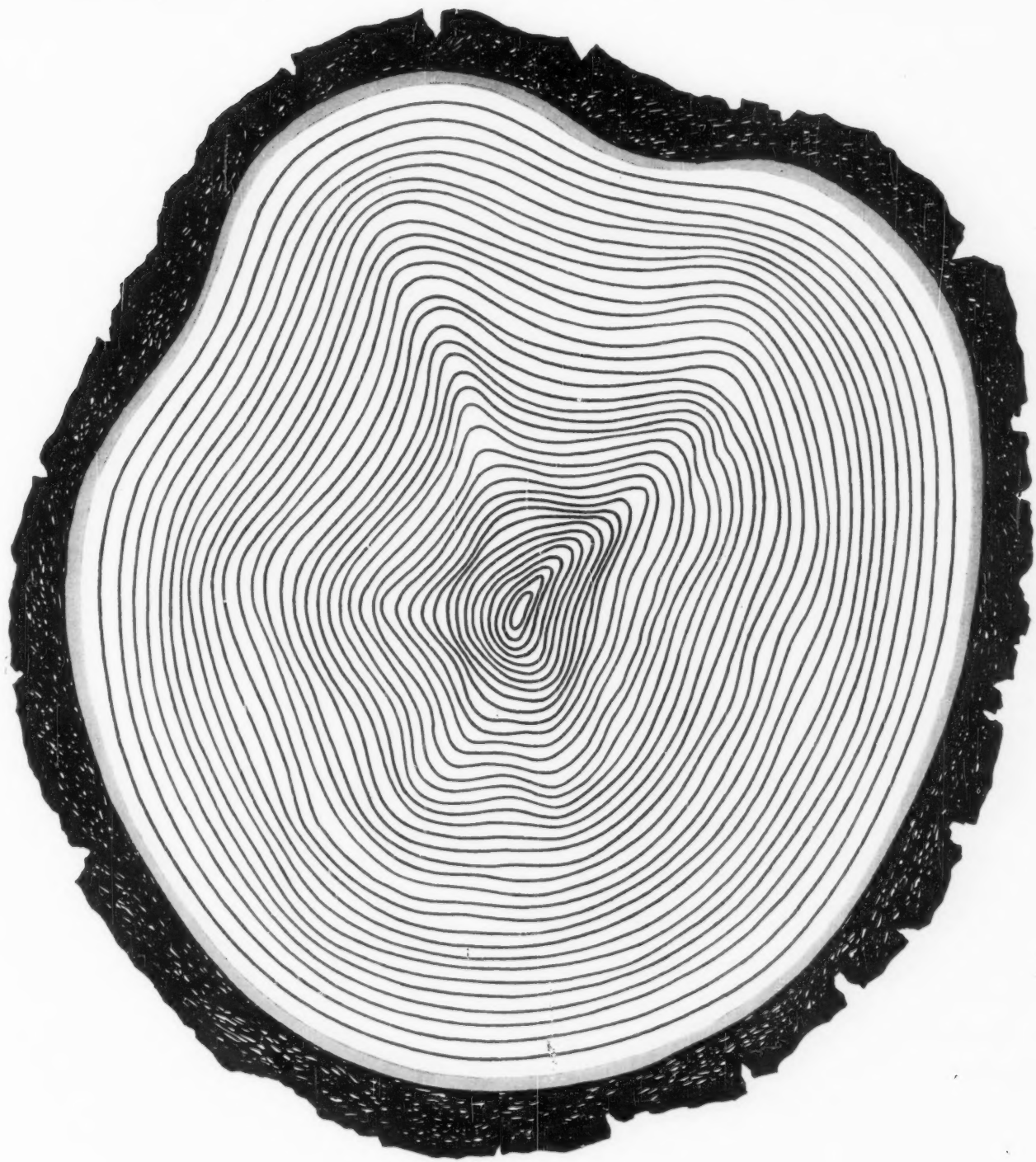
He arrived back in Toronto shackled hand and foot and handcuffed to Detective William Meehan, of Minneapolis, who had wounded him and killed Sullivan. A crowd waited at the station with the reporters and photographers. They saw a tall muscular twenty-eight-year-old wearing a belted overcoat with a black-edged bullet hole in the shoulder. A fourteen-man escort took him to police headquarters and a reporter who saw him in a corridor wrote: "One wondered how so seemingly mild and gentlemanly an individual could have got himself in such a predicament." The story these lines are taken from appeared the same day Ryan pulled a hacksaw blade out of the bandage on his shoulder. Then he traded the blade to

the guards in return for a steak dinner.

He was tried by Judge Emerson Coatsworth for the Toronto bank robbery that had taken place twelve days after he broke out of Kingston Penitentiary. The trial started at 10:10 a.m.; exactly two hours later he was on a train back to Kingston facing a life sentence and thirty strokes. In handing down the sentence the judge said, "If you turn around and make a complete change in your mode of life and become a model prisoner . . . the future is very largely in your hands." Ryan must have listened well.

According to his autobiography he was kept in a half-underground cell block called "the hole" for his first eight months at Kingston. During those months he met his personal savior, the Rev. Dr. Wilfred T. Kingsley, the Roman Catholic chaplain who was priest of the Church of the Good Thief in nearby Portsmouth.

Partly through the chaplain's influence Ryan was allowed, about two years after he arrived, to go to work. He shook out mailbags in the yard, mended them, and repaired the locks and metal parts. Later, when his release was pending, a Toronto doctor who had served a Kingston sentence wrote a book in which he referred to Ryan in the yard: "There he stood, a perfect physical specimen. He was as different from the story-book criminal as the rosy dawn differs from the blackness of midnight. I am reminded of the description of David of sacred history. 'Now he was ruddy and withal of a beautiful countenance and goodly to look to.' If not precisely a David, Ryan



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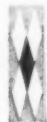
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was obviously a very captivating fellow.

From the time he went to work, K-166 was the model prisoner mentioned by Judge Coatsworth. These were the days of stringent oppressiveness in the penitentiary. There was the lock-step and the rule of absolute silence, but Ryan kept himself submissive and well behaved.

In November, 1926, the Toronto Globe carried a story about Ryan and his theft-proof lock. Widely reprinted, it was no doubt the first influence in arousing public sympathy for "Canada's Jesse James." Ryan the tinsmith had invented a lock for mailbags. "Even Ryan himself cannot pick them," declared the Globe. One of the locks was forwarded by penitentiary officials to the Ottawa post-office department. It could be picked with a nail and was never manufactured, but newspaper stories on Ryan from 1926 on mentioned the lock as being in service in the post offices of Canada.

The year after the lock story Ryan was back in the news. The Ottawa Journal claimed he was using a cache of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars to help his sister in her struggle with tuberculosis. Two years later the Toronto Mail appeared with a story headed, "Famous bandit proves tender nurse in prison." Ryan had been made an orderly in the prison hospital. He swept floors, fed sick inmates, administered some medicines, took temperatures, made beds and even assisted as a scrub nurse in the prison operating room.

By 1930, K-166 had become even more than a model prisoner. He was at one time Father Kingsley's altar boy at mass in the chapel. He read biographies of great Canadian statesmen while writing his own. He constructed crucifixes inside light bulbs and molded images of the Blessed Virgin. No longer smoking or swearing, he advised young inmates on "the straight and narrow."

About 1931 Father Kingsley began to work actively to secure Ryan's release, visiting Ottawa and writing innumerable letters. His was the initiative but he found allies. One was Col. H. A. Mullins, a Conservative M.P. and later a senator. Mullins saw Ryan in the penitentiary and went to talk to Prime Minister R. B. Bennett and Hugh Guthrie, then Minister of Justice.

Favorable newspaper publicity rolled on. "I want to carry a dinner pail," Ryan was quoted. Judge Fred Weegar, of North Bay, Ontario, declared he should be given a job lecturing to wayward boys in reformatories. Ryan was educating himself and had asked an enlightened fellow inmate to explain Einstein's theory of relativity. Finally Judge Emerson Coatsworth, who had sentenced Ryan to life imprisonment, rebuked a lawyer who happened to refer to him as a "hardened criminal." The judge said he understood Ryan had become "a very estimable citizen."

But against the Ryan partisans were a number of persons concerned directly with prisoner releases and K-166. Justice Minister Guthrie was opposed to granting Ryan his freedom. M. R. Gallagher, at that time director of remission service, was firmly against it. Richard Allen, then warden of Kingston Penitentiary, was critical of it.

In 1932 Norman Ryan petitioned for ticket of leave. Although in that year he added to his reputation by staying out of riots in the prison, he was refused. Father Kingsley and his band took up their cause a year later. Ryan, who wrote fairly good English, sent drafts of suggested letters to his brother who used them in bombarding the governor-general, members of parliament and anyone

else who might be useful. As a result of more approaches to the prime minister, Ryan received a well-publicized, half-hour visit from Bennett on July 24, 1934. The conversation was no doubt replete with assurances of purification.

In a personal letter to the Ryan family after his visit, Bennett wrote, "I was greatly impressed by what he said to me. I can only say that his demeanor, his clothes, his sleeping cot and surroundings were calculated to stimulate him to renewed efforts for usefulness. The minister charged with responsibility in such matters is at the moment absent. When he returns I will speak to him about this matter."

Ryan's younger sister died in Weston Sanitarium in July 1935. The prime minister was telegraphed a request and K-166 appeared in Toronto for the funeral with an unarmed guard. After seeing part of a movie, he returned docilely to Kingston. About this time Jack Corcoran, a prosperous and respected wrestling promoter in Toronto, was approached by Father Kingsley. "I had never known Norman or his family," Corcoran recalls. "But I was recommended by someone and Father Kingsley wanted me to advise Norman and get him a job."

At the time, Corcoran owned the Nealon Hotel on King Street, a lively establishment with singing waiters. Ryan could work as hotel greeter in the evenings for fifty dollars a week. The wrestling promoter prevailed on a friend, Ross Fawcett, owner of Fawcett Motors in Weston, to make Ryan a car salesman. Members of the Toronto Kiwanis Club promised Ryan would have financial aid if ever he needed it.

Gay days for a pious killer

Ryan's future was smoothly paved when he was told by Warden Allen that he was to be released. If he had not reformed so grandly, and if such a strenuous campaign had not been launched, Ryan would probably have spent another twenty years in Kingston. Now he was free after merely eleven and one half years. Rarely, if ever, has a life sentence been so shortened.

Through Father Kingsley a Toronto Star reporter arranged to have Ryan leave the train, taking him from Kingston to Toronto, at Belleville. The Star world-copyrighted a full story of the release and also hired Ryan briefly. For five days the Ryan by-line appeared in the Star. The theme of these effusions was "I was the true author of my own troubles."

These were gay days for Ryan—parties, introductions and a long list of job offers. On a visit to the Shrine of the Little Flower in Toronto with Archbishop O'Brien of Kingston he was followed by Star reporters. The story was headed "Dazed by liberty, Red Ryan prays in little church."

Ryan settled down to live with his younger brother, work at his two jobs and relax respectably. He watched wrestling matches from Jack Corcoran's box at Maple Leaf Gardens with such guests as Magistrate Robert Browne. Among his several patrons was Senator O'Connor, then owner of the Laura Secord candy shops. For good appearances he picked up ten suits and a convertible, although he had left Kingston with a hundred and seventy-five dollars, most of it piled up from his nickel-a-day wages for prison work.

Some Toronto policemen were not prone to welcome him home, others were impressed. One evening Ryan dropped into the police press room to chat with reporter Gwyn Thomas. A two-alarm

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"If I went back to crime," Ryan said, "it would be parole's biggest blow"

fire broke out and Ryan went along.

"When we got there I ran into a tough police sergeant who wouldn't let me through the fire lines," Thomas recalls. "He kept shouting 'Get back!' Then he saw Ryan and forgot about me. He clapped him on the back and introduced him to the other cops and the firemen. I thought they were going to forget about the fire."

Ryan enjoyed it all. He regularly drove to Kingston to see Father Kingsley and once dropped in on Warden Allen. In Toronto he gave a smitten secretary an assortment of gifts, the inevitable fur coat included, for Christmas. Among his male companions Ryan included Lt.-Col. Wallace Bunton, of the Salvation Army, with whom he lunched occasionally. One of the few reverses during the halcyon ten months occurred when Ryan asked Jack Corcoran to place a large banner outside the Nealon Hotel announcing: Red Ryan Is Here! Corcoran, doing his best to have his protégé forget his past, would have nothing to do with it.

One night early in 1936 a burglar alarm rang in the home of Edward Stonehouse, a garage owner in Markham, Ont. Stonehouse and his son James jumped on the running boards of a new car being stolen by two men. Stonehouse was shot in the head and hurled from the accelerating car. His son was shot in the hands and abdomen. Stonehouse died of his wounds and his son died three years later partly as a result of the shooting. Ryan approached a Toronto detective investigating the murder and offered his services as an "undercover man." He was turned down.

Then, on May 24, 1936, two masked men dressed in overalls, work shirts and railwaymen's caps entered a crowded government liquor store in Sarnia just before closing time. The taller bandit held a .38-calibre revolver in one hand and a .45 automatic in the other. He hurdled the counter while his companion covered the customers and employees. Just then Geoffrey Garvey, an oil-company employee, approached the store and sensed something wrong. He retreated unseen and phoned the police station a half block away. Constable John Lewis arrived within minutes and was shot down before he could use his gun. Witnesses said the taller robber fired point-blank at him.

In the battle that followed twenty-six shots were fired before the two men fell under the guns of officers who followed Lewis. The smaller robber, identified the next day as Harry Checkley, a petty thief, died a few minutes after arriving at the hospital. Constable Lewis, the father of two children, died soon after. An hour later, without regaining consciousness, the taller gunman died. His hair had been dyed a deep brown but he carried a driver's license issued to Norman John Ryan.

Two days later five people gathered at an unmarked grave in Mount Hope Cemetery in Toronto: Ryan's younger brother, Corcoran, John Tunney, C. A. Connors and the hearse driver, Archbishop James McGuigan had decreed the body be buried in unconsecrated ground. There was no priest. The funeral director said three Hail Mary prayers and an Our Father, sprinkled some dust, and the body of Red Ryan was committed to the earth.

The ninety dollars he had in a bank account did not pay for his funeral. Confederation Life, the issuers of an insur-

ance policy on his life, had written a prominent condition. There was to be no payment if Ryan died during the perpetration of an illegal act.

In Kingston, after he tore up his photographs of Ryan, Father Kingsley said, "Never was a convict given such a golden opportunity to rebuild the wreckage of his past." It was reported that R. B. Bennett "felt the letdown very keenly." Col. Mullins said, "I thought I could tell when a man was telling the truth but Ryan fooled me." There were angry newspaper editorials against parole and estimates of the effect Ryan's betrayal would have on the parole system.

But his story was anything but over. There was immediate newspaper speculation that Ryan had been involved in much more than hotel greeting and car selling. Might he not have taken part in the Markham murder which he so audaciously offered to help solve? The answer came thirteen days after Ryan's death when Dr. E. R. Frankish, a medico-legal expert, presented a report to Arthur Roebuck, then Ontario's attorney-general.

"With regard to the Stonehouse case," the report read, "I am able to identify the revolver . . . in the hands of Red Ryan at the time of Sarnia affair as the gun which fired the bullets into the body of young Stonehouse. We have also in your laboratory a toe rubber which was found in the Stonehouse car after it was abandoned by the robbers following the shooting. This rubber is a size nine and a half, practically new, and on the inner surface of the rubber . . . the indentation of a Goodyear Wingfoot rubber heel is plainly impressed. A pair of shoes was found in Ryan's home which fit perfectly the toe rubber. These shoes are heeled with Goodyear Wingfoot rubber heels."

Frankish then gave a detailed description of how the peculiarly worn heel and the imprint in the rubber matched precisely. He said there was no doubt in his mind that Ryan was one of the two men involved in the Stonehouse slaying.

There was more. A month before Ryan was shot in May, a Bank of Nova Scotia

branch in Lachute, Que., had been held up by four men who escaped with \$3,567. In August, Thomas Finnessey was arrested in Ottawa and confessed that among his companions in the robbery was Ryan and Edward McMullen, the safecracker wounded in the 1923 Ryan escape from Kingston.

There was a third Ontario crime in which Ryan definitely took part, an attempt to break open a safe at Ailsa Craig, Ontario, on December 5, 1935. During his freedom other Ontario crimes were committed which remained unsolved, including a bank robbery and a dozen safe-breakings. In the stolen car used for the Sarnia liquor-store attempt there was an assortment of safecracking equipment. In a garage rented by Ryan in Toronto was found nitroglycerine, dynamite, fuses and explosive caps.

Two things remain to be told of the Ryan story—the catastrophes that followed his death and the probable reason for his endless crimes and his morality masquerade.

One victim of Ryan's faithlessness was Father Kingsley. "He couldn't get his mind off the whole thing and he wasted away to nothing," remembers his nephew, John Kingsley. "He left the parish not long after the Sarnia affair and spent two years in a convalescent home, practically bed-ridden. He lost interest in everything until he died in 1941. Ryan might just as well have taken a gun and shot him."

A wider disaster was Ryan's legacy to his fellow law-breakers and to Canada. On the night of his release he said one fact would keep him honest. "After all the publicity my case has received," he said, "if I were ever to go back to a life of crime it would be the biggest blow that the ticket-of-leave system could receive."

Perhaps Ryan wasn't exaggerating. During 1935-36, the year in which Ryan was released, there were four hundred and thirty-one prisoners freed on ticket of leave from federal institutions. The previous year there had been five hundred and fifty-four. But fourteen years



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after his release the Canadian average per year was about two hundred and seventy-five, while almost all other Western nations were making increased use of parole and proving its effectiveness.

It is, of course, erroneous to attribute solely to Ryan this state of affairs, but his case did play a significant part. J. Alex Edmison, a writer on penal reform and a member of the four-man Fauteux committee on remissions which reported to parliament on parole reform in July, 1956, feels that "no other single factor has influenced public opinion more against parole than the Ryan matter." D. W. F. Coughlan, director of Ontario's probation service, says, "The case of Norman Ryan put back the progress of parole in Canada by fifteen years. That one spectacular case did more against the system than the proven record of thousands of men has done for it."

There is finally the question of explaining Norman Ryan. Why did he never learn? Why did he return to violence when he was free, prospering in a good life? And as was so often asked, how could such a personable, intelligent and apparently sincere man mislead so many? In answer to these questions, a very reasonable assumption may be made.

Dr. B. T. McGhie, then deputy minister of health for Ontario, said after Ryan was killed, "I suppose he would fit into

the group we call psychopathic personalities." This probability is also accepted by Dr. Julian Blackburn, head of the department of psychology at Queen's University.

Psychopaths, according to *Abnormal Psychology and Modern Life*, an authoritative textbook, do not exhibit symptoms usually associated with mental illness by most laymen. In general, such individuals show a marked lack of ethics and an inability to follow socially acceptable codes of behavior, perhaps as a result of brain damage or abnormal early environment. A number of passages in the textbook have a clearly familiar ring for anyone who knows the record of Norman John Ryan.

Psychopaths are "typically average or above average in intelligence, are usually persuasive conversationalists, spontaneous, genial and extremely likeable. Upon brief acquaintance they usually make an excellent impression. However, closer acquaintance reveals a deficiency in moral and ethical values." The psychopath, "despite the pleading of his family, exhortations from the clergy and punishment by the law, seems quite unable to profit from his mistakes in a socially acceptable manner. He frequently shows superficial regret for his misdeeds and may even promise in a very convincing manner to reform..." ★



London Letter continued from page 12

"One look at her mother and the age of chivalry was dead," John Osborne wrote. Baxter yielded

it to amuse himself, not the audience. I wished that I could say that he succeeded in boring me but that would be a lie. Admittedly, the talk of newspapers was music, even if discordant music, to my ears. Nearly all my adult life I have lived and worked to the roaring serenade of the printing press. Words, words, words — what fascinating, dangerous things they are! Hitler rose from a doss house in Vienna to the dictatorship of Germany on a roaring cascade of words, but when he put Europe to the sword he was hammered to defeat and death by the words of Winston Churchill.

Well what happened in this play *Look Back in Anger*? Nothing—nothing at all. But there was a magnificent moment near the end when the author caused himself to recount how he once got himself engaged to the daughter of a county family: "She asked me to meet the family. I took one look at her mother and the age of chivalry was dead."

Reluctantly I surrendered. This was the very essence of drama. This was a style of dialogue that thrust itself like a dart into one's brain. No matter how puerile the plot and how decadent the theme I found my mind dancing with delight. It was destructive with the very irony of uselessness. It was a superb drama without a plot. Somewhere, as with all born dramatists, Osborne had touched the emotions in the very moment of mocking them. We went home with a feeling akin to ecstasy because of the sheer bravado of the author's genius.

Actually, John Osborne had just returned from a visit to Russia, so next day I sent him a telegram asking him to lunch at my house. There was no reply,

which was not wholly unexpected, but at one o'clock he turned up and we drank a glass of sherry in the garden.

He seemed taller and leaner than on the stage and his manner was gentle and respectful. Heaven alone knows what thoughts were going on inside his head, but he could not have been more modest or unassuming.

"Will you tell me about Russia?" I asked. "Or are you tired of talking about it?"

"Oh no!" he answered. "I want to talk about it. I'd never been there before. In fact, I've never been anywhere very much."

Where was the anger of this young man? Would he at some stage of the conversation tell me just what he thought of a Tory MP like myself? Nothing would have surprised me except what actually did happen. Without ranting or indulging in irony he described Russia as a dull, colorless, lifeless place where the women were as drab as their clothes and the men were not much better. The only exception was his delight at seeing the crown jewels of the late Czars in the palace at Leningrad.

"The Russians were very nice to me," he said rather apologetically. "They did everything they could to make my visit pleasant, but the women, poor things, are so drab and everything so dull."

Then we fell to discussing the forthcoming premiere of his play on Broadway. "It won't go down with the Americans," he said. "It will be an awful flop."

In an attempt to cheer him up I argued that there is nothing the theatre public in New York enjoys more than a play based upon utter hopelessness. It

reminds the tycoons of their early days and makes them feel good when they see how far their lot has been improved. But he shook his head. "It will be a flop," he repeated.

Then I had a bright idea. "Mr. Osborne, I will buy a one-third interest in the American rights of your play. So you will be sure of having enough to get to New York and back."

"Oh no," he said, "I couldn't do that." That was all I could get from the mild soft-spoken suburbanite, and thus the luncheon came to an end. A milk-fed kitten could not have been more gentle than this leader of the fiery new movement that was giving nightmares to nice old ladies all over Britain.

"Oh, by the way," he said as we opened the garden gate to the street, "my wife, Mary Ure, is going to play the lead in my play on Broadway." It seemed like an aside that had just occurred to him.

The whole incident faded from our minds but soon we were to be reminded of Angry Young Men by the vicious and childish outbursts of Lord Altrincham and his pipsqueak imitator, the Marquis of Londonderry. This was too much for John Osborne's vanity. In bearing he is modesty itself but as the uncrowned king of Angry Youth he obviously felt that his followers would expect some utterance on the subject. So, selecting a magazine called *Encounter*, Osborne decided to air his views on royalty.

"Nobody can seriously pretend that the royal round of gracious boredom, the protocol of ancient fatuity, is politically useful or mildly stimulating," he wrote. "My objection to the royal symbol is that it is dead. It is a gold filling in a mouth full of decay."

Thus did he out-pip the peers who had started the game. But there was a man who decided to play Banquo to Osborne's Macbeth. The man in question was no less than the headmaster of the public school where Osborne went as a boarder, the name of the school being Belmont College.

The headmaster took to his bed when he read his ex-pupil's tirade, and announced publicly that Osborne, when one of his pupils, got three young boys under his influence and started a reign of terror throughout the school. When Osborne was between fourteen and fifteen years old he was found with a bottle of cider and refused to give it up. The headmaster struggled with him but was unsuccessful. Next day the headmaster spoke to Osborne in front of the whole school and Osborne gave him an insolent reply. The headmaster thereupon slapped Osborne's face, and in return Osborne did the same to the headmaster. The future playwright was immediately expelled, which may

have been the beginning of his anger.

It must be put on record that when the story was published following his attack on the monarchy, he admitted the incident but not all the details.

There is no moral to my tale unless it be that genius, like the mule, has no pride of ancestry or hope of progeny. Obviously, John Osborne has never known real poverty nor have the gates of opportunity been barred to him. His pen has not been directed against those who have succeeded in life, but rather to ex-

plain and dramatize the ineffectual. He does not ask us to give them sympathy nor does he see any special virtue in the fact that the young man in his play cannot get more than one or two notes from his cornet.

Yet such is Osborne's genius that he can make us feel a touch of pathos and dusty beauty in the very fact that the young man does blow into the instrument and produces sound of a kind.

Somehow, perhaps reluctantly, playwright Osborne touches the emotions though we do not know why. In short,

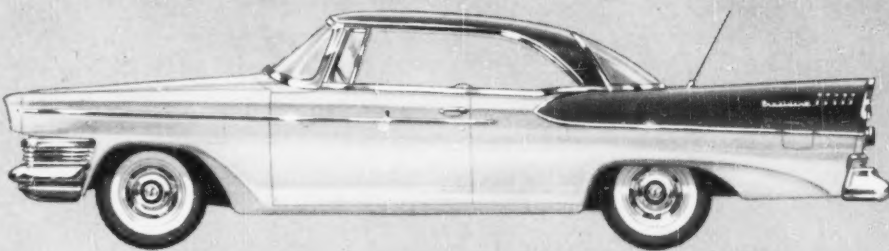
he has genius although he does his damndest to conceal the fact.

No wonder the New York critics acclaimed him. No wonder he can fill a London theatre at his choosing. The confounded fellow can write and even his discordance creates a harsh beauty. At any rate I thought you might like to know about the Angry Young Man who came to my garden in St. John's Wood and was as mild and gentle as a milk-fed lion.

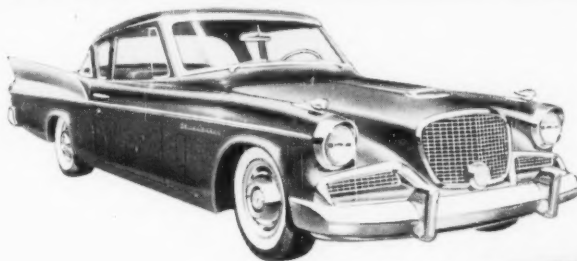
I wish that I could look back in anger at him but it is just not possible. ★



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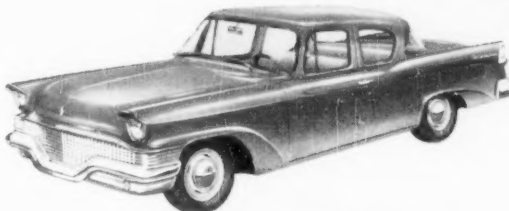


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The Queen's visit continued from page 17

The pipes skirled and the Queen appeared. One guest, normally a skeptic, stopped breathing

reception. The grass floor had been covered with soft green rugs, wall to wall, the supporting poles were rigged with flowers, and fragile satin sofas furnished it. There was easy conversation in this extraordinary billowy-ceilinged drawing room

until a pipe major appeared at the top of the steps leading from the embassy building. He was followed, with stately slowness, by two pipers playing *Over the Sea to Skye*. For a heavy moment the archway behind them was empty, and then

the Queen arrived, glossy with satin and glittering white fire from her diamonds, on the arm of President Eisenhower. They stood motionless, brave and splendid images. One guest, a man normally given to skepticism, realized he had stop-

ped breathing. The Queen and President released the drama by moving, becoming people again.

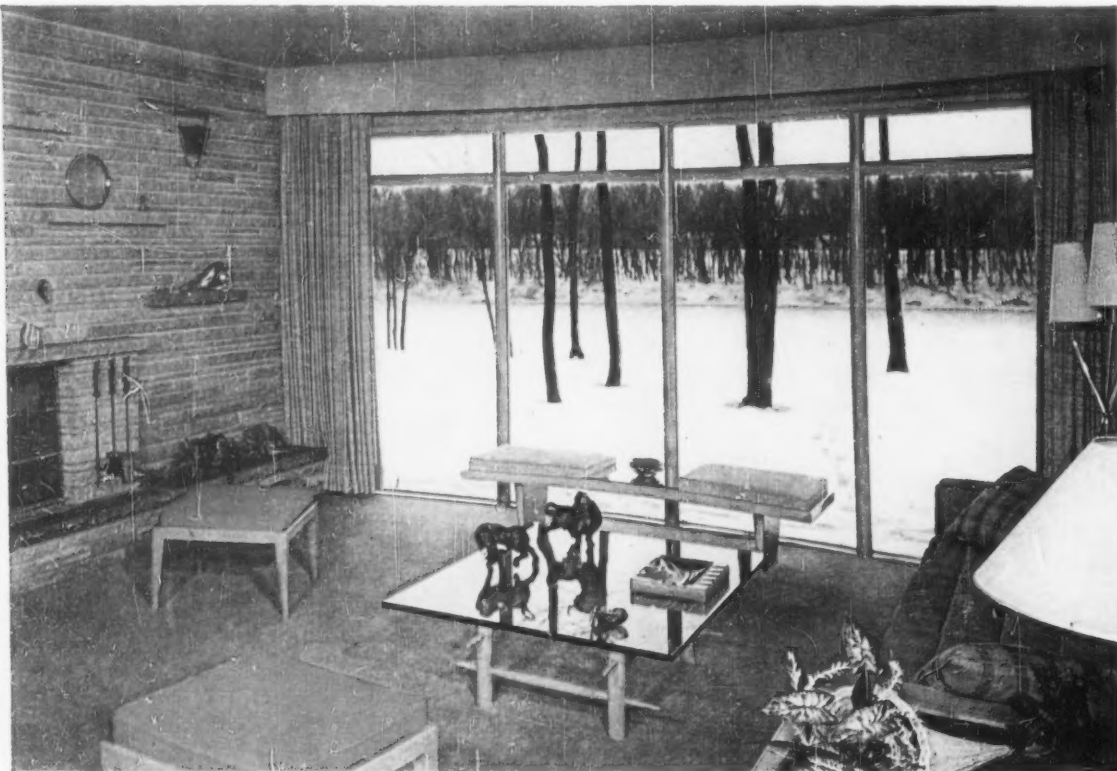
Elizabeth had this same effect on the two hundred thousand people who watched her exit from the House of Commons in Ottawa, after reading the Speech from the Throne. She was driven away, dazzling in the pure warm sunlight, in an open carriage with footmen at her back. Before and behind her rode red-coated Mounties, pennants fluttering from their lances, on coal-black horses. She was wearing her jeweled coronation gown and a crown of diamonds; her husband, in an army uniform, sat tall beside her. The procession gave the effect of being both real and unreal, straight out of a big-budget production of *Cinderella* and straight out of the spine that helps keep Englishmen proud.

The Queen turned hearts over again at Arlington Cemetery outside Washington, where she placed a wreath on the tomb of the soldier "known only to God" and another wreath at the foot of the Canadian Cross, which honors Americans who died with the Canadian forces in 1914 to 1918. The day was dull and drizzling, with a brooding quality that suited the occasion. The bugler sounded a silvery *Taps* when the first wreath was laid and *Last Post* and *Reveille* for the second. Elizabeth's small face was grave and there was genuine mourning in her movements. She gave an unexpected sense of new grief to what usually is an unremarkable event on a dignitary's agenda as laying a cornerstone.

Reporters and photographers who covered the entire tour, considered by all the most punishing assignment journalism has to offer, could not avoid comparing the Canadian reception, which was only lukewarm, with the United States reception, which was a blazing triumph. In Ottawa excursion trains from Montreal and Toronto arrived unfilled and the crowds that lined the route of her arrival were patchy. In Washington an estimated million people stood in the rain to watch her drive past on the day she arrived; three days later, when she and Philip drove fifty-five miles into Virginia to visit a private estate where they could look at horses, there were people waiting to see them almost every foot of the way. The couple returned to Washington that evening by air, and drew a bigger crowd at the airport than on their first ceremonious arrival.

There were other ungainly contrasts, possibly more meaningful than crowd counts, which might be a direct reflection of the disparity in population. In the United States, Elizabeth and Philip were given so many gifts that their transportation became a serious problem. President Eisenhower, in spite of the pressure of the rounds of golf and Sputnik, had found time to paint them a portrait of their son and also presented them with historical documents valued at half a million dollars. They were given silver spurs and riding crops by Virginians, a fine porcelain statue of Philip playing polo, a mutation mink coat valued at fifteen thousand dollars, toys for their children, silver replicas of a communion service used in 1661, a gold-plated model of the Empire State Building with a ruby on its tower, and an assortment of valuable volumes and paintings.

Canada's principal gift was a minor



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painting. In addition the days preceding their arrival in Canada were marked by inhospitable bickerings about the cost of the visit, particularly the half a million dollars spent by the CBC. Workmen nailing up the four thousand yards of used hunting provided Ottawa by the federal government spiced their task with profanity.

A Canadian Institute of Public Opinion poll conducted in August had found only four out of every ten Canadians pleased with the news that Elizabeth would open parliament.

"Do you Canadians like this dame or don't you?" asked a New York newspaperwoman, who had just returned from watching the Queen perform a ritual tree-planting at Government House. The public though unpublicized ceremony, the reporter announced, was attended by five Mounties, ten reporters, fifty cameramen, eight gardeners, four children and a dog.

It is possible that no event in Canada's history has received coverage as extensive as that given the visit of Elizabeth and Philip. More than a thousand reporters, photographers and technicians were accredited in Ottawa (about three hundred and fifty of these from the CBC); thirteen hundred were accredited in Washington and a thousand in New York. It was estimated that sixty million people in the United States—one in every three Americans—either saw the Queen on television or heard her on the radio; twelve million Canadians—or three in every four—either saw or heard her. It was the first time Canadians had been linked coast to coast by television. (Vancouver's Grey Cup game and the British Empire Games didn't reach the Maritimes.) Vancouver picked up live telecasts from Seattle, Washington, and the Maritimes from Portland, Maine—a service provided free by U.S. networks.

Famous faces, famous by-lines

"Ottawa isn't equipped to handle a journalist project of this scope," announced Andrew Ross, of the Department of External Affairs, at a press briefing held before the Queen's arrival in Ottawa. He used a microphone to address reporters in a ballroom of the Chateau Laurier Hotel, which had been converted to a newsroom. Behind a hundred politely silenced typewriters were some famous faces and by-lines. Dorothy Kilgallen, panelist on TV's *What's My Line?*, was writing for the New York Journal-American; Bob Considine, former sportswriter and author of *Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo*, was writing a syndicated column for International News Service; Jinx Falkenburg, television and radio commentator, represented NBC; two of Canada's best-known war correspondents, Ross Munro and Bill Boss, were present; prize-winning reporters Ken MacTaggart and Allan Kent, both of the *Toronto Telegram*, were veterans of previous royal tours. The most experienced royal tour writer in the room was Australia's Anne Matheson, who observed during a television interview in Washington later that she has been on more royal tours than Prince Philip: she was in Africa with Elizabeth when the Queen, then an unmarried princess, celebrated her twenty-first birthday and has been along on every trip since. Almost unnoticed was the former mayor of Ottawa, Charlotte Whitton, attending the Queen's visit from behind a press badge instead of a chain of office. She writes a column for the *Ottawa Citizen*.

"No one ever conceived," continued Andrew Ross at the initial press briefing, "of an event that would be covered by a thousand people when the Senate Chamber was built." He then outlined a system

of preferential treatment and pooling that was to keep every succeeding press briefing in an uproar. At events that could be covered by only a few people, wire services would get first priority, in order of nationality. Canada was first, then Commonwealth outside Canada and then United States. Daily newspapers would come next, with a draw from a hat to determine which individual would attend, with the understanding that the winner would later "pool"—that is, share—his information with the losers. Magazines were last.

Just outside the newsroom the CBC was rehearsing its televised coverage of the Queen's arrival. Monitor screens showed shoppers idling along the sidewalks, people boarding streetcars, empty front lawns. The commentators' voices provided a curious contrast. "The excitement is gathering," one was exclaiming, as the camera picked up a woman carrying groceries. "It doesn't seem possible but the crowds are getting bigger . . . You can almost feel through this stone wall the sense of excitement." Cameras showed placid traffic but the voice hustled

along. "Youngsters are sitting on their fathers' shoulders and in some cases on their mothers' . . ." A CBC producer admitted that most of the spontaneous-sounding commentary was carefully scripted in advance.

A stocky old man sat on the curb outside the Chateau Laurier and with a brush and pail of water, patiently scrubbed the fire hydrant clean.

Ross was concluding his press briefing inside. "About protocol now," he announced. "It isn't a rigid rule any longer to avoid initiating conversation with the



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Queen. Call her 'Your Majesty' first and after that 'Ma'am.' With Philip, it is 'Royal Highness' and then 'Sir.' Her Majesty has no objection to women wearing black when presented to her but she does prefer the wearing of gloves when she is meeting a great many people. I think that's understandable."

A handout, printed by a new photographic process that enabled the newsroom staff to have a thousand copies ready in five minutes, announced that the Queen would be wearing an afternoon dress in shades of red, topped by a velvet

coat. A fashion writer waved her hands in furious circles. "I could scream!" she wailed. "That woman has no imagination. I'll bet she's wearing black open-toed shoes as well, suede."

The Queen's daytime clothes, it was to develop later would, indeed, rarely be of any distinctive style that would not have been suitable twenty years ago and will not be suitable twenty years from now. As with her public personality, Her Majesty plays it safe and freezes. It was to strike some observers that Elizabeth seldom has a sense of her own attractive-

ness, such as her sister enjoys. She prefers to wear inconsequential clothes that require less confidence.

The CBC was still rehearsing. The screen showed a bus, flying a small Union Jack. One woman climbed out and stood irresolutely. "The giant murmur is growing," the practicing commentator was saying, "but even through the sound this crowd is making..."

The Queen was scheduled to step off the British Overseas Airways Corporation DC-7C at four-thirty. This would give the Toronto Star, which had sent

forty-two men to Ottawa, and the Toronto Telegram, which sent sixteen, only time for a last-edition bulletin.

The fifteen-minute ceremony of welcome at the RCAF Station Uplands, outside Ottawa, had been planned with the precision of a military campaign. Officers lectured their staffs weeks ahead with pointers and diagrams and delegated authority with clipped commands. An actual four-engine plane was towed into position for rehearsals and RCAF officers pinned labels to their jackets reading "The Queen" and "Mrs. Diefenbaker" and gracefully shook hands with one another. Four men spent a full day practicing to unroll a red carpet from an immaculate white spool.

The effort may have been justified; the arrival of the Queen at Ottawa was faultless. She was to emerge from planes three times more and from a train once during the tour, but the Canadian arrival was the smoothest. A twenty-one-gun salute boomed in the distance, the band played God Save the Queen and the color guard moved with stately slowness, as through syrup. The Queen was solemn as she was welcomed by the Diefenbakers. Philip was debonair. The former prime minister, Louis St. Laurent, watched from a third-row seat in the grandstand, his face non-committal. Fashion writers were making notes. The Queen was wearing black open-toed shoes, suede.

A brisk discussion began on the press bus that joined the end of the Queen's motorcade to Government House. "What do we say for the crowd at the airport?" someone asked.

"Thirty thousand," a woman answered.

"More like ten, I thought," grumbled another voice.

"But thirty thousand was expected!" said the woman.

"Okay, okay. Is it agreed with everyone? Thirty thousand?"

"Who are you with?"

Five hundred and thirteen of the accredited press attended the Queen's first formal duty, a reception at Government House. She and Philip stood in a white-walled room, with a red carpet, and shook hands with everyone in less than an hour. They asked every third or so person a question, usually, "Where are you from?" Harold Barkley, of the Toronto Star, was one of the last of his paper's delegation to pass through the line. Philip asked his affiliation, Barkley replied, "The Toronto Star," and Philip grinned. "How terrifying," he said.

Three New York reporters passed through the line together. Bob Considine was stopped by Philip, leaving the New York Mirror's Bill Slocum in front of the Queen for an interval that embarrassed them both. "And who are you with?" asked the Queen graciously. Pointing to Considine and Scripps-Howard's Andrew Tully, Slocum replied, "I'm with them."

When everyone had been presented, Elizabeth and Philip walked alone into the room where the guests were having cocktails. Spying a newspaperwoman he hadn't seen since the 1951 royal tour, Philip put an arm around her, kissed her on the cheek and asked considerably about her grandchildren. Elizabeth was so solidly ringed with the surging curious that on one occasion, as she stepped backward, she bumped into one. It was, of course, a Toronto Star man, George Bryant.

Upstairs in some of the sixty rooms of Government House, official residence of Canada's governors-general, servants were unpacking the two tons of luggage brought by the royal party. The Queen's ball gowns were the bulkiest item, pack-

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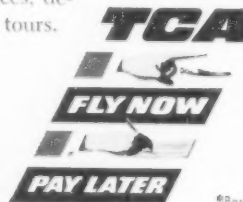
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ed in crate-like boxes labeled simply "THE QUEEN" and shipped bolt upright.

The next morning, Sunday, the Queen and Philip laid a wreath at Ottawa's cenotaph and attended church at Christ Church Cathedral. Only one U.S. daily newspaper reporter could attend, because of lack of space, so the Boston Globe's distinguished Frances Burns was selected. She returned to the newsroom afterward to pool her notes.

Speaking above the surrounding clatter of typewriters, the grey-haired Mrs. Burns reported, "I told the man that the American press was holding its breath, wanting to know if Philip and the Queen made a contribution when the plate was passed, and he replied that they did, but that he wouldn't reveal how much it was."

Mrs. Burns surveyed the circle of heads bent over notebooks. "I think he was quite right too," she added emphatically.

"Don't editorialize, Frances," said Considine. "Get on with it." Mrs. Burns chuckled, and continued.

Their first afternoon in Canada was kept free of formal engagements, partly because it was well known that the Queen was very nervous about her first live television broadcast, which was to be delivered that night. The royal couple, it was announced, would picnic, or enjoy a drive in the Gatineau hills or a walk. Reporters sensed a rare opportunity for an exclusive.

The Toronto Star posted radio-equipped cars around the gates of Government House and the Telegram, getting a tip on the probable picnic site, dispatched a photographer and a reporter, Dorothy Howarth, one of the country's outstanding newspaperwomen.

Another photographer sneaked into the Government House grounds and hid himself in some bushes. His three-hour vigil was rewarded. Elizabeth and Philip decided to walk in the gardens, where she took color films to show their children. They came upon a totem pole near the photographer and, seized with a sudden exuberance, skipped around it hand in hand. The delighted photographer, later discovered and ejected by the Mounties, sold his pictures to Paris Match, a French magazine noted for the enterprise of its photographers. (One Paris Match photographer, barred from leaving a ship with exclusive pictures of Grace Kelly on her way to her wedding, wrapped his negatives in plastic, put his passport in his teeth, jumped overboard and swam across the harbor to shore.)

Elizabeth was dreading the television show but it seemed vital, in view of the storm over her formal filmed television appearances in Britain. When she is afraid, she hides deeper within herself and presents an inflexible exterior. Her demeanor was calm when a CBC producer, Michael Hind-Smith, arrived at Government House late that afternoon. He was not fooled and launched a conversation about trivia. "The biggest problem," he commented later, "was to get her relaxed."

Their chatter led around to some problems. Hind-Smith pointed out that the backdrop the Queen had brought from England, one with a giant royal crest, was too "busy" and would be distracting. The Queen agreed and simple drapes replaced it. There had been some notion that the Queen would speak from an armchair, but Hind-Smith thought she would feel more secure behind a desk. They were using a new kind of prompter, called Tellens, which reflects by mirror contrivances the words of a speech directly in front of the lens. The speaker then appears to be looking into the camera, rather than slightly above or below

as with other prompters. The Queen had practiced with one in Buckingham Palace before leaving England and was familiar with it.

They had a brief rehearsal, watched by Philip who urged his wife to try to smile. She nodded and looked, for a moment, quite miserable. The couple had tea with Hind-Smith. Philip remarked that during the morning's church service, he had been required to read the lesson. "It was from St. Matthew 13," Philip told Hind-Smith. "There's a line in it about 'wailing and gnashing of teeth.' I hope no

one noticed that I left it out. It has, ahem, a special meaning for me." The Queen giggled. Hind-Smith deduced that it had a special meaning for her too.

Elizabeth then sat down at the desk, kicked off her shoes and prepared to begin. Just before the television show was about to start, Hind-Smith, seated before a monitor in the control room, became aware that an expression of congealed terror had come into the Queen's eyes. He rapidly instructed his studio director, Dermot Beaumont-Nesbitt, "Tell the Queen to remember the wailing and

gnashing of teeth!" The studio director, mystified, did so. Elizabeth flashed a brilliant smile and visibly eased. A moment later, she was on.

Her speech, most observers felt, was charming. She seemed assured, she smiled shyly and had a few comments that connoisseurs of her addresses said were of rare thoughtfulness. Speaking of the next day's opening-of-parliament ceremonies, she said, "There are long periods when life seems a small dull round, a petty business with no point and then suddenly we are caught up in some great event."

SPORTS HAVE CHANGED SINCE THE WISER DAYS OF 1857



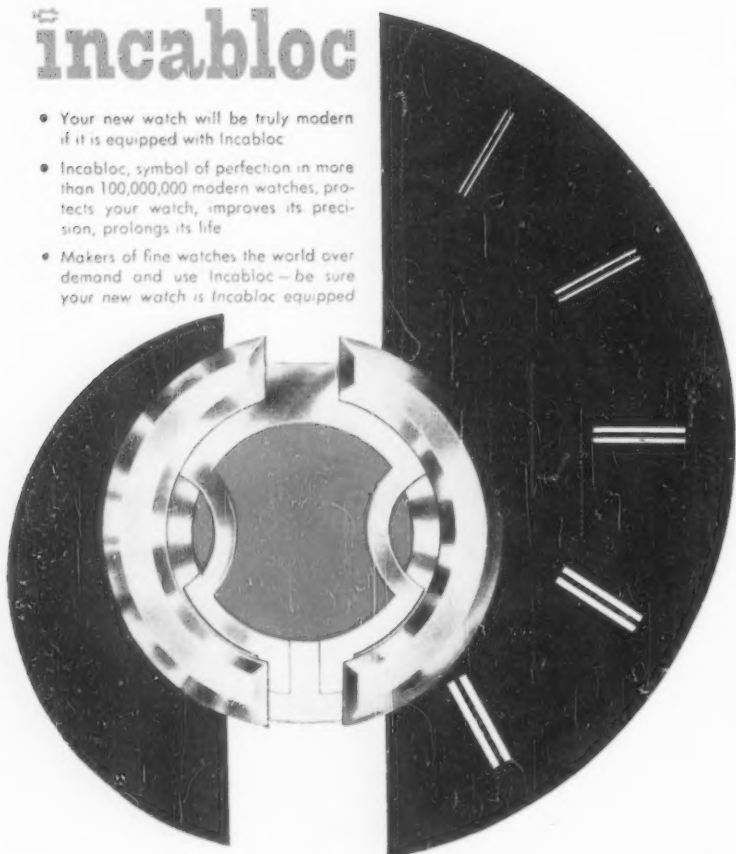
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Her French accent, when she switched to that language, was better than flawless—it was unstudied.

When the program was over, Her Majesty breathed a deep sigh of relief, grinned gaily at her husband and put her shoes back on. Philip poured a Scotch and soda for himself and Hind-Smith. "I think," he said, "that we both need this."

There was pandemonium in the newsroom when Andrew Ross, of the External Affairs Department, that day announced that there would be room for only sixty standees in the press gallery of the Senate the next day, sixteen invitations to the state reception the same evening and room for one state dinner peeper, who would be concealed behind a potted palm, and twelve reception peepers, who could stand in a pantry and look through curtains.

"Will the potted palm peeper pool?" someone asked, deadpan.

"Certainly," said Ross, equally seriously.

The Queen and Philip received the committee of the Privy Council and about a hundred diplomats the next morning, Monday. Talk centred on the full bag of ducks the Duke had shot at dawn, having arisen long before the official day began to do so. After lunch they drove to the House of Commons, where the Queen read the Speech from the Throne in a bath of spotlights that

brought the temperature of the room to ninety-three and measured five hundred on photographers' light meters, an amount of light comparable to that used in a television studio. The strong lights, needed for a National Film Board documentary of the visit, blew all the fuses in the House of Commons just five minutes before Her Majesty arrived. For four minutes and five seconds there was total power failure. CBC technicians wept when power was restored, with fifty-five seconds to go.

The state dinner, attended by more than a hundred and served by thirty-five butlers and footmen, featured turtle soup and duckling. It was the first time the Queen ate turtle soup and duckling during the tour, but not the last. She also left North America with the imprint of ham firmly on her palate; in two days in the United States she was served ham four times.

The state dinner peeper, Shirley Gillespie of the Ottawa Journal, discovered at the last minute there was no need for the formal dress her mother had pressed. She was advised that she would be climbing a twenty-foot ladder and peeking at the dinner through curtains. She wore slacks instead. The pantry peepers distinguished themselves by succeeding in smuggling voluble Andrew Tully, of Scripps-Howard, into Government House. Tully was unimpressed, pointing out that he once was successfully smuggled into

CANADIANECDOTE



A different type-face—267 in all—printed every character on this bill.

The weirdest bank notes ever issued

In 1818 when the legislature of Lower Canada granted a charter to the first bank in the country, the Quebec Bank, it stipulated that costly engraved notes were not to be issued. This left the bank directors with a problem—there were only two other possibilities for issuing notes. They could be hand written or printed from type. Both methods looked very risky.

The directors called in the government printer. They asked him if it was possible to print a bank note, from type, that would be reasonably free from unlawful duplication. The printer asked for three days. On the third he appeared with the most curious bank

note known to students of finance.

He had, at that time, probably the largest collection of type in North America. From each of two hundred and sixty seven fonts, or varieties, of type he took one letter. There were no two letters from the same font of type. This so impressed the directors that they placed an order for a series of notes. For a few years all the notes of the Quebec Bank were printed in this manner. These notes are now very rare; as far as is known the only surviving specimens are in the archives of the Royal Bank, with which the Quebec Bank later merged. — PAUL MONTGOMERY

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

the Kremlin. The Toronto Star's Edwin Greeny drew a ticket to be a pantry peeper and wore a tuxedo to dignify the event.

It provided good copy for the losers. Considine wrote: "The pool peeper (at the dinner) showed up with a bloodshot eye and a distorted version of the fish course." Wrote Associated Press' ace Warren Rogers Jr.: "Even a pantry peeper can look at a Queen . . . If you ever meet somebody who is a charter member of the Paired Pantry Peepers Protective Pool, you'll know how it came about. The losers are still grumbling. I know. I'm one of them."

At the state reception Mrs. Davie Fulton, wife of the Minister of Justice, was making conversation with the Queen. It presented a problem that was to trouble close to a thousand people during the tour, since the subject matter had to be interesting without being either trite or controversial. Mrs. Fulton chose the sturdy middle ground of children and explained to Her Majesty that her three children had been disappointed when watching the Queen drive by because she hadn't worn a crown.

The Queen was sympathetic. "I know," she replied warmly. "It is very important for a queen to look like a queen. After my coronation I saw some children who are relatives of mine, they've known me all their lives. They were gazing at me as though I was a stranger and I couldn't understand it—until I suddenly realized I was wearing a crown."

The next day, Tuesday, was busy. The royal couple paid a courtesy call to Hull City Hall, set off an explosion in loose clean earth that inaugurated a thirty-one-million-dollar highway, to be known as the Queensway, which will be a link in the Trans-Canada Highway, planted a tree, shook hands with 1,342 people at a government reception and dined quietly with the Diefenbakers. In addition, Philip received Canadian members of a study conference he had called last year to examine industrial problems in the Commonwealth. Afterward he made a radio broadcast, describing the study conference.

The handshaking at the reception lasted a steady hour and twenty minutes. Aides cautioned the guests, who formed a line that snaked all through the Chateau lobby and moved imperceptibly. "Please don't shake hands too hard." The couple asked their usual quick questions ("What are these medals?", "Who are you with?"), this time of every fifth or sixth person. They paused longer when ten Indian chiefs in mufti came through the line. The Indians had explained to reporters that they would not wear feathers because headaddresses are considered formal dress and the royal invitations had stipulated informal attire.

Philip touched a button worn by Six Nations Chief Clifford Styres. "What's this?" he asked. "Twenty-five years with the post office," explained Styres proudly.

Elizabeth heard full-bodied cheering for the first time when she visited Lansdowne Park the next morning on her way to the airport. The stadium was packed with fifteen thousand school children, who screamed with almost hysterical joy when they saw her. She stayed fifteen minutes and left to board an airplane, the RCAF's handsome C-5, for her flight to Williamsburg, Virginia. She left Canada at eleven-thirty in the morning.

Three hours later her plane landed at Patrick Henry Airport, named for the rebel who wanted liberty from English rule or death. In the next eight hours, the Queen was to give four speeches and visit nine separate locations. Clearly stipulated on the agenda was one rest stop—ten minutes for her and five for Philip.

It was for everyone the most punishing day of the trip. The veteran reporter Considine said later that it was the toughest day of his newspaper life. The entire area of Williamsburg is a museum, restored by John D. Rockefeller at a cost of sixty-one million dollars to resemble a seventeenth-century village. The state of Virginia spent another twenty-five million, which covered, among other things, the building of an extension on a highway, so the area could celebrate in lavish style an eight month festival marking the three hundred and fiftieth an-

niversary of the first English settlement at Jamestown. It was to crown this festival that Elizabeth and Philip were first invited to North America. Buckingham Palace showed a dull interest at first but when Suez shredded Anglo-American trust, the trip was essential. Protocol demanded the inclusion of Washington as well, Canada clamored not to be ignored and the Queen had always wanted to see New York City. The tour was arranged to touch all bases.

That evening in Williamsburg, as exhausted reporters were digesting the

news that they would have to be up by five the next morning in order to catch the press plane to Washington, talk turned to Elizabeth's husband. He had been from the first an enigma, a man of sharp wit that often hurt, high intelligence and periods of gregarious charm. He gives some people a feeling that he keeps fury capped behind a handsome smile; he sometimes demonstrates arrogance, with no excuse save the insufficient one that he is clever.

Someone recounted an incident that happened at dusk that day, on the bal-



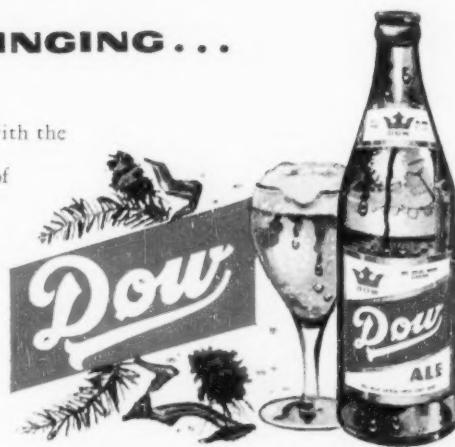
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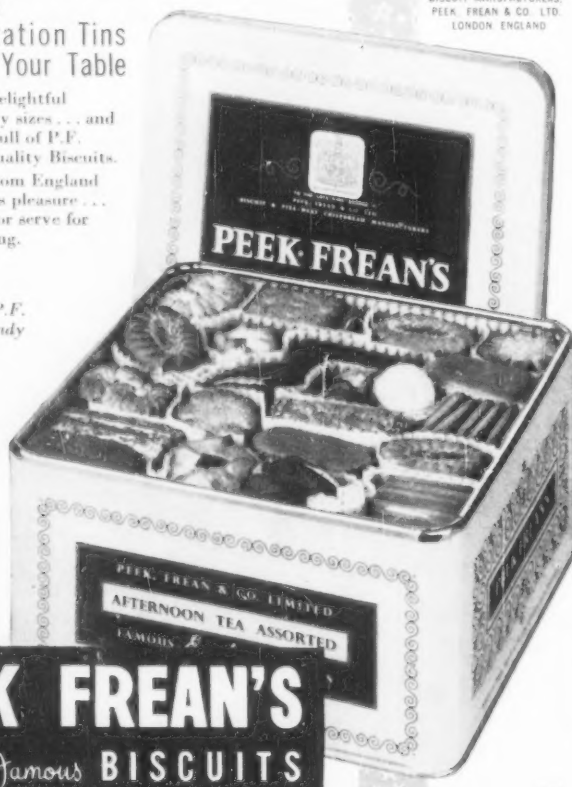
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The TV cameraman said he was covering the tour.
"I hope you have a good time," Philip cracked.

copy of the Christopher Wren building on the campus of William and Mary College. Against the soft pink brick of the oldest academic building in North America, Her Majesty was receiving some drawings from the college rector. She passed the gifts to an aide, picked up her speech and read some graceful sentences. Among them: "It might surprise some of them, but I can say quite sincerely that I am very proud that this college educated so many founders of this nation."

She then presented some gifts and Philip stepped forward. On behalf of the University of Edinburgh, of which he is chancellor, he had a small gift. In the fading twilight, he looked very tanned and dashing. "I know it isn't Christmas," he began genially, "but here are some more presents." He continued to speak nonchalantly, without notes. He drew a laugh when he referred to his role of chancellor as "a nebulous super-president." The contrast between his quick vocabulary and air of command and the diffidence of his pale and tired wife was strikingly drawn. Reporters turned from him to read her face. Elizabeth was registering animation more vividly than anyone had yet seen; she was obviously very proud.

Philip had been demonstrating some nagging habits that repetition couldn't fail to impress. He tended to lag behind the Queen, seemingly absorbed in small conversations, so that she had to wait. He did this before ten thousand people at the Ottawa cenotaph ceremony and again outside a tiny old church in Jamestown that day.

His scorn of reporters and photographers was steadily becoming more icy.

On the press reception line at Ottawa, Lucien Côté, supervisor of outside broadcasts for the French network of the CBC, was fumbling for something courteous to say to Philip. He asked politely, "How was the trip?"

Philip stared. "You've flown in an airplane?"

"Yes, certainly," replied Côté.

"Then you know how it is," said Philip, turning away.

To CBS cameramen, who told him they were covering the entire tour, he said, "I hope you have a good time."

On the plane taking Elizabeth and Philip from Williamsburg to Washington were freshly bought copies of Look and the Saturday Evening Post. In the former, Edward M. Korry quoted a "court intimate" as saying, "The Queen really knows only two things—horses and uniforms." In the other, Malcolm Muggeridge was writing, "The monarchy . . . provides a sort of substitute or ersatz religion." The Queen's face was calm when she descended from the plane and shook hands with Eisenhower.

Later in the welcoming ceremonies the press ignored the Queen, who was making her usual quick and dignified review of the honor guard. A rumor swept the press corps that Commander Richard Colville, the Queen's press secretary, was present and there was considerable anxiety to see him. Most press secretaries are familiar to reporters, but Colville had been more difficult to see than the Queen. He finally was identified, a slight man whose every line in his face turns disdainfully down.

Colville appeared at the press reception for the Queen in Washington. A reporter beckoned to him and he came. "Why is this the first time I've talked to

you?" asked the reporter. "I've talked to the Queen several times but you're inaccessible."

Colville wasn't ruffled. "If I came to a press briefing," he explained, in the tone of a man who considers himself sweetly reasonable, "I would have to leave the Queen. If I did that, I wouldn't know what she was doing. How can I tell you what she's doing if I don't stay with her?"

It was at the press reception in Washington, where she shook a thousand more hands, that the Queen inserted a sentence in her speech. Except for a one-word ad lib in Williamsburg, inserting "even" before a mention of George III, which caused a chuckle, she never deviated from her typewritten texts. "I am told that . . . this is one of the largest press corps in the world," she read. She lifted her head. "As I look around I don't find that hard to believe." The crowd laughed and the Queen flushed with delight.

A few days later, according to a man who was present, the Queen chided one of her speech writers gently about "the platitudes you have me say" and gleefully reminded him that her ad lib had drawn the biggest laugh she had ever known.

Even the toasts made news

In Washington, as Elizabeth and Philip spent their days at art galleries, Marine barracks, children's hospitals, cornerstone laying, investitures, scientific conferences and receptions, shaking hands with more than four thousand people, history was made at night. For the first time in the recollection of a veteran Washington reporter, Eisenhower made news during a toast. Proposing a toast to Elizabeth, he commented that England and United States should pool scientific resources within NATO. His Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, in proposing a toast the following night, also stressed co-operation. Press working hours grew longer; no one dared quit until the toasts were in.

"I expect," mourned one sleepy reporter, "one night someone will say, 'Let's drink to the Queen! And by the way, we're at war.'"

Elizabeth was making news with the fashion writers by wearing sheath evening dresses at night as she had in Paris. Inez Robb, of Scripps-Howard, saw one and wrote, "At the risk of royal displeasure, I can only say that if any other woman had appeared in it, I would have expected her to sing St. Louis Blues."

Sunday afternoon in Washington, as the previous Sunday in Ottawa, was set aside for comparative privacy, Elizabeth and Philip, sixteen policemen on motorcycles, three state police cars and a press bus drove into the Virginia hunt country to visit a private estate owned by multimillionaire Paul Mellon.

Reporters and photographers were barred from the estate. One photographer, for Jour de France, which is Paris Match's competitor magazine, concealed his telescopic-lensed camera under his coat, walked idly away from the group, ran down a country road for half a mile, bluffed his way through a state police blockade, commandeered a passing citizen's car and drove another two miles. He arrived at a point where Her Majesty could be viewed, from a distance of over half a mile. Already in position and photographing were two men from Paris

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On the press train that followed the
oyal train out of Washington's Union
station on the way to New York, re-
porters, inevitably, talked shop. The
Queen's visit to a supermarket, it was
agreed, was the best story of the trip.
Cynthia Lowry, of the Associated
Press, one of the three reporters who
were present, began to chuckle as she
described it. "You should have seen the
faces!" she recalled, entranced. "Here
was this little woman in front of the
light-bulb counter, trying to make up
her mind whether she'd buy one hundred-
watt bulb or two sixties. She looks up
and there's the Queen of England!"

New York rained two hundred tons of
confetti and streamers on Elizabeth and
Philip. Only General Douglas MacAr-
thur, in recent years, has received more.
Placards in shop windows read "WEL-
COME LIZ AND PHIL!" The couple
saw some of New York's most impres-
sive sights. Crossing from Staten Island
in a ferryboat, they saw the skyline rise
up rootless out of a mist, saw the green
and grave Statue of Liberty with the toy
ship Mayflower II bobbing at her feet,
drove up Fifth Avenue in bubble-topped
limousines immediately preceding a car
hired by Dorothy Kilgallen, who also
waved to the crowds, strolled through the
airy United Nations building and felt
wonder at the top of the Empire State
building.

They ate lunch with fifteen hundred
and dinner with four thousand. Since the
Waldorf-Astoria couldn't accommodate
all the dinner guests in one room, a
closed-circuit television setup was ar-
ranged so that those in smaller dining
rooms could watch the head table and
hear the speeches. The Queen, natural-
ly, knew of this arrangement but she
obviously did not understand either (a)
that the camera would be on her while
she was eating, or (b) that a zoom lens
on a camera can fill the screen with the
face of a person four hundred yards
away. The result was an odd and inter-
esting insight to Elizabeth's personality.

Reporters who had been watching the
Queen incessantly for almost ten days
saw a stranger. She laughed gaily, but
was so taut that she thrummed her fin-
gers on the table frantically while she
laughed. She talked with her mouth full.
She fussed with her tiara, patted her too-
tight curls, adjusted the shoulder straps
of her gown more than ten times. She
scratched her face and grabbed back an
almost-empty wine glass that a waiter be-
gan to take away.

"Consider," observed one reporter sym-
pathetically, "what fantastic control that
woman can impose on herself. This is
the first time I have ever seen her move
like this."

Just as he spoke, Elizabeth gave a
demonstration of how the control works.
A man appeared behind her chair to
adjust a microphone, just as she was
giggling and putting on her long gloves.
Instantly something dropped over her
face and it became expressionless, her
back went stiff and her hands stilled.

After the dinner there was one more
stop. A ball had been arranged by a
group of Commonwealth societies in the
vast Seventh Avenue armory. Reporters
who arrived early felt an air of pathetic
decay and fading gentility in the room.

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Expatriates from Britain, wearing finery
that in some cases was shabby, seemed to
be yearning for some lost stature that
the presence of their young healthy mon-
arch might lend. They sat patiently in
tiers of chairs and watched the door. Pos-
sibly Elizabeth, when she arrived, felt
their need. She lingered an hour longer
than her schedule had allowed.

Driving to the airport well after one
in the morning, she and Philip saw the
lacey lights of New York recede, heavy
bridges etched in spangles in the dark-
ness, streaks of reflected light to show

that a river was beside them. As their
car and escorting motorcycles passed be-
neath bridges, lonely policemen looked
down. A guard had been mounted for
hours, to ensure that no one drop any-
ing in the path of the royal visitors.
Women in dressing gowns, with topcoats
thrown over their shoulders, left apart-
ment houses to watch the Queen pass
and people walking dogs stopped and
stared.

Wearing a multi-colored ball gown, a
dazzling tiara and an ermine coat, Eliza-
beth climbed the steps to the airplane.

The band, chilled through by the east
wind blowing across the runways, bravely
played Auld Lang Syne. Elizabeth waved
and disappeared into the plane. At ten
minutes to two she was airborne and
headed for England.

Canadians waited until she was home
before they demanded the cost of enter-
taining her. Best guess: six hundred
thousand dollars for the three and a half
days. But Elizabeth must have had a
deep sense of satisfaction: throughout a
touchy nine and a half days she had not
made a mistake. ★



Love is a lot of little things

As the days go by, you discover that the love between you and your
baby has its roots in many things . . . things as big as baby's first smile
. . . things as little as the memory of a happy time together.

We at Heinz know this so well, for we are in the business of making
happy times. And we consider the business of making baby's foods our
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Silly, splendid world of Stephen Bosustow

Continued from page 18

The movie houses once scorned cartoons. But now Mister Magoo's fans include Princess Margaret

animated spoof commercials in 1948 and remains, despite multiplying competitors, the pace-setter in the field. Even the rivals peddle their product as "UPA-style." Bosustow insists that UPA has no single style and, strictly speaking, this is true, since each staff artist is allowed to bend his animated wires in his own way. Still, fans insist it's UPA-style when the wires are barbed.

UPA has produced, among hosts of other spots, a famous commercial for Jell-O Instant Puddings, featuring a chant ("Busy day, busy day...") that became almost as epidemic, for a while, as The Ballad of Davy Crockett.

UPA has several other man-bites-dog feats to its credit, including at least one case of top billing for a seven-minute theatre short. Theatre shorts had long been Hollywood's stepchildren, scorned by movie-house operators as mere fillers in the regular program. UPA changed all that with a crop of prestige theatre cartoons, such as Gerald McBoing-Boing, the Nearsighted Mr. Magoo series, Christopher Crumpet, Madeline, and Willie the Kid. So two years ago the manager of a theatre in Bethesda, Maryland, used the upper two thirds of his newspaper ad to beat the drums for UPA's newest, Rooty Toot Toot, a re-interpretation of the Ballad of Frankie and Johnny having to do with the methods a mouthpiece can use to beat the rap for a pretty client. The main feature was dismissed in a couple of lines at the bottom of the ad. Variety, in reporting the facts, headlined the story "MILLENNIUM."

Thirty thousand dates for Gerald

Another UPA triumph is the case history of Gerald McBoing-Boing, its most famous short. Gerald earned back ten times its original price tag at a time when rising production costs were already colliding with fixed theatre rentals to force many animation studios to the wall.

Even such major studios as Paramount have now closed down their animation departments, and others have sharply curtailed production. But Gerald played thirty thousand theatre dates (there are only twenty-three thousand theatres in the whole U.S.), showed simultaneously at three New York first-run movie houses and won UPA's first Academy Award.

UPA animated shorts have won three Oscars, all told, more than a hundred other awards and honors from all over the world, including Cannes and Edinburgh, and the applause of such jaded critics as Gilbert Seldes, who chirruped not long ago, "I, for one, hope UPA goes on forever." UPA has even won art prizes for its business letterhead.

The Cameo, a newsreel theatre in Charing Cross, London, regularly shows entire programs of UPA shorts, and it was to one of these that Princess Margaret, a couple of years ago, made the first private, unscheduled visit by a member of the royal family to a movie. Her sister, Queen Elizabeth II, has watched UPA cartoons at command performances. One of Bosustow's prized possessions is his citation from a U.S. class magazine

as "the man in the motion-picture industry who has done most to improve standards and enhance the medium's role as an ambassador for the U.S. to the rest of the world."

But UPA shorts have most confounded the animation industry and the public by doing all these things in a cartoon style as remote from Walt Disney's as a dry Martini is from cherry pop.

The Disney concept had dominated animated cartooning for so long that kiddies fidgeting through movie newsreels were saying, "When's the Mickey Mouse?" instead of "When's the cartoon?" For thirty years, under Disney's sway, animated cartoons featured anthropomorphized animals that cut their own cookie shapes through solid walls, fired each other out of cannon and fell to the sidewalk with sounds of ringing metal. By custom they had only four fingers and they all wore white cotton gloves. A few full-length cartoons had daintier stars, such as eyelashed fawns and fairy-tale princesses.

Disney has described his own plot requirements thus: "I'm just corny enough to like a story that hits me over the heart." He has publicly blamed the flop of his cartoon feature, Alice in Wonderland, on the proposition that the story had "intellectual appeal but no emotional appeal." As a result, the curiously unquestioned notion was abroad that cartoon characters should call up in the audience the same flush of helpless tenderness as puppies, say, or very small kittens—except for the villains, who were bullies with the resilience of rubber bands.

Bosustow, who was fired by Disney sixteen years ago, decided these plump pleasing fantasies were only a side road. "It's simple enough," he says now. "Animation ought to stand in relation to the motion picture as drawn art stands to the still photograph. It's a whole interpretive art form."

Hugging this heresy, Bosustow opened his own studio in 1945 and proceeded to assemble a staff of like-minded young men. They began animating every kind of story line from sibling rivalry (Family Circus) to safety first (The Jaywalker), and every art style in sight. In twelve years UPA has borrowed from such advanced painters as Picasso, Mondrian, Modigliani, Dali and Paul Klee; it has galvanized into action James Thurber's ectoplasmic mortals, the naïve figures squeezed from Ludwig Bemelmans' private toothpaste tube, Saul Steinberg's cogwheels and crooked wires, woodcuts after the style of Gustave Doré, crayon drawings that could have been done in any kindergarten and some drastic inventions of its own.

The latter include Gerald McBoing-Boing, done in collaboration with Theodor (Dr. Seuss) Geisel, an adman from La Jolla, Calif. Geisel is the creator of some pleasantly cockeyed children's books—including And To Think I Saw it on Mulberry Street and The 500 Hats of Bartholomew Cubbins—and a faintly mad series of advertisements with the constant cutline, "Quick, Henry, the Flit."

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Gerald McBoing-Boing, Geisel wrote the fable of a six-year-old who produced sound effects instead of speech. After a series of rejections because of his handicap, found fame, acceptance and his niche in a radio station. UPA bought Geisel's couplets seven years ago and made the cartoon that first staggered Disney on his pinnacle.

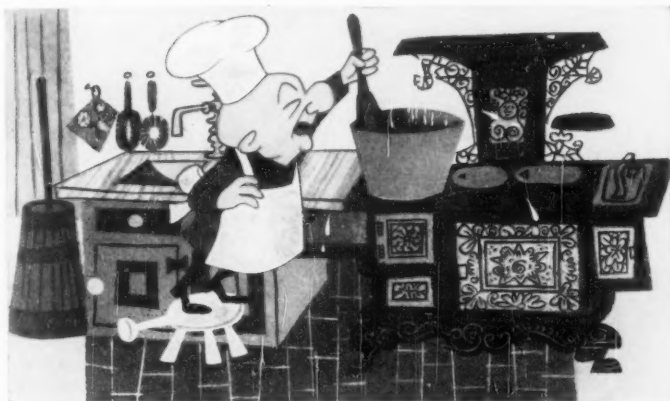
UPA's other prize property, and the star of its most popular theatre series, is Mr. Magoo. Magoo is a slit-eyed old clogger of superb insouciance but less than 20-60 vision, who's apt to tip his hat and mutter, "G'night officer," to a lamp post, or mistake a goldfish bowl for a TV set. Even such churlish intellectuals as Gilbert Harding love Magoo (who has been described, by an Englishman, as "a nearsighted Gilbert Harding"), but seventeen members of the Hampstead Children's Cinema Council in London black-listed Magoo last fall as "too sophisticated for children."

This was fine with Bosustow: it's approximately the way he likes UPA's product to be.

"I'm not against children," says Bosustow, who has two of his own. He makes a deprecating little two-handed, side-armed gesture, like a baby bird trying its wings. "We just like to do things for adults." He's so serious about this that not long ago UPA turned out a theatre cartoon kiddies were actually forbidden to see.

It was an animated art treatment of Poe's Gothic horror story, The Tell Tale Heart, and U.K. film censors labeled it "adults only." It had distorted, rotting, scaffolded backgrounds, flashes of livid light, a single eyeball filmed over with milky scum, a narration in actor James Mason's lightest, most chilling voice and a sound track based on the amplified thump of a real human heart. Connoisseurs called it "a movie landmark."

The connoisseurs—and the adults UPA most likes to do things for—are a minority group that have heretofore been pretty much neglected by the mass media. They're a group described in England, not long ago, as "the people who read Penguin pocketbooks"; in North America



GOURMET MAGOO prepares a turkey dinner by nearsightedly popping a feather duster into the pot. With such muddled madness Magoo won an Oscar.

The life and good times of Mister Magoo

UPA's top property is a male star so nearsighted he doesn't recognize himself in a mirror. His name is Mister Magoo. He began his motion-picture career nearly ten years ago as an anonymous bit player in a theatre cartoon called The Ragtime Bear, was an instant success and almost overnight became a featured player with his own cartoon series. He won an Academy Award in 1956 for Magoo's Puddle Jumper.

Here he's been called "a W. C. Fields character" and in England "a nearsighted Gilbert Harding," but the most complete description of Magoo exists in the files at UPA. Lest any UPA employee lapse into thinking Magoo is not real, a profile has been prepared. It reads, in part:

"Magoo is about sixty years old. He is retired, and has had a comfortable amount of money long enough to be unconcerned with many of the realer problems of existence, although he is apt to rage if he feels he is being cheated. His actions are always absolutely right in his own mind, and he is usually guided by the best of motives.

"He almost never admits that he can't see. Even when it is brought to

his attention, he will deny it with a line such as, 'Why don't they put up a sign?'

"You might say that he has the mind and the driving energy of a youth of twenty-five trapped in the body of an old man.

"He likes to think of himself as a hard-headed, practical businessman, but actually he is a softie who allows himself to be moved solely by his emotions.

"He lives in an ornate gingerbread mausoleum, furnished in the most cluttered and overdecorated Victorian style, containing everything from paperweights to pug dogs. But he also has a TV set and a garbage-disposal unit. His attitude toward Waldo, his callow and none-too-bright nephew, is at once overbearing and tender. He will rage at the lad over some trifling matter, then buy him a car for his birthday.

"He fancies himself as quite a wit, and is addicted to telling obvious jokes at which he chuckles delightedly for hours afterward.

"Magoo should be everyone's father image seen in a distortion glass.

"He is every adolescent's idea of his own grandfather."

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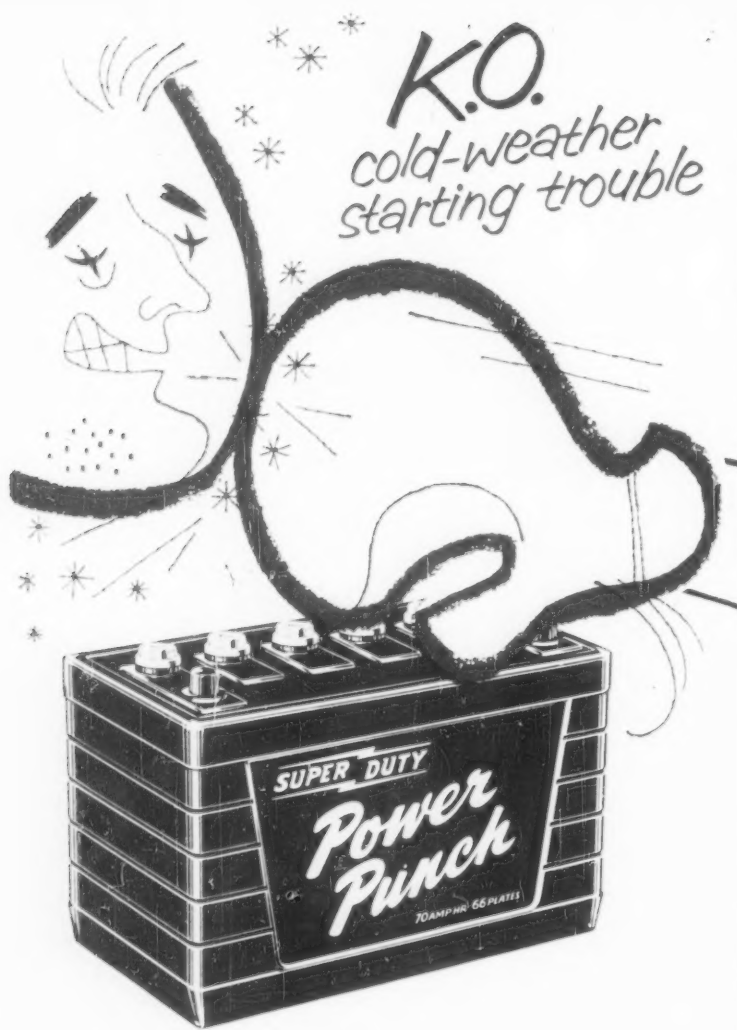
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PARTS AND ACCESSORIES DIVISION — FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

they're now being known as Upper Bohemians. No complete list of credentials is available for this class, but as good an exhibit as any is Bosustow himself.

A sloping six-footer with warm dark eyes, a villainous dark mustache and an informal grin, he likes progressive jazz, reads the New Yorker (as well as any Penguin pocketbooks available in California), mixes a fine dry Martini and takes innocent joy in puns and wordplay. (UPA cartoons have been issued under such waggish titles as Robin Hoodlum, Little Boy Blew, Captains Outrageous and The Magic Fluke; a new theatre series made up of two self-contained segments is being called A Pair of Shorts.)

He persists in being irreverent about himself and his success. "I'm an executive," he says, hooking his thumbs in his armpits mock-pompously. "At least I sit behind a desk now, so I suppose I'm an executive. I worry about money and that sort of thing." Bosustow, who worked up through the cartoon ranks, hasn't drawn professionally for ten years. In California being an executive means he now drives an air-conditioned Cadillac convertible and finds himself wearing discreetly expensive business suits more often than sports shirts. It also means a luxurious new ranchhouse in Encino, a flossy colony on a hillside above the San Fernando Valley.

Actually he still thinks of himself as an artist, has vast knowledge of modern art and, in private, turns out an impressionistic oil sketch every two or three months. He claims he doesn't know if they're any good. "I'm supposed to be able to judge other people's work," he says, sketching a helpless gesture. "But about my own I just can't tell." His wife, Audrey, a handsome crinkly eyed blonde with a cropped upsweep and a country-club tan, hangs the ones *she* likes in the place of honor beside the fireplace and says, with a grin, that she's no art expert. The Bosustows have two boys, Stephen, nineteen, and Nicky, seventeen. The boys have never met a movie star though they live only a few blocks from Liberace, the pianist, and Jack Carson, a Canadian-born movie comedian, and they're expected to earn their own pocket money. This summer they took jobs as a postman and a dishwasher respectively.

Bosustow, who started supporting himself as soon as he left high school, claims he'd still be an office boy if he hadn't

been fired from his first job. "I'm so thankful," he says with a grimace of comic relief. "It was the Depression, so no one ever just quit."

He was one of four children of a Cornish-Huguenot machine-shop owner and a Scottish schoolteacher. He was born in Victoria, B.C., but when he was eleven his family moved to Los Angeles, where Bosustow doodled through his schooling, went to the movies every Saturday and spent a good deal of time fooling around on the drums. He had no particular ambitions when he went to work and, since jobs were scarce, took what he could get.

He lost his first post, as office boy in a chemical company, because he kept laying aside his broom to peer through the laboratory microscopes. He then lost jobs as a truck driver, as a filler of soap-powder boxes and as a shipping clerk. Next he lost his first, second and third jobs in cartoon studios. "How long I lasted in a job usually depended on how interested I was in it," he says. "I had a very enquiring mind."

In 1934 Bosustow met and married Audrey Stevenson, daughter of one Broadway actor, Houseley Stevenson, and sister of another, Onslow Stevens. The same year he joined the Disney Studios and, after working his way up to the story department, got fired twice more. This was during the famous 1941 strike over union organization at the Disney plant. Bosustow's version is that he was helping to organize the studio when he was laid off along with thirteen other pro-union men. A thousand Disney employees thereupon struck and as a result the fourteen were rehired; Bosustow and the others were let out again shortly afterward. At this time he organized the forerunner of UPA, and went broke. "It taught me the importance of a good sales organization," he remarks without regret.

After getting fired from a job with Howard Hughes' aircraft plant he got together a small bankroll by lecturing at the California Institute of Technology and, in 1945, organized United Productions of America in his spare time. The name was changed to UPA Pictures, Inc. last year. The outfit's first jobs were instructional films for industry and the armed forces and in them Bosustow worked out some of the *avant-garde* techniques that had been seething in his



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at during the years at Disney. In 1948
A sold its first animated TV commer-
the same year it signed a contract
Columbia Pictures to make theatre
oons. Gerald McBoing-Boing was its
short under the contract.

UPA cultivates its avant-garden in the
Fernando Valley, just behind the
Hollywood Hills and just down the road
piece from the huge Disney plant.
There's also a New York studio devoted
to turning out TV spots. Together
they keep some one hundred and seventy-
employees busy and in 1956 grossed
a quarter million dollars.

The Burbank offices are in a two-story
pink stucco building; the workshop across
the way consists of a series of one-story
units laid out like a motel around a
central patio. The atmosphere of breezy
normality is guaranteed by, among
other factors, the presence on staff of
five former members of Spike Jones'
band. There's a ping-pong table in the
patio and the company bulletin board is
customarily crowded with cartoons, rude
notices and cheeky personal messages.
There are no time clocks.

Bosustow, who hates being told he
looks like a younger edition of Disney
(which he does), recalls that he worked
for Disney seven years without once
meeting the boss. The door of his own
office is open to any employee anytime,
and everyone calls him "Steve." He is
proud of the artistic freedom at UPA.
"The key," he says, "is that I don't want
to make cartoons myself; I just want
to keep a studio running that can turn out
cartoons." He expands this: "There is no
single company style, imposed from
above. If anyone gets a good idea he's
free to develop it. A good deal of the
time I don't even see the stuff to okay it."

It pays off. Here's the reaction of
Frank Comstock, a jazz musician who
was commissioned to write the music for
one Magoo cartoon: "I really got my
jollies from workin' there." Comstock's
own translation: "I had no boss. I just
wrote what I felt was right." Comstock
adds, "This is a wonderful studio. They
like progressive things."

UPA's liking for progressive things
may have won fans, prestige and Acad-
emy Awards, but it has also, unfortu-
nately, tended to scare off possible bank-
rollers, on the whole a conservative lot.
For instance, Gerald McBoing-Boing was
scarcely UPA's most experimental car-
toon, but when it went to Columbia for
distribution a Columbia vice-president
said briskly, "Okay, boys, you've had
your artistic success. Now let's make
something commercial." A derisive home-
made cartoon pinned to one UPA artist's
layout board shows a fat Columbia exec-
utive—possibly the same one—leaning
forward and saying urgently around his
cigar, "Yeah, but will the kiddies like it?"

Since it was doubtful if the kiddies
would like them, UPA hasn't been able
to rustle up funds for a number of pet
projects. Among the ideas that have had
to be scrapped were a feature-length
treatment of Don Quixote, adapted for
UPA by Aldous Huxley, and a feature-
length treatment of The White Deer, by
James Thurber.

Last season UPA was placed in a
strange position for a cartoon company
that holds the best possible credentials
from TV advertisers. CBS contracted
with Bosustow for twenty-six half-hour
cartoon shows as competition for ABC's
Disneyland (whose own sponsors often
furnish it forth with UPA-style commer-
cials). After only eleven shows the series
was canceled. No sponsors. They con-
sidered it too intellectual; the cartooned
stories and vignettes didn't hit them over
the heart.

Bosustow is undaunted. "We're bub-
bling here all the time," he says. He's
deep in drawing up a new format for a
TV series and hopes he'll have a sponsor
by the time this article appears. UPA's
first feature-length cartoons are already
in the works. One, which Columbia Pic-
tures has decided is commercial enough
to back, is called Mr. Magoo's Arabian
Nights. It should be ready for the fall of
1958. Canadian playwright Ted Allan,
now living in London, was one of three
writers Bosustow commissioned to pre-
pare treatments for the film. Hecht-Hill-

Lancaster, an off-beat independent pro-
duction company in Hollywood, is put-
ting up money for a cartooned biography
of the late Jelly-Roll Morton, the great
jazz pianist, and for an animated story
of the Bible. Both should be ready in
1959. "Our big experimental direction,"
says Bosustow, "is away from comedy.
UPA will also continue to explore ab-
stract cartooning in the style of the
Canadian National Film Board's Norman
McLaren, whom Bosustow has tried to
hire at least once. "I believe in diversifica-
tion," says Bosustow.

He also believes that, given time and
UPA's best efforts, the public will even-
tually recognize animation as the great
twentieth-century art form he's convinc-
ed it is.

Some people already have the right
idea. Take the tiny Boy Scout in the bal-
cony of a Los Angeles theatre. Gerald
McBoing-Boing was on the screen. The
Boy Scout watched it all the way through
with birthday candles in his eyes. When
it was over he turned to his mother.

"Boy!" he said. "That was better than
a cartoon." ★



till you taste
sparkling light Crown
you don't know
how good, really good
a lager beer can be

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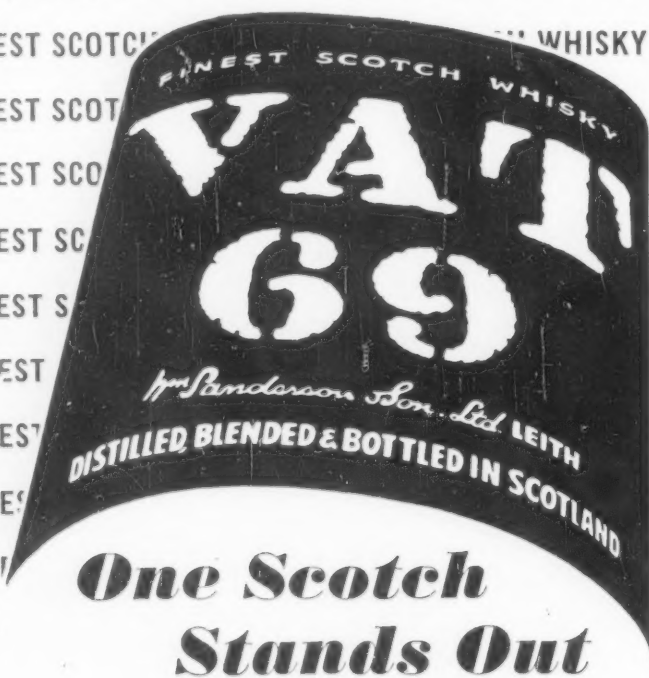
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Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II
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because

'Quality Tells'

Available in
various bottle sizes

Mailbag

Continued from page 4

- ✓ Escapes from marriage
- ✓ Let's shame speeders
- ✓ That fascinating serial

I agree with Dr. Langmead Casserley that divorce is wrong (Oct. 26). But primarily divorce laws should provide an escape from an unsuitable spouse. Cruelty, desertion, drunkenness, irresponsibility, incurable insanity, and habitual crime should have more weight than adultery as grounds. Couples who just can't get along with each other should not be punished for life for making a poor choice. There should be an escape other than hoodwinking the law. The objective in framing a divorce law should be to provide an escape from an intolerable marriage without making it too easy for the imperfect but tolerable marriage to break up.—R. M. FERGUSON, MOOSE JAW, SASK.

Dr. Casserley says, "When there was less divorce there was more adultery." With more divorce today there is growing promiscuity at ever-younger ages. We have thrown out our moral code, we stampede through life like cattle. Someone is bound to be injured. Maybe, as Dr. Casserley suggests, we'll get tired of it and return to more intelligent ways.—MISS M. E. JOLLOW, BRANDON, MAN.

Would Dr. Casserley hold a man and woman together if he knows that they hold no love for each other, but throw indignities at each other, sometimes in the presence of children? Would he hold them to bring more children into such conditions? Would not divorce be the best solution to an unhappy soul—and sometimes body—destroying marriage?—MRS. ROSA SWANSON, CLIVE, ALTA.

If married women would stay at home and look after the place they call "home" we would have less senior delinquency and the divorce courts would not be working overtime. There's an old saying, "A man's home is his castle." Now it's the cocktail bar.—MAY A. WILSON, PRINCE ALBERT, SASK.

Here is an angle Dr. Casserley overlooked:

He said at the altar "I do,"
Then found he was wed to a shrew;
There was no divorce
Or other recourse,
So he twisted her neck all askew.

The moral above then is plain:
If seeking divorce is in vain;
As said at the start
Til death do us part:
You're free at the moment she's slain.

—W. MCEWEN, EDMONTON.

"Not only drivers are sick"

Your editorial (Oct. 26) says: Let's Get the Sick Drivers off the Road. Have you considered the sickness of others? Auto manufacturers must be sick or they would not build cars that go 120 mph. Then let us consider motor-vehicle licenses and laws. If it is breaking the

law to exceed the speed limit it should be breaking the law to license a vehicle capable of breaking the speed limit. It is a well-known fact that mechanical governors to control the speed of motors are at least as old as the steam engine.—ROBT. G. ACKROYD, MALTON, ONT.

Why don't we fight speeders with the most powerful weapon in our society—social disapproval? Why not label the car of a first-time speeder with a large "S" above the license plate, to be displayed for, say, one month? An incorrigible speeder would be forced to have his car governed at his own expense so that it could not exceed the legal speed limit. His car would be branded with a large "G," then the knight errant who loves to push his car to the limit would be shamed by a sign informing the world that his charger is not a blood stallion but a mild gelding.—N. K. SHERMAN, KINGSTON, ONT.

A Canadian TV fan

Eric Hutton's recent piece on what kind of TV we're going to have seems to suggest Canadian TV is shot. Your French people have an expression—*c'est à dire*. Hutton says most TV viewers within reach of American TV prefer programs from the south. That has not been my experience. Neither he nor anyone else writing from Canada has made any reference to the fact that many viewers here keep their dials on Toronto, Kingston and Ottawa. And they do so in spite of the fact the pictures are not as clear as those from Watertown, Syracuse, Utica, Rochester.—J. R. BAZINET, WATERTOWN, N.Y.

Can TV portray Mounties?

You state the Mounties are "going on the air" (Preview, Oct. 26) with a 39-part series. It will be difficult to present. Some years ago radio presented a series of Mountie dramas. In one Dr. George Kerby was portrayed confronting the condemned murderer of Tucker Peach in a wordy profound bass. To those who knew the doctor it was ludicrous, for he had an eerie falsetto.—J. EDWARD HUMFREY, MAZEPPA, ALTA.

Fascinating Florencia Bay

Thanks so much for your fascinating serial Florencia Bay. But I have to learn more of my Indians. I never knew a Welshman to marry an Indian woman, much less a Welsh woman to marry an Indian man.—J. L. MITCHELL, ALCOMDALE, ALTA.

A vote for ghost patrols

I approve of ghost patrols (Backstage with Furtive Traffic Police, Oct. 26) to aid police in catching traffic offenders. There are too many reckless drivers who take extreme risks, violate all laws because they don't see anybody around to stop them.—W. KRINKE, SWIFT CURRENT, SASK.

Punished by Hitler history

Was it necessary for Maclean's to fall prey to reminiscences of Hitler (What I remember of Hitler, Oct. 26)?

For the past decade we have been punished by former Nazis of all stripes who claim to have known Hitler and have bored us with explanations of the why and wherefore of Nazism. To top it all you now come along. Really! —A. AVERBACH, VANCOUVER. ★



For the sake of argument continued from page 10

"There is hunger that has never been satisfied"

Two thousand years ago? Isn't her standard of living and that of India a reflection of her culture, of her philosophical point of view toward life? And is it really an accident that our culture has evolved differently from other cultures of the world? After all, when we were mere colonies we were poor compared with other countries, but we have evolved with a steady purposeful program. Aren't we to be admired for this rather than resented and envied?

Many of us have had disturbing experiences with students we have met here from other countries — students from India, China or the Sudan. These students have behind them a suffering people, ill and old and hopeless. They see wealth here, and waste, and are met with a lack of sympathy toward their own cultural values. Naturally and inevitably they feel antagonistic.

A man of Southeast Asia cannot get up at six o'clock in the morning and work hard all day. In his climate it is impossible. But it is also impossible because he hasn't the health and energy for it. When he doesn't have to work, and when he is not searching for food, he lies down because he is tired and sick and starving. To help him control the diseases that plague him, to help him get enough food so that he is not hungry and so that he will have the energy and the will to work, as he does not now, will require unlimited patience.

It may be useful to try right now a little exercise in imagination. Suppose that we live not here in this very secure and pleasant part of the world but in another part of the world—say in Southeast

Asia somewhere. The first thing we would feel, if we imagine ourselves born and brought up in that part of the world, is hunger; chronic hunger; hunger about which we in North America know nothing; the kind of hunger that is felt when a person has never in his life had enough to eat to feel satisfied; when almost every person is suffering from malnutrition, plus intercurrent diseases caused by malnutrition.

It is difficult to imagine ourselves hungry in that sense. I don't mean just having come in late from a golf game and being ravenous for one's dinner. I mean a hunger that has never been satisfied, with one's children having swollen bellies because of malnutrition, waking and whining in the night for food that cannot be supplied. This is the primary fact of life for most of the people in the world. If we place ourselves in their position, even briefly, we will get a different point of view on many things that go on in the world from that which we are accustomed to seeing from where we happen to be in North America.

In the first place, we would find that we are somewhat impatient. Hungry people are not usually patient people. We would find a great envy of the people who live in North America; also we would find a somewhat limited gratitude; that is, a recognition that the people of North America have been extremely generous. They have given away more than any people before in human history, but we would note also that in doing so they haven't really hurt themselves very much. They probably haven't reduced their standard of living even by one per-

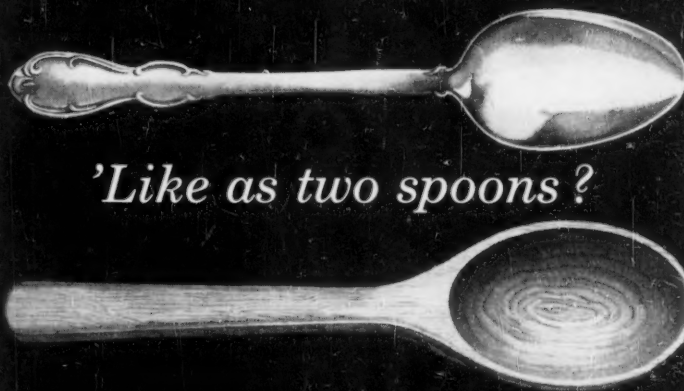
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By Simpkins



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cent—perhaps not one tenth of one percent. So we can't give them a great deal of credit for self-sacrifice.

We do not particularly admire those people in North America. We know, as apparently they do not know, that they are the most wasteful people in the world, that they destroy and throw away more stuff than would keep an equal number of people alive in some other place in the world. We know that we could live in luxury on the garbage dumps of North America—real luxury, from our point of view. We know that those people in North America have destroyed tremendous quantities of food while we were starving. We know that they are now limiting their production of food, reducing it, because we are not able to buy it; we don't have the money for it. We recognize that the people in North America have enormous leisure, that they have no real worries at all, because nobody is hungry, nobody is dying of starvation, nobody is dying of exposure.

We know that they have great thinkers. We know that they have tremendous machines. We know they have more equipment than anybody else in the world, greater resources than anybody else in the world, and we wonder why they don't use all that for world good. Surely they must, in North America, begin to recognize that their security is indivisible from ours in another part of the world. They surely can't continue to believe that they can survive if we die. It's obvious to us that they can't and that the human race will survive or will die in the near future, and never again can large parts or small parts of the human race survive at the expense of the rest of the world.

What's "the American way"?

We in other parts of the world wonder why it is that people in North America aren't working at the problems that we see—of overpopulation, of starvation, of lack of facilities for distribution of food on a world basis. We know that when the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations tried to set up a world food council, it was the government of the United States that blocked it, as most people in the United States do not know. But we in other parts of the world do know, and we can't understand why.

Our attitude does include admiration on some scores; of technical ability, yes; of personality and character, no, not generally. The evidence we see of what those people are like and what they mean when they say "the American Way of Life," we think we know, because we see it in the movies they send us. These movies are predominantly gangster movies and this we accept, because we are simple people who believe what we see as the American way of life, portrayed by the Americans themselves, and distributed on a world basis for the education of people in other parts of the world. We read their stories and see their movies, which magnify the virtues of their great Indian killers, whose only virtue was that they killed large numbers of Indians, Indians who were most wickedly trying to defend their homes and their wives and their children, and their right to their own country. We do admire their ancestors. Their ancestors had the foresight and aggressive drive to go out and grab the world's best space while the grabbing was good and before the world rules got changed, but now they won't let anybody else get theirs. They pen us up and say that nobody is allowed to go across this boundary or that boundary today while still regarding the aggressive be-

havior as highly virtuous in their own ancestors. This seems inconsistent to us and confuses us, yet when we try to express this confusion they are apt to call us "stupid" or "backward."

Well, so much for some of the points of view that we can find from that part of the world. Now that we have exercised our imaginations to this extent let us jump farther away still. Let us really get out into outer space somewhere and suppose that we are intelligent beings, and are arriving at this planet to explore it and to find out what we can about it. We recognize the conventional markings on the map. But then we find a whole set of other markings the like of which we have never seen before and which we can't understand. We ask the planet's inhabitants what they are and they answer, "Oh, those are the international boundary lines."

We say, "Well, what is that?"

We are told, "Those are just lines between countries. People of one country live on one side and people of another country live on the other."

"But," we ask, "is this a good thing? Should people be kept apart from each other?"

And then we would get what would be to us amazing explanations: because sometime, somewhere in the past, somebody was stronger than somebody else and marched in and took this much land; because somebody ran out of food at this point in his advance and dug in at this point; because one time, when there was a war on, in the middle of a battle it started to rain and both armies stopped here. And we would be told with great pride:

"This is our national boundary, and rightly so. And for more than two hundred or three hundred or six hundred years our people have fought to the death to keep this boundary exactly where it is—unless, of course, we could extend it farther into the territory of somebody else."

And we would be told further, "It is disloyal—almost sacrilegious—to question these things. We have known and believed these things since we were children. They are the way they are and that's the way we want them."

As visitors from outer space we would come to the inevitable conclusion that loyalties inculcated in childhood mean limitations on capacity to think for the rest of one's life and we would consider this gravely serious. We would be appalled that the earth's inhabitants did not think at all in these tabooed areas and it would seem to us that these things vitally needed some thinking about. If we regarded ourselves as some kind of interplanetary judiciary committee, we might decide that the best solution for the problems of the human race would be to wipe that race out entirely.

This would be rather a dreadful thing to say to the peoples of the world. Yet if the human race is going to survive into the distant future we are going to have to develop in that direction. No one can think clearly about the future of mankind without recognizing that some kind of world organization, some kind of world government or confederation is both inevitable and desirable. Security cannot be limited to this group or that because security for the human race is now, for the first time in human history, indivisible and will always be indivisible in the future. ★

This article is an excerpt from Dr. Chisholm's forthcoming book, *Prescription for Survival* (Oxford University Press). In the next issue he will discuss *The Pitfalls of the Ten Commandments*.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

How to greet the Queen

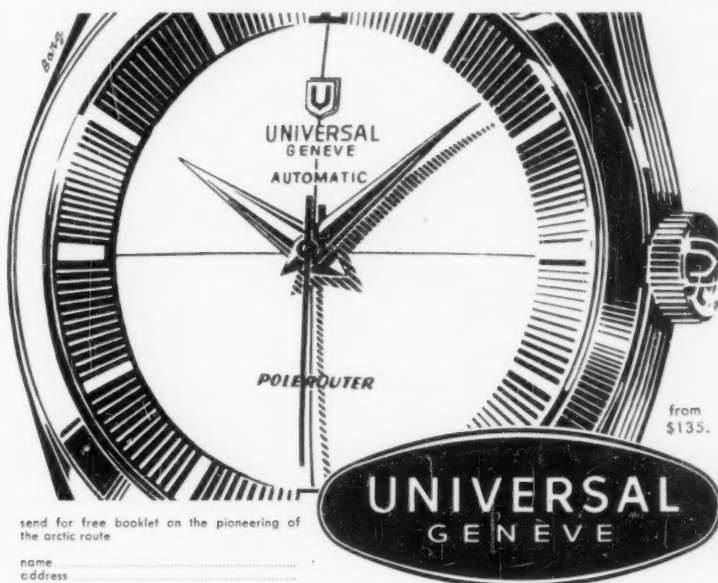
To the bejeweled elite of eastern Canada and the U. S. the chance of pressing Queen Elizabeth's hand during her October visit was something to store away, a glittering memory with which to wow the grandchildren. To our June Callwood, however, it became somewhat routine. Covering the royal tour for Maclean's (see page 15) from Uplands to Idlewild, Miss Callwood "met the Queen" four times. One of the occasions will remain fixed in the reporter's memory like a burr in a Highlander's sock. It was at the reception for the National Press Club of Washington. Miss Callwood decided to save Her Majesty at least one handshake. As the line formed she turned to interview Martin Charteris, assistant private secretary to the Queen. Notebook in hand, gloves off, she was engrossed. Suddenly frantic signals from the TV and newsreel cameramen filming the reception line told that the handshakers were likely to peter out. Charteris muscled Miss Callwood on to the line. For ten frantic seconds she tried to lose her white ball-point pen. Finally, she stuck it in her teeth, and while fiddling with book and gloves, thus passed before Her Majesty. Back in Toronto where Miss Callwood masquerades as the wife of magazine writer Trent Frayne, their nine-year-old son Barney was watching the TV news via CBS one evening. There he saw Mummy shaking hands with the Queen (see filmstrip, right). He said sternly to Miss Callwood on her return to Canada, "You and the Queen wore the same hat."



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Parade

Danger—horse at work

Edmonton has its share of traffic hazards in the form of driving-school cars, although these are considerate about displaying caution signs to warn other motorists that amateur drivers are being instructed. On the other hand Edmonton streets are also still sprinkled with horse-

At the annual fall fair in Charlton, Ont., an appliance dealer was making the most of the fact that his display was next door to the exhibit of prize-winning baked goods by local housewives. "Now if you just had one of these fine modern stoves with the thermostatic controls you could make cakes as good as any of those," he harangued one prospect. The woman seemed singularly unimpressed and with a careless wave at the first-prize cake said, "I baked that one with my old wood range."

* * *

Movie listing on a theatre marquee in oil-conscious Calgary: "Now showing—The Proud and the Propane."

* * *

If it isn't every tourist's inalienable right to stare at the local scenery, including the pretty girls, we don't know what is. Nonetheless this late-migrating American visitor was happily viewing the scenery from his car, while waiting for light to change on Vancouver's Granville St., when the young woman on the corner whom he was perusing became annoyed and snapped at him. "Why don't you take a picture of me while you're here!" With which of course he picked up his camera off the seat beside him and took a picture of her, with her mouth wide open.

* * *

Package deal of the month, from the classified columns of the Fredericton:



drawn dairy wagons and one of these has been thoughtfully displaying a sign, "Caution—student horse."

* * *

We trust that all Red Feather and United Appeal campaigns have been rousing concluded in municipalities across the land by this time, and we know you can credit it all to the dogged perseverance of the door-to-door canvassers. Typical was this report turned in by a Montreal campaigner before going on to further calls:

"First call—deceased.

"Second call—refused to give.

"Third call—fifty cents."

* * *

Conspicuous consumption in B.C.: A ladder left leaning against a sumptuous ranch house in the Little Mountain area of Burnaby had the tops of its shafts protectively padded with a pair of those little purple plush bags Crown Royal rye comes in.

* * *

There's a Saskatoon duck hunter who has quite a reputation for carving and painting his own decoys, which he makes so lifelike even the most knowing ducks are fooled. Driving a hunting pal home from a shoot recently he pointed out a number of inferior-looking decoys in a field, and began to enumerate what was wrong with them, and how amateurishly they had been set out. In his gesticulating he accidentally touched his horn, with which the entire flock of decoys flew off, squawking in terror.



Gleaner: "For sale—Four puppies and a violin."

* * *

We don't know whether Canadian burglars are getting smarter or any more daring but they are certainly getting stronger: Not long ago a Toronto monument works was offering a hundred-dollar reward for news about the thieves who removed a monument from its premises. And now the city council of Lancaster, N.B., has posted a reward of two hundred dollars for information leading to the arrest of anyone stealing manhole covers, which have been vanishing right and left and as many as four in one haul.

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